



TEAMIN' TO BELLS"

AROUND THE
MIDDLE SEA







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“Steamin’ to Bells”
around the Middle Sea



The Allerites' own book

By
ALFRED J. P. McCLURE, A. M.

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Made by George D. Buchanan and
Company at the Sign of the Ivy
Leaf in Library Street Philadelphia

To my daughter

ABBY

who bravely staid at home,
while all the rest went sailing.



All you my friends who now expect to see
A piece of writing here performed by me,
Recall my lease, upon a distant shore
To garner, cull and print and do no more.
Cast pleasing smile on this my compilation,
Pardon its faults and give the writers commendation.

D-273
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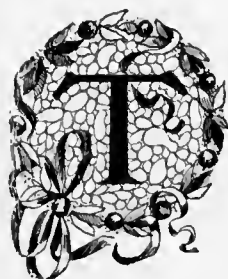
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PREFACE



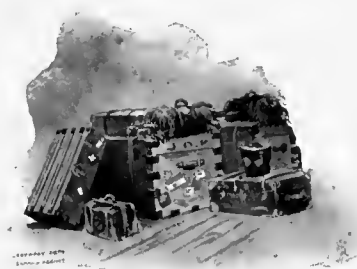
HIS is the record in Kipling's phrase of "Steamin' to Bells" around and in literal speech "the Middle Sea." A middle sea, indeed, of the realm of history, art, architecture, philosophy, poetry, sculpture, religion : the cradle of all these in their beginnings.

Back to this region, yet the world in every department of learning still turns for first principles and for inspiration.

It is the record of a pleasure trip, a compilation of lectures delivered on ship and land, of incidents and impressions, but principally telling the story of places and persons comprehensively and profusely by pictures taken on the spot.

It is an effort to fasten unique experiences and fleeting impressions of pleasant sights and friendly associations so that they may be recalled with pleasure and the cruise lived over again. It is neither solemn nor learned, indeed, the effort has been made to avoid that "profundity and impressive incomprehensibility which belongs properly to scientific expeditions" or to certain historical travel books which attempt to accurately set down and philosophically interpret facts for their readers. We all realized, I hope, how slight and superficial and probably inaccurate were our impressions ; how deceptive, how likely to be untrue from so brief a sojourn, so swift a voyage.

It is the record of an unusually harmonious party, enjoying a picnic around the shores of a wonderful sea. And in passing let me say that one may travel many times across the ocean without meeting such a number of cultured, refined and gentle people as were here gathered together on one ship. One who was both a traveler and a cultured gentleman said : "I have crossed the ocean fifty-five times and never have I met a more agreeable company of people, more genuine and unaffected, more courteous and kindly." This spirit of the party



*We lived in these
While on the seas*

as a whole was, no doubt, ministered to by many causes : the courteous treatment and unwearied attention of the officers, stewards and sailors ; the unquestioned effort on the part of the management to meet all reasonable needs and requirements ; the lectures diverting the minds or rather leading the minds and attention of the people to profitable and interesting matters ; these, with the incomparable weather encountered on all seas, made our excursion notable and in retrospect of almost unalloyed pleasure.



*"The eddies and dimples of the tide
Play around the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride."—Longfellow*

If there were those who found annoyances I am sure the recollection has been swallowed up by the multitudinous memories of pleasures enjoyed in sights and sounds unique and strange. There is always an unparalleled opportunity on a great excursion of this kind for friction and annoyance, but a placid mind meeting these as other difficulties of life can extract the good and leave the ill, which often means self and selfishness behind.

One of the great heathen philosophers who lived around this very sea said : "It is a great folly not to part with your own faults if possible, but to try instead to escape from other people's faults which is impossible." And then to be sure there are some who have never learned to admire rightly, for as Thackeray says : "The great pleasure of life is that," and says Wordsworth : "We live by admiration, hope and love." Only of a few of our party could it be said as Thomas Carlyle put it:

"A foolish baby vainly strives and fights and frets,
Demanding all, deserving nothing, one small grave is all he gets."

And now as to the compilation. I have avoided determinedly mere guide book directions and notes, and for this reason the proffered guide booklet of one of our lecturers in lieu of the promised manuscript was discarded. I have, however, made a special point of the books of reference to the Mediterranean region, and for this I am sure intelligent members of our party will heartily thank me. It has been no small labor to look up and verify and select these. In making the selection of books I have been greatly assisted by the Encyclopædic manuscript list prepared by W. Maitland Abell, M. A., L. L. M., of our party, entitled "Itinerary for Intellectual Excursions into the Great Realm of Literature, Descriptive of the Art, Archæology, History, Life and Scenery of the Mediterranean Region."

Of course my list is not complete and readers will find the names of certain books lacking. In the arrangement of the lists, books of general description and travel come first, then Historical, Archæological, Art, Fiction, Periodicals, etc. I have tried to choose for young as well as old and in the order of our cruise. Finally, as I made the selection of books I was increasingly impressed with the large number of valuable and instructive works on this region and driven more and more to silence, more and more to abundant references and apt quotations from the *Allerites* when I could get them. Working along these lines with the abundance of



Alpha and Omega

material poured in upon me in the way of pictures and other matter (for which I give unbounded thanks), I could think at last of no other word than a congestion, which the Century Dictionary defines as "gathering or heaping together or forming a mass", and this word must be my only apology to the over critical for both manner and matter. I have a good hope, however, that even if the matter is not all it might be, the numerous pictures with which it is accompanied will be well worth looking at, and that the book will recall the three successive pleasures of travel, viz.: preparation, enjoyment and retrospection. One word in regard to the pictures; in many cases I have chosen preferably the amateur photographs sent me illustrative of the matter in hand, giving the atmosphere and environment of the tour; this, however, required the use of pictures indistinct or lacking in sharpness of outline, making it impossible to produce the cuts one would desire. I have, however, felt that the flavor of the cruise in these pictures warranted their production even though imperfect. With these reflections I pass the book over to you dear Allerites hoping that the compilation may hold for you the memory of an incomparable voyage, of associations unmatched on board the dear old ship, when

"By day like play-house scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes.
By night those soft lasceevious stars leared from those velvet skies
In port———to daunder down the streets—
An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parrakeets.
An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried—
Fillin' (our bunks) wi' rubbishry the Chief put over-side."



Now we're off—Good bye, Good bye

Parting Words

“Adieu, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the native blue.
 Lord Byron worked this phrase before,
 But still 'twill have to do.

Dear land! with thee no foreign spot
 Shall vie where'er I roam.
 (I'll bet my hat that I forgot
 To mail those papers home.)

The breeze blows fair across our prow,
 The crested wavelets plunk.
 (And did I put, I wonder now,
 Those hairpins in my trunk?)

How peaceful is the sunset glow,
 How pensive even's light.
 (O bother! guess I'll go below,
 My native land—good night!)”

Via Miss A.



THE START





"The ship goes sailing down the bay"

THE START

“ON the 5th of February, we left Hoboken (on the west bank of the Hudson River, opposite New York City) in the North German Lloyd steamer *Aller*, bound for Gibraltar, our first stop. We started at midday; a very nice lunch was at once served us, and in spite of some fog, which at one time brought us almost to a standstill, we soon passed Sandy Hook, and could truthfully sing:

“We are out on an ocean sailing.”

At all events some could for a while, but the *Aller* having no freight, was what sailors call cranky, that is to say, she did not sink deep enough and so was inclined to “roll” and after a little while of this swaying motion, which though gentle, is harder on a sensitive stomach than the “pitching” (the alternate up and down of bow and stern), a good many did not feel like singing any more, and some of them looked pale and went into their staterooms and did not appear again for several days. One of this class gave me a description of his first three hours

at sea. He was poetically, or rather rhythmically inclined, and he put it thus :

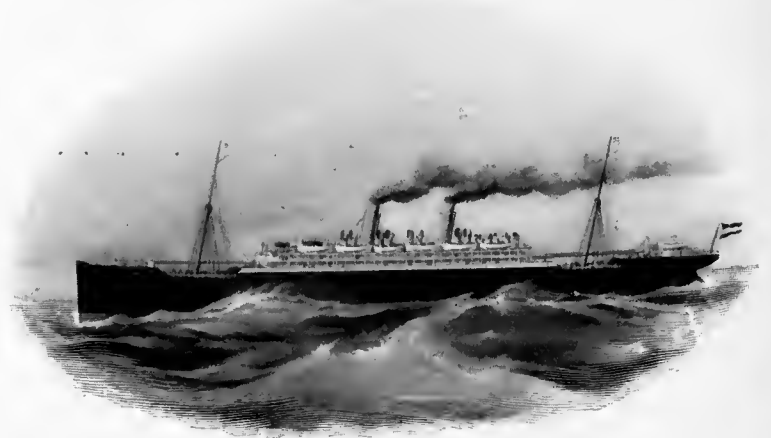
“The first hour called up memories of friends from whom I parted.
The second hour called up visions of the place where bodies are carted.
The third hour called up all I had eaten since I started.”

Have you ever been to sea? I am aware that this is a dangerous question to ask, when punsters are around. I well remember how surprised I was years ago, when one replied to this question, “Yes ! I used to go to see Sally Perkins, but her father had a bad habit of throwing the poker at people, and I stopped going to see.” I merely wish to remark that if you have been to sea (spelled s-e-a) you know just how some people act, and perhaps just how they feel, when the unpleasantness we have alluded

to commences.

There does not, it is true, seem to be any good and sufficient reason, to one who has not been through it, why a man who has disturbance at his equator, should scowl at you when you smilingly say

“Good morning” to him, and look as though he would be willing to scalp his grandmother for two cents ; but there is a good reason, and many a pious man will look at you in just this way after he has been to sea for a few hours. Others will go to the opposite extreme and smile at you when even their lips are white.”—*Spencer's Notes*.



“Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with waves and whirlwind wrestle !”—Longfellow

The First Breakfast

“I was awakened the first morning of our cruise by a bugle call, and after completing my toilet with some risk, for even granting that you are not seasick, you do not get on what they call your sea legs for some days, and unless you have a safety

Norddeutscher Lloyd

Dampfer „ALLER“, den 6. Febr. 1898

FRÜHSTÜCK



BREAKFAST

Äpfel Apfelsinen
 Maisgries Hafergrütze
 Pfannkuchen Buchweizenkuchen
 Geräucherte Häringe
 Stinte in Tomaten-Sauce
 Beefsteak
 Hammelcôtelettes
 Geb. Leber
 Gek. Eier nach Wunsch
 Eierkuchen mit Gelée
 Ruhrei mit Käse
 Geösteten Speck & Schinken
 Brat- & frische Kartoffeln
 Mettwurst Rinderzunge
 Ingwer Marmelade
 Toast Grahambrod Brödchen
 Schnecken
 Chocolate Cacao Thee Kaffee
 Frische Milch Sahne

Apples Oranges
 Hominy Oatmeal
 German pan-cake Buckwheat-cakes
 Kippered herrings
 Smelts in tomato-sauce
 Beef-steak
 Mutton-chops
 Fried liver
 Boiled eggs to order
 Omelet with jelly
 Scrambled eggs with cheese
 Broiled bacon & ham
 Fried & fresh potatoes
 Sablath-sausages Beef-tongue
 Ginger Marmalade
 Toast Grahambread Rolls
 Biscuits
 Chocolate Cocoa Tea Coffee
 Fresh milk Cream



razor, it is just as well that you do not undertake to shave the first morning. However, I managed to scrape my chin without cutting my throat, and getting on deck I muffled myself up in a shawl and watched the ocean till another bugle call summoned me to breakfast. Under the dining saloon windows, or port

Cruise to the Orient of the Express S. S. "ALLER".

FORWARD SALOON

SECOND SITTING

Breakfast 8.30 a. m.; Lunch 1 p. m.; Dinner 7 p. m.

M.

SEAT No.

holes, there was a broad seat running the length of the room and heavily cushioned with velvet. The side tables were arranged so that one end of the table came up to this cushioned seat, and the passenger assigned to this end had no chair, but sat on the cushion. When I came to my table I found the person at this end was a very tall, solemn-looking old gentleman, with a mouth cut straight across. By the way, you may notice that the owners of such mouths never see a joke. As Sidney Smith once said, it would take a surgical operation to get one into them. The table guard was loose and he took it out. We were waiting for the first course. Just then the vessel gave a heavier roll than usual, and the old gentleman, who towered above me, sitting as straight as a ramrod, suddenly doubled up and pitched back on the cushion, while knives and forks, spoons and sundry small crockery, billowed over him. He rose up six feet or more, looking as melancholy as a Quaker meeting house by moonlight, and went off to his stateroom and we saw no more of him for some days."—*Spencer*.



Second Day at Sea

"I am leaning o'er the rail,
And I'm feeling very pale.
Am I looking for a sail?

No, I'm not.

I'm my father's only daughter
Casting bread upon the water
In a way I hadn't oughter
And that's what."

Via Miss A.

Table Experiences, Seasickness and the Like

"Each person has his number at the table and the waiters are very attentive, and these waiters, by the way, are veritable factotums. At one time you will see them carrying "Baked calf's liver a la Godard" for example, and at another time the

Norddeutscher Lloyd

Dampfer „ALLER“, den 7. Febr. 1898

LUNCH

Clam-chowder, Fleischbrühe
Gefüllte Kalbsbrust Spinat
Gebackene Kartoffeln
Capaunenbraten
Prünellen
Gebackene Äpfel
Blätterteig
Kaffee

KALTE SPEISEN AUF WUNSCH

Lachs Salat mit Mayonnaise
Delicatess Häringe, Aal in Gelée
Caviar Sardinen Anchovis
Gekochter Schinken
Leber & Mettwurst
Cornedbeef Ochsenzunge Nagelholz
Salzgurken Oliven
Rothe Beeten
Kartoffel-Salat
Chester-, Rahm- & Lloyd-Käse

Clam chowder, Consommé
Stuffed breast of veal, spinach
Baked potatoes
Roast-capon
Prunelles
Baked apples
Cannelons
Coffee.

COLD DISHES TO ORDER

Salmon-salad with mayonnaise
Pickled herrings Eel in jelly
Caviare Sardines Anchovies
Boiled ham
Liver- & sablath-sausages
Cornedbeef Beef tongue Smoked beef
Salt-cucumber Olives
Red beets
Potato-salad
Chester-, cream- & Lloyd-cheese

same men will be pounding the cymbals in the orchestra, blowing the horn or scraping a violin with much skill and with the same attention to business. They are obedient and active on four hours sleep and seven dollars a month it is said.

Monday the sea was wilder and at table the dishes would persist in sliding away from us. When the ship was at an angle of 45° windward I discovered my soup, with a formidable Dutch name, quietly running across the table. About the only way to keep ones victuals was to swallow them, and then it was not any too certain that they would not reappear at a most embarrassing moment.

The remedies (preventatives of) for seasickness are legion. flirtation, poker, champagne, lemons, homeopathic pellets, hypodermic injections, allopathic concoctions, but no preventative is more infallible than that given by a young lady at the table—"Stay at home."

Monday evening a storm arose and all chairs and portable articles on the decks were lashed fast together, and to the stanchions by means of ropes. The wind blew a gale and it was dangerous to face it. Waves dashed across the upper deck. One martyr sitting near an open port hole got seven and one-half buckets full of salt water down his back. What he said in German I don't know, but sober-minded men afterwards said it was a case of righteous indignation.

Some of the sea-sick passengers' experiences were comical, but especially the effort to disguise the causes of difficulty. On our first day out I was talking with a young man who knew all about the sea, but feeling not exactly well. Saturday evening he had gone to his room to see about it and did not appear until this morning, when he looked pale and in need of fresh air. It is said the best way to prevent seasickness is to think nothing about it; that is an impossibility, since every one does talk about it, and even if the man does not talk about it he must, if he walks about the corridors and the decks, hear sounds not unearthly, but very suggestive. Unless a man walks the boat with his eyes shut he is bound to see evidences of the malady; so that the man that can make the voyage and not think of seasickness is a marvelous piece of mechanism."
—*Parke's Notes.*



*"And the footsteps of the steward
Softly come and softly go."*

"In the Glooming"

"On the steamer, oh! my darling,
When you hear the fog-horns blow,
And the footsteps of the steward
Softly come and softly go,
When the passengers are moaning
With a great and awful woe,
Don't you think 'twere better, darling,
If we two should go below?

In the cabin, oh! my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
That I rushed away and left you
In the middle of our tea.
I was seized with sudden longing
Just to gaze upon the sea.
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me."

Via Miss A.

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Cruise, Cruisers and Cruisin' Things

Like Mark Twain's excursion over almost the same route described in his book, "The Innocents Abroad," the great *Aller*



"And Clark Smiled"

excursion no doubt had been talked about and discussed at countless firesides during the winter of 1897 and 1898. It was a novelty in the way of excursions, and as Mark Twain puts it, "A pic-nic on a gigantic scale. Instead of youth and beauty, with pies and doughnuts, paddling up some obscure creek to disembark upon a grassy lawn and to wear themselves out through the long summer days by laborious frolicking, under the im-

pression that it was fun," the great steamship was to sail away across the Atlantic, by the Azores and through the Mediterranean, taking its passengers to various and sundry points of interest. To be indeed a sort of floating palace, or better still a home to which we ever and anon returned with pleasurable feelings and courteous reception for delightful reunions and exchange of sentiment, or as one of our facetious college presidents remarked, "to hold experience meetings."

We were said to have 355 passengers and 233 officers and crew, in all 588 souls. The vessel was the *Dampfer Aller*, as many rejoiced and persisted to the end in calling her; she registered 5,216 tons, was 455 feet long, 47 feet 10 inches wide, 33 feet 10 inches deep, and was able to carry 1,508 tons of coal. The consumption of coal, rapid and galloping, was 150 tons per day. It took between 50 and 60 men, shoveling these 150 tons of coal daily, under 7 boilers, to make the steam required for the triple expansion engine, which revolved the huge screw propeller made of manganese bronze 22



*"The skipper, he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth."—Longfellow.*

feet in diameter, and to run the two dynamos which furnished the vessel with its 539 electric lights.

"This is the man that kissed the maid that milked the cow that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

The speed of the vessel was about 15 knots per hour, but when "humping it up" (as the boys remarked) to make connections, must have been 15 *naughts* plus anything. By the way the captain

was said to have been much grieved by the inquiry of a certain lady as to whether the ship would get to a certain port on time. "Why, madam," said he, "this vessel is just like an express train on land; it will be there on scheduled time," and it always was. The vessel had four decks, promenade, main, saloon, lower deck. She was built in Glasgow in 1886, contained 62 state-rooms, had 16 life boats, 2 rafts, 8 water-tight bulk-heads and 1024 life preservers.

Captain Neirich, the commander, was a rosy, genial German, popular with everybody and yet devoted to his duty, caring most of all for his ship, and so admirably managing and overseeing the different departments that it was with eager and spontaneous action the passengers, before separating, met and unanimously passed the commendatory and congratulatory resolutions recorded in another place. Money was also subscribed by the passengers, and the captain was presented with a beautiful gold watch, purchased by a committee of the passengers at Athens with a part of the money. The remainder was divided into equal sums and placed in purses and presented to the other officers, requesting them to buy some appropriate souvenir, and to have inscribed upon it the fact of its presentation to them by the passengers on this cruise. It was the unanimous opinion of the passengers that they had never witnessed such patience

and discipline and skill as were exhibited in every part of the vessel by the officers and crew.

To speak of each officer and of each department of the ship in detail, our physician and pursers and engineers and stewards and our never-to-be-forgotten band and orchestra



Our Band

would be impossible. I only want to call them over so that pleasant impressions may be revived. To the band we owe much pleasure. These faithful fellows who played during the long eating hours and many times between, who not only were musicians but attended to other duties, as stewards, won, I am sure, the admiration and respect of many of us. The thoroughness in every part of their work, their untiring efficiency and patience was a source of constant remark.

The manning of the ship was as follows: 5 officers, the commander, the chief officer, the second officer, the third officer, the fourth officer, 1 ship's physician, 1 purser, 1 assistant purser, 1 chief engineer, 7 engineers, 4 assistant engineers, 8 overseer firemen, 26 regular firemen, 38 coal trimmers, 38 sailors, 1 chief steward, 1 second steward, 1 third steward, 4 chefs, 3 bakers, 2 butchers, 2 confectioners, 5 stewardesses, 1 barber, 8 musicians, 60 stewards, 1 provision steward, 7 pantrymen, 12 dishwashers, 1 porter; making in all a crew of 233 men. (The names of the officers are recorded in another place.)

Of the 355 passengers, as careful a list as could be made, gives the following data: Of course some of the party only went as far as Naples; others joined us at Alexandria and left

at Constantinople; others left again at Naples and went up through Europe, but the list shows the company to have been made up about as follows: 76 women, 190 men, 68 misses, 4 masters, 10 doctors, 35 reverends, 2 honorables, 2 professors, 1 college president, 2 women doctors, 1 colonel, 85 from Pennsylvania, 58 from New York, 44 from Massachusetts, 22 from Illinois, 17 from Ohio, 14 from Iowa, 11 from New Jersey, 9 from California, 9 from Indiana, 7 from Missouri, 6 from Connecticut, 5 from Ontario, 5 from North Carolina, 4 from Minnesota, 4 from the Dominion of Canada, 4 from Michigan, 3 from West Virginia, 3 from Boston, 3 from Washington, 3 from Vermont, 2 from New Hampshire, 2 from Kentucky, 2 from Arkansas, 2 from Texas, 2 from Georgia, 2 from Kansas, 1 from Montana and 1 from Nova Scotia. (The passenger list is recorded in the back of the book.)

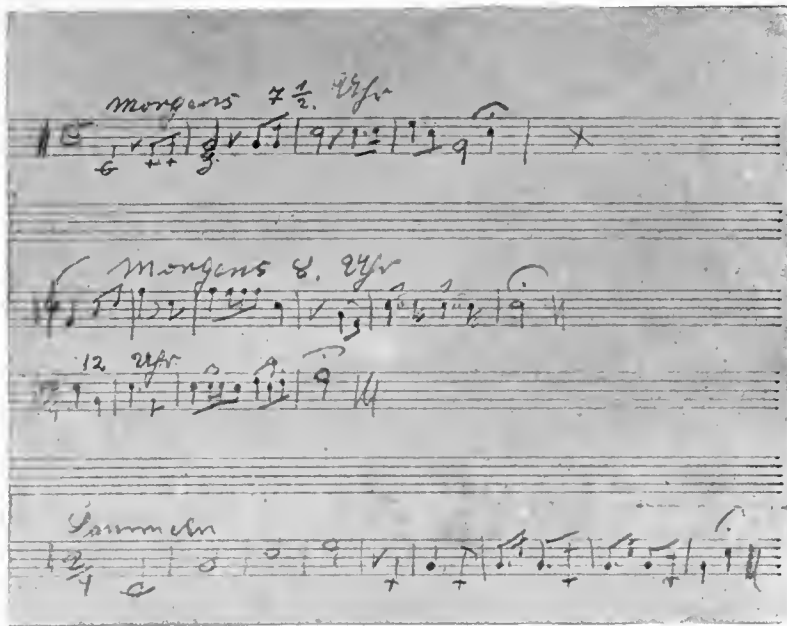
The ship was provisioned in New York with food enough as it seemed for an army. An imperfect transcript of the purser's record is given in another place. I am sure it will be interesting to refer to this as we remember the excellent variety and the well served menus provided throughout that long excursion. One fact in regard to a most perishable delicacy is rather curious and startling, namely, that from start to finish we were provided with ice cream purchased in New York. Samples of our menus are to be found in another place. The abundance and quality of the food was astonishing, and the amount eaten was simply tremendous. We seemed to be for a time, as we cruised over the ocean, simply machines for eating and digesting. No effort was spared on the part of the management to provide every passenger with food on every occasion. After a most elaborate breakfast it was aston-

ishing to find great numbers of people availing themselves of the delicious lunch passed around about ten or eleven o'clock, and then, after the more elaborate lunch at mid-day, it was no unusual sight to see half the passengers on deck partaking of the delicious thin-sliced bread sandwiches, crackers and other deli-



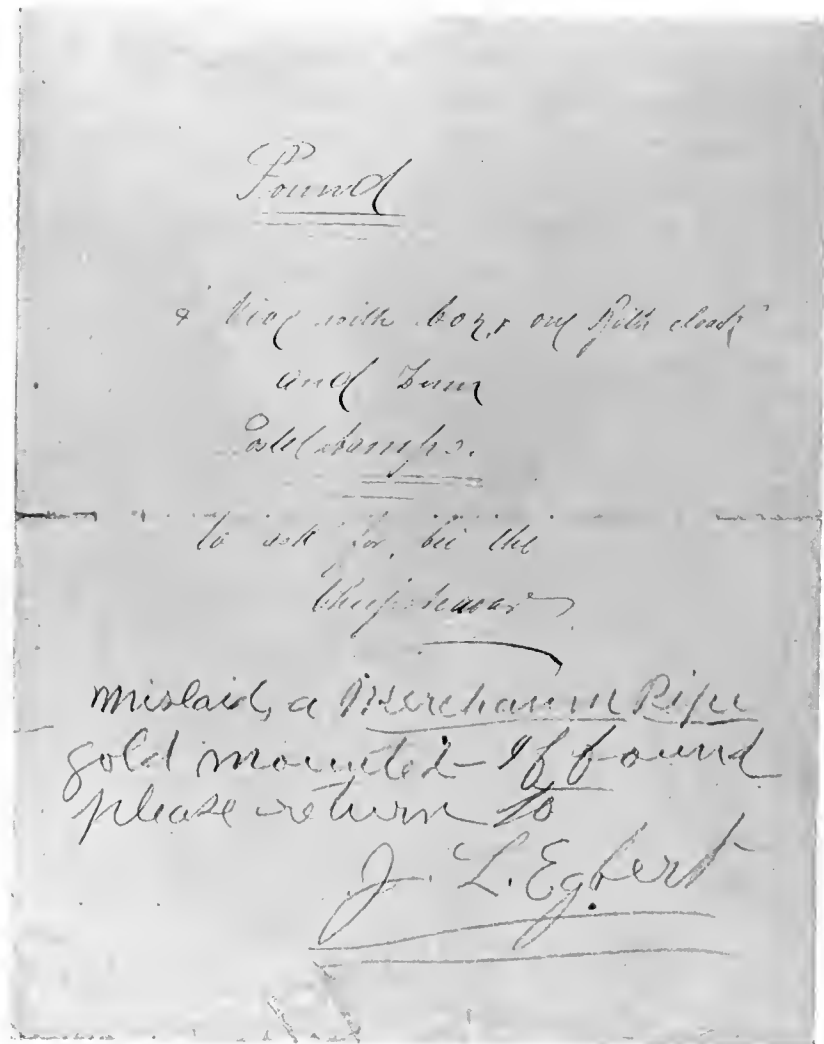
*"How sweet it were, with half-shut eyes to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray."—Lotos-Eaters.*

cacies passed around so patiently and continually by the stewards. And one would have thought, after a two-hour's dinner with uncountable courses, that that would have finished the day, but by ten the dining room was frequently half filled with passengers still further indulging in sandwiches, lemonade, drinkables and eatables of various description. It is mar-



Bagle Calls—Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner—Sunday Morning

velous the amount of food one is able to consume at sea and yet remain well. I often fancied that people who felt the unusual disturbance of seasickness were led to imagine that this was the uneasy sensation in the stomach caused by hunger. On land, too, we were invariably well fed. At the hotels the meals, even in the Oriental countries and in the out-of-the-way places, were simply astonishing, soups and course dinners being the constant experience. The breakfasts on land, however, were not quite so satisfactory. Everywhere these were light, consisting principally of fruit, coffee, rolls, butter, marmalade and eggs, if we desired them. Ordinarily the breakfast would consist of simply coffee, rolls and butter. One of our passengers made some interesting notes in regard to the food. He says: 'It is customary in the East to charge extra for tea. At Jerusalem they charge six cents per cup. Sometimes our tourists were inclined to draw the line at certain articles of food, especially the butter, which had a very peculiar color, but which [did not usually have] an ill taste.



Lost and Found

The milk served we understood to be goat's milk, and it had a peculiar flavor. Sometimes dishes were served, especially at lunch, the status of which the bright ladies of our party were not able to fix. At Nazareth a dish was served which some insisted must be 'fricasseed donkey', but which was allowed to be by no means unpalatable.

Eggs and chickens constituted the most frequent articles of diet in Palestine, and as eggs are very cheap there, and their shells insured cleanliness, they were a favorite. At most hotels the people were polite and attentive, and everywhere we found some English spoken."

Usually there is considerable apprehension among tourists with regard to the drinking water in various cities in the East. Mr. Archbold's observation was that none of the water served anywhere was dangerous to health, although many, antici-

pating it would be, supplied themselves with wine for drinking. "In Cairo we drank water from the Nile, which the hotel manager told us was twice filtered, first by the municipality of Cairo, and next at the hotel. At Jerusalem we drank rain water, filtered. Our conductor assured us the cisterns were kept clean, and there was no reason why the rain water was not an acceptable drink, from a sanitary standpoint.

"We also found good water in Athens, Rome, and other places we visited." The tendency, however, in all these places is to substitute the bitter wine of the country, which is much less satisfactory in quenching thirst, but is not so likely to cause inconvenience.

In regard to the money used, it may be interesting to record

the experience of one of our party in this matter also. "A very interesting, practical question with travelers abroad is to decide what kind of money is most desirable to take with them for expenditures in traveling. Friends in New York advised me to take nothing but English and French money (either bills or coins) in traveling to Mediterranean ports. I found this advice to be correct, as the money of these two countries was acceptable everywhere, although we often found it necessary to secure the money of the countries in which we visited, especially the small denom-

inations of the same, for our own convenience.

My own experience led me to believe the money having the highest standard at the present time is British money, although it is only fair to say French money is popular, and especially the French franc, which I think is used in quoting prices in the East even more frequently than the English shilling.

We found it necessary to be very careful about taking the paper money of the countries we visited, especially the paper money of Italy, which, while acceptable in that country, would not pass without a heavy discount outside of Italy. The Italian



*"In the afternoon they come unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon
All 'round the coast the languid air did swoon."—
Lotos-Eaters.*

paper money, however, is of very convenient shape, and seems to be liked by the people of Italy.

It is interesting to note that the francs of France, Belgium and Switzerland, the drachma of Greece, the lira of Italy, the peseta of one hundred centimes of Spain, have all nominally about the same value in our money, namely, about twenty cents.

We found the smaller coins of some of the countries we visited very interesting, especially the half piaster of Egypt, which is a beautiful coin of about the same size as our nickel, and is worth about two and one-half cents in our money. In addition to being a very pretty coin we found it quite available, as we could pay for a ride on the trolley cars of Cairo with it, pay the omnipresent bootblack and fulfill the demands of baksheesh. Except on our ship, or at ports in communication with ports in the United States (this was especially true of our paper money), the coin currency of the United States is very little known abroad.

The Gallant Fourth Officer

"Let me make mention of a gallant officer of the *Aller's* crew. A Dago steamer of British descent, just before the *Aller's* arrival in New York on her last voyage before ours, signaled distress. She had broken her shaft and was in a sinking condition. The sea was very high, too high, the captain thought, to order men out in the lifeboat; the disabled steamer's lifeboat had been crushed by the waves as they attempted to lower it; so the captain of the *Aller* was compelled to ask for volunteers.

"The fourth officer and nine other men bravely started, with the statement from the captain that if anything happened them, he would head the *Aller* for them immediately. For five hours they worked, and twenty-four men were saved. About four hours after the disabled boat sank, carrying all its cargo with it and the sailors' belongings likewise.

"Later, during a gathering in the saloon, gifts appropriate to the occasion and the deed were made to the officer and his nine men. The rescued men were presented with hats and coats by the sailors of the *Aller* crew."—*Parke*.



Afterward the fourth officer received, it is said, medals from Germany, England and America. Of course, he was our hero, and being fine and soldier-like in appearance, he was greatly courted by the ladies.

Amusements

"One of the diversions on ship is "Shuffle Board", in which the player, with an oar-shaped paddle, shoves a wooden disk about eight inches in diameter from a chalk line about fifteen feet to spaces marked off with chalk and numbers from one up to fifteen. There are two sides. It resembles "Crocinole", and is as innocent as tiddle-de-winks.



Diversion

Ring toss is a shipboard game, and I indulged in the harmless amusement. Not being used to toss when the foundations were in motion, I was beaten twice, but recovered and won the last two. The rings used are rope an inch or more in diameter, dexterously connected as only sailors can do it."—*Parke*.



THE AZORES AND PORTUGAL





Off the Azores

THE AZORES AND PORTUGAL

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FEBRUARY 12th.

2289 Miles Out.

"We have steamed rather slowly since yesterday, in order to give the tourists the best possible opportunity to see the Azores or Western Islands. These islands are situated about 1000 miles west of Gibraltar, and, before the discovery of America, were supposed to be located on the farthest boundary of the world, to the west.

The islands are nine in number and bear the following names: Corvo, Flores, Fayal, Pico, Gracioso, San Jorge, Terceira, San Miguel and Santa Maria. They have an aggregate

population of a little over a quarter of a million people. Corvo has the smallest population (1000) and San Miguel the largest (105,000).

The conditions as to weather were entirely favorable for an inspection of the islands, as we had an unclouded sky and the balmiest breezes. We sighted Mt. Pico on the island of Pico, about 11 a. m. (a mountain 7613 feet high), and by 2 p. m. were fairly abreast of the island of Fayal. These islands are of volcanic origin and have but few trees and they of stunted growth.

The scenes that greeted our eyes, especially on the islands of Fayal and San Miguel, were of great attractiveness. The arable land is divided into what appeared to be exceedingly small plots, by what seemed like dry hedges. We noted, however, that the steeper the hillside the smaller were the plots of ground, and, therefore, concluded that the hedges were planted in part to prevent the soil from being washed off. These miniature farms seemed to be under perfect cultivation. The temperature is said to range from 70 to 80 degrees the year round. The exports are wine, brandy, oranges, lemons, pine apples, beef, pork, coarse linen and simple manufactures from osiers and fibres of corn husks. We saw some fishermen from the islands in their boats, and they impressed us as being a rather short and stocky people. Their houses are white and some of them exceedingly diminutive. In the larger villages and towns there were buildings of considerable size. We saw many wind-mills, which added to the picturesqueness of the scene. The people are very primitive, depending chiefly on bullock carts as a means of transportation.

We had a most favorable opportunity to view Mt. Pico, which is said to resemble Mt. Vesuvius. The top is covered with snow and fleecy clouds hung about the mountain, a considerable distance from its apex. The spectacle of this mountain during the late afternoon and evening was a most inspiring one, as it was bathed in sunlight. We had a good view of two of the larger towns and seaports of the island—Fayal, on the island of Fayal, and Ponta Delgado, on the island of San Miguel—the latter is said to contain about 18,000 people. These islands were discovered by Flemish navigators in the fifteenth century. They did not care to appropriate them, however, and Portugal subsequently took possession of them. I do

not remember any mention of the Azores in the account of the voyage of Columbus, but as they lie fairly in the path he would naturally take, it seems reasonable to conjecture that he passed in sight of them. They were taken possession of by Don Henry, the navigator, on behalf of Portugal, in 1449, forty-three



“No man e'er felt the halter drawn
With good opinion of the lard.”—*Shakespeare* iii 490

years before Columbus discovered America—and who knows but their discovery may have helped to stimulate Columbus to make the effort at discovery which rendered him famous and placed him high on the roll of the world's benefactors.”

“On Saturday evening—it was Lincoln's birthday—by

special request, the Hon. S. M. Cutcheon, of Detroit, Mich., a former neighbor and friend of Lincoln's, at Springfield, Ill., consented to speak on the always-interesting theme—Abraham Lincoln. It is only fair to say that Mr. Cutcheon electrified his hearers in his off-hand talk about his old friend, with whom, he told us, he had played ball many times, between two brick walls, in Springfield. I believe our affection for our own country increases as its shores recede, and I feel sure there was no more enthusiastic audience anywhere on the 13th of February than the one on our ship."—*Archbold*.

DEC. 20, 1898.

My Dear Mr. McClure :

Replying to your favor of the 16th inst., repeating your request that I furnish you a copy or at least a skeleton of my brief talk on Abraham Lincoln before the *Aller* friends on the evening of February 12th, 1898, I beg to say that I cannot comply with your wishes in that matter.

At the dinner table on that evening some one observed that it was the anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's birthday, and in the course of conversation it became known that I was well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln before he was President. After dinner a committee of the passengers came to my stateroom and asked me if I would speak on Lincoln after the lecture that was to be delivered on Malta. I consented. I spoke in a familiar way without note and without preparation beyond that which comes to one from a knowledge of and love for his subject—in this case, one of the great names of our country and time and indeed of all countries and of all history. While on my feet I was not trying to remember what I was saying, but was trying to say what I remembered about Mr. Lincoln. It would be impossible for me to reproduce a single sentence of that talk. You will remember that we were in mid-ocean, and that all the passengers had been away from home long enough to be pleased to hear about things American ; that there is no more popular a theme with Americans than the personal characteristics of Abraham Lincoln ; that it was his birthday, and that there was a crowded audience of interested listeners. The theme, the occasion and circumstances were enough to inspire any man. Now, think, if you can, of my sitting down in my office with my stenographer, to whom I have been dictating for years, and trying to produce a speech made under such circumstances. I simply cannot do it. My mind revolts against the attempt, and I know you will excuse me.*

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. CUTCHEON.

* I had to.—COMPILER.

The Coast of Portugal

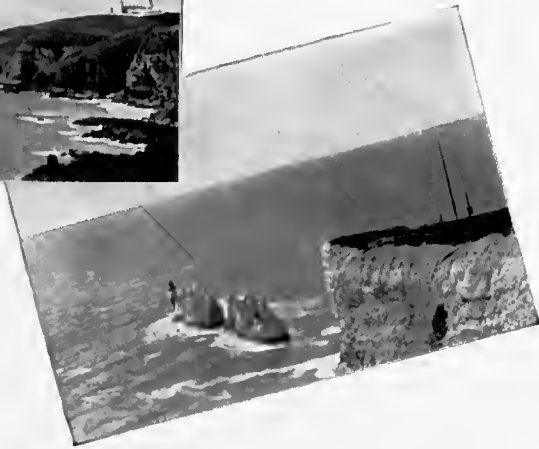
"About 3 p. m., we sighted Europe. Point St. Vincent, Portugal. The coast is rocky, rugged and low. Some distance inland mountains and white houses were to be seen. Here and there near the shore occasionally a larger settlement.

The point of land we approached first was Cape St. Vincent, on which there is a light-house and signal station. The captain drew quite close to land that we might view it, but primarily I suppose in order that our approach might be signaled to Gibraltar and thence home to New York. Gibraltar is 194 miles distant from this point. Sea craft became more numerous,

I counted eight at one time. One small vessel had little triangular sails which the captain said were Roman sails. We could imagine the old



Romans in Cæsar's time, out on the great sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules, searching for blood or for oysters in just such vessels. We are told that from a forest in a remarkably short time they constructed a fleet which competed successfully with the Carthaginians on the Carthaginian Lake. Evidently ship building, though not in its prime, was primarily rapid and rude. Glasses now began to be used freely, but no one reported as to whether the Spaniards had conquered Cuba. Great numbers of sea gulls approached us now for the first time. They are somewhat different from the American birds. They are larger, and the tips of the wings are black. They amused us and themselves by rising and diving from a distance straight into the brine, going down cackling into the water while only a splash was seen where before was clumsy gull.



Point St. Vincent

If you have ever seen chimney swallows dive into a chimney you have a picture of the evolution of these birds, but there the similarity ends. After a few moments they appear in a row about the hole where they "dove". We had seen schools of porpoises heretofore, but here was evidently a sea gull academy, also the preparatory school."—*Parke*.

*The Coast of Portugal**Verses Writ on St Valentine's Day*

“Two days ago we passed those isles
Which once Columbus knew,
Green sunny slopes and sunny peaks
From out the ocean blue.

A waving flag on ship and shore
And then the message sped
The *Aller's* passed some thousand miles
O'er ocean's oozy bed.

To-day horizon's girdle shows
Of land no faintest sign,
Yet swifter, clearer speaks my heart
To thee, my Valentine.

Like ships at sea that side by side
With idle sails at eventide
Upon the unruffled waters lie
So for an instant, you and I
Drift here together on life's tide.

Our port, our venture and beside
Our course to each to serve as guide
Across the narrow space we cry
Like ships at sea.

With swelling sails we swifter glide
And soon, across the distance wide
One hardly hears the faint “good bye”
And so to meet no more for aye
Upon life's main, our paths divide
Like ships at sea.”

WALTER LEARNED.

The Rolling Ball at Sea

"Notices are posted on bulletin boards at convenient places of important events, such as lectures, dances, losses and finds, our mileage and when we get our shoes blacked.

"Just now an invitation to a ball to be given on ship-board is upon the bulletin, besides this, we have all received special invitations with the statement, 'Dress or undress as you please.' Very few pleased to put on a dress suit and not many imperiled their lives and the lives of the spectators by dancing. However, it was continued until ten o'clock. The captain tripped his light fantastic sea-soaked toes and people pronounced him graceful."—*Parke*.

It was very curious to see couples start out with the intention of "sashaing" down the middle and up the side, but who meandered unsteadily over the whole available space without rhyme or reason. It surely gave great amusement and pleasure, but of a very different kind from that enjoyed on shore.



SPAIN

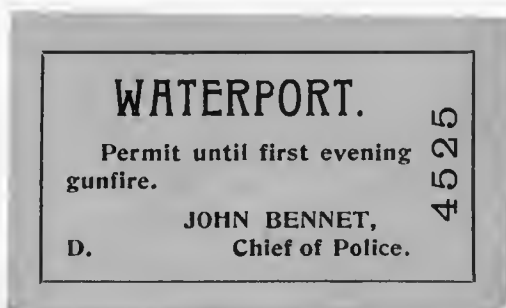
Gibraltar, Malaga, Alhambra

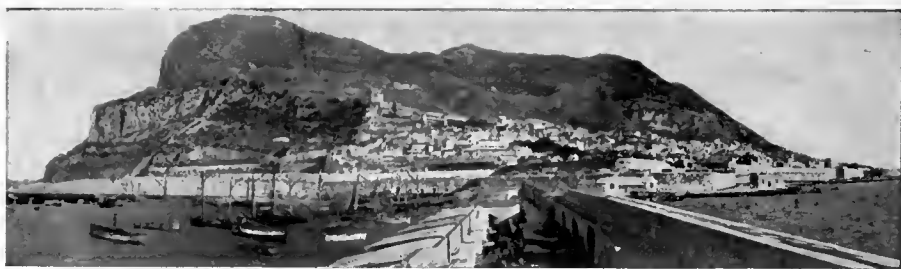
SPAIN

Gibraltar, Alhambra, Granada, The Moors; Bibliography

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Carved on a Stone Sentry Box at Gibraltar
 God and the soldier all men adore
 When there is trouble, and then no more,
 For when the trouble is righted
 God is neglected and the soldier slighted.





"Like a huge British Lion reclining in watchful attitude"

GIBRALTAR, THE ALHAMBRA AND THE MOORS

A Lecture delivered on Shipboard

Ladies and gentlemen of the "Aller" Cruise: I feel myself somewhat embarrassed in attempting to perform the task which you have been led to believe by Mr. Clark's largely circulated inflammatory circulars, I am set down to perform, viz: Tell you all about Gibraltar, Alhambra and the Moors in one lecture.

I am sure I did not understand the seriousness of the request, when I so lightly accepted the invitation, as did not the Frenchman who was asked to perform another serious function. However, he had the wisdom to inquire before accepting. Coming up to an American, he asked, politely: "My dear sir, will you not tell me what ze polar bear do?" "You want to know what a polar bear does?" "Yes, yes; what ze polar bear do?" "Well, he sits on the ice." "Oh, mon dieu, he sits on ze ice?" "Yes," said the American, "there is nothing else for him to sit on." "Vell, vat he also do?" "He eats raw fish." "Oh, mon dieu, mon dieu. I cannot, I cannot. A polar bear eats raw fish and sits on ze ice. Then I not accept." "Why, what do you mean? What will you not accept?" "Oh, non, non, I does not accept polar bear (pall-bearer) to a funeral."

Now, my friends, I promise that this performance will not be so lugubrious as a funeral, for I purpose to turn over an humorous tale at every convenient corner.

But to return to my difficulty, in the first place, I realize that I cannot hope to tell all of you something new, for surely most of you who have undertaken so long and glorious a trip must have prepared yourselves diligently by reading the various Guide Books and books of travel pertaining to the route over which we are to go, and in which every conceivable bit of information has been gathered up in one form or another.

Then again, I am limited as to time. I am not to weary by a prolonged discourse the already *overburdened* and *studious* and *fully occupied* members of this party, who breakfast from seven to eleven, lunch from eleven to three, and dine or sleep from three to nine ; and who ought to exclaim, as did the country-man when glibly told similar hours for meals by the hotel clerk, "Jerushy ! when am I going to git time to see the town !"

I have therefore tried to think out and select carefully for the *wearied* and *preoccupied* such material as will cover the ground as briefly and thoroughly as possible without making simply a catalogue of sights and wonders, which might easily be done. For the most part Guide Books give the places of interest, and I can only hope to rehearse and condense many things therein set down and to revive before the delightful moment of our visit, your memories and your reading. This is my acknowledgment to the various books from which I have quoted. I am, therefore, in the happy condition of the Southern darkey who was accused of stealing wood from his master's wood-pile. "No, Massa James, I ain't been stealin' no wood off'n your wood-pile, no how." "Now, Sambo, I know you are lying ; I know you have been stealing wood off my wood pile." "Lor', no, Massa James, I han't been stealing no wood off'n your wood-pile. Some o' dem lyin' niggers been lyin' on me." "Now, look here, Sambo, I saw you steal that wood off the wood-pile." "O, lor', Massa James, dat's all right, if you saw



"Honeycombed with galleries and bristling with canon"

me stealin' that wood off'n de wood-pile dat's all right, but I tot it was some of dem lyin' niggers lyin' on me."

Like Sambo, I say to those who know the sources of information, that's all right; I know you know. Don't accuse me, therefore, of piracy without acknowledgment.

I am to speak to you of Gibraltar, the Alhambra and the Moors, and volumes have been written on each subject. Most of you are familiar with the picture of the huge rock Gibraltar, and when we glide into the harbor will recognize it at once, looking like a huge British lion reclining in watchful attitude overlooking the straits between Europe and Africa, at the narrowest point, but thirteen miles in width.

The rock is limestone, three miles long, irregular in width, six miles in circumference, rising 1400 feet, more or less, above the sea, and is literally honeycombed with long tunnelled galleries arranged in tiers, each a mile and a half in length, while from holes or windows in these galleries two thousand cannon, more or less, overlook the straits and town. These straits are forty miles long. On the one side is the Atlantic pouring its waters continuously into the Mediterranean, which from its location evaporates so rapidly that the current is always in this direction.

The Phœnicians centuries ago believed that this was the end of the world, and tried to make others believe it, perhaps so that they could hold the monopoly of the trade. The Pillars of Hercules mentioned by these navigators were thought to have been Calpe, the Greek name for Gibraltar, and Abyla, the mountain on the opposite side in Africa.

The Romans, it is said, in spite of their enterprise and curiosity, never went beyond the Pillars of Hercules until the time of the Emperor Augustus. The name Gibraltar is derived from Gebal-el-Taric, a Moorish warrior who landed at this point, April, 7, 711, and gave his name to the place. The rock was fortified and held by the Moors till 1309, about 600 years, then captured by Spain, and twenty-seven years after, recaptured

again by the Moors, and held by them for one hundred and twenty-nine years; finally it was wrested from them once more and incorporated by the Spanish Crown in 1502, and so retained for 202 years.



"Great Guns"

In the war for the Spanish succession the Kings of France and Austria claimed the throne left vacant on the death of Charles the Second without heir. Historians tell us that the complications became so numerous, through the operations of the King of France, who succeeded in having his second grandson, Philip, made king, that Great Britain and Germany and Holland entered into an alliance against France and Spain. It was the fourth year of that war, on the 24th of July, 1704, that the rock was attacked and captured by an English force, though it was taken in the name of the Austrian Duke. At the end of the conflict Gibraltar was given to Great Britain, which did not value the acquisition, and George the First was ready to relinquish what was generally thought to be a "barren rock, an insignificant fort and a useless charge." Spain tried to conquer it soon afterward but failed. It was again besieged by France in 1779. In 1780 Spain joined France in a siege lasting four years.



Neutral Strip—Bull Ring—Gateway—Rock Window—Parade Ground

An English author, with pardonable pride, speaking of the repulse of the besieging force, says: "It ended in the repulse of the enemy, whose floating batteries, the invention of the ingenious M. de Arcon, which he had declared could neither be burned, sunk nor taken, were either burned, sunk or taken by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns on that 13th day of September, 1783." It costs the English Government to-day, some say, about five million dollars to support this fortress, and that without any profit. It is tremendously fortified, as you will see, and perhaps, in some respects, is the strongest fortification in the world. It is one of the outposts of England on her way to her eastern dominions. A line of these we will pass, by and by, such as Malta and Cyprus and Alexandria.

At Gibraltar England's fleets are sheltered, provisioned and coaled. It is the great watch tower from which the movements of warships can be observed and telegraphed to England 1000 miles away. The English are constantly adding to the effectiveness of their guns and their fortifications. We will see every evidence of war and fortifications and English possession.

Gibraltar contains about 30,000 inhabitants and seven or eight thousand English soldiers, so that red coated soldiers are everywhere in evidence. Mark them well, for they will contrast most favorably with the soldiers of any other country.

At Gibraltar we will get our first glimpse of Oriental peoples. The proximity to Africa brings blacks and Nubians, Egyptians and Arabs, Moors and Turks, Greeks and Jews, Spaniards and Red Coats into this famous place and the disputing, bargaining, gesticulating, many-tongued crowd will make a strong appeal to Western eyes and ears.

The town of Gibraltar is surrounded by a wall, and the gates are shut at sundown and not opened until sunrise. Passes are issued for entrance during the time between. There are no public buildings of any particular interest in Gibraltar, though the white-washed barracks of the soldiers and the tremendous fortifications, as I have said, are everywhere in evidence.

When we were at Gibraltar in 1895 no pictures were allowed to be taken within the fortifications; I suppose the same rule holds to-day. England follows the rule of many other nations and jealously guards her secrets of strength.

We were much interested in seeing the huge apes on top of the rock. They are tailless and harmless, but great thieves and frequently come down and rob the gardens of the people. Some authors suppose that it is from here the apes obtained by Solomon were found; that it was from here those described in 1st Kings 10th chapter and 22d verse came: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks."

It is thought that Andalusia was the Tharshish of the old time and that these are the descendants of the apes for which Solomon sent.

Those who have read Mark Twain's humorous description



"The Pillar of Hercules looms above"

will be on the lookout for the Queen's chair, the high hill on which one of the Queens took her seat when the French and Spanish troops were besieging Gibraltar and said she would never move from the spot until the English flag was lowered from the fortress. If the English had not been gallant enough to lower the flag for a few hours one day, she would have had to break her oath or die up there. This story Mark declares nearly killed him.

It is supposed that Gibraltar was connected with Africa at one time and that there were no Straits here, but in the historic period there is no evidence of the truth of this supposition. St. George's Hill and Europa Point ought to be seen, and a drive taken to the little fishing village around the corner of the rock, and, perhaps, over the neutral ground to the Spanish fortifications. The Crows Nest, too, ought to be seen, a ledge of overhanging rock six or seven hundred feet high, which yawns

fearfully over the water, and this reminds me of the story of the long-winded nephew of an old lady, who had been droning on for some hours about his travels in Switzerland. "And there I stood," he said, "Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who had long kept silence, "was that abyss a-yawning before you got there or did it begin afterward?"

It is noteworthy in this connection to recall the fact that Honorable Horatio J. Sprague has been our Consul at Gibraltar for over fifty years and that his father filled the place before him. This for a country which is sending with each new administration some new products abroad; such as *Hay* to England and *Porter* to France and an *Angel* to Turkey ought to linger in our memories.

It will be good to get back to the ship again after our day of sight-seeing and while we sleep or dine our ship will glide round the corner of the Straits and anchor at Malaga, a city whose name reminds us of grapes and fine wines and which contains the largest iron mills in Spain. It is also the home of the Spanish Lorings, a branch of the Massachusetts family of that name, who have obtained great wealth and rank in Spain through railroad building and through intermarriage with the princes of the land. It is said that the superior condition of the streets, public buildings and many other improvements about Malaga is due to this American blood. There are beautiful parks and some notable structures in Malaga well worth a visit.

Here will be seen on the streets typical Spanish life.

Spanish beggars everywhere with extended hands and tears on tap tumbling out of every doorway and following us at every appearance. Long gowned curiously robed priests, and policemen like soldiers, and peddlers with all kinds of wares in innumerable baskets on diminutive donkeys.

Our gallants will not fail to notice on the graceful balconies to be seen so frequently everywhere the black-eyed Spanish senoras and senoritas, with their picturesque lace mantles and mischief making eyes; nor will the ladies fail to see the Spanish Dons, handsome, gracious, courtly and picturesque.

There will be many new and unusual and interesting sights, but Malaga is but the beginning of a most charming journey

through Spain. For the greater part of a day we will ride in curious apartment cars past great olive orchards and hedge rows of blossoming almonds, and orange and lemon trees, through sharp ravines, and savage gorges with the snow-clad Sierra Nevadas many times in sight, on, on up to the old city of Granada, the seat of the Alhambra.

Says a traveler: "The ride to Granada for more than sixty miles is increasingly grand. The Sierra Nevadas rise to a height of nearly twelve thousand feet, while other ranges are visible in every quarter. Our train plunges (if so energetic a term can be used of Spanish rail-roading) through wild mountain gorges and dark tunnels, around the base of dangerous looking cliffs as wild as the Rockies, over pieces of road which compare favorably with our own engineering, under similar difficulties."



In the Sierras

Notice the wide unfenced fields, the irrigating ditches, the laborers, the houses; they are all distinctive and interesting.

The City of Granada, so called from the granates or pomegranates which formerly grew so profusely here, is built on hills, spurs of the Sierra Nevadas, at a height of more than two thousand feet above the sea level. All around are charming valleys, watered by streams from the Sierras, and the country, although it is February, will look like our Middle States in May or June. The Alhambra is the focus and centre of our interest, and also the gem and the setting of Granada.

Says Buckley: "In the deepest valley of the most gloomy desert on the globe it would intoxicate and enthrall, but its

situation increases its fascination immeasurably. I doubt if earth contains a grander natural setting for a more astonishing human creation." Yet, even with this, I am convinced that the man or woman who is not familiar with the legends and stories, and traditions and history of the place, or who lacks imagination, will miss the real charm which entralls and captivates.

Our own Washington Irving, who lived in the Alhambra for many months, says: "To the traveler imbued with a feeling for the historical and poetical, so perceptibly intertwined in the annals of romantic Spain, the Alhambra is as much an object of devotion as is the Caaba to all true Moslems. How many



Our Spanish Carriages

legends and traditions, true and fabulous, how many songs and ballads, Arabian and Spanish, of love and war and chivalry, are associated with this oriental pile. It was the royal abode of the Moorish kings, where, surrounded with splendors and refinements of Asiatic luxury, they held dominion over what they vaunted as a terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain."

No work of art, as you know, has been so fully described as the Alhambra. It has formed the theme of history, of poetry, of romance, of fiction, of science, until the whole has become a web of fact and fiction inextricably woven together. The whole has a distinct flavor of age and of mystery, which carries the mind back to a dreamy past. There is a legend which declares that Adam visited the earth a few years ago

to see how his farm was coming on. When he alighted in Germany, he found there schools and colleges, and universities and books, and a world interested in learning. In France he found a world of art and fancy and fashion, and so on from country to country. He was disgusted, but when he came to Spain he exclaimed, "This is just as I left it. Here is paradise." It is striking to note that the Moors gave to Granada the name of "Damascus of the west", because, like Damascus, the Alhambra crowned the hill like the great dome which shows in the sun like the temple of the King of Kings in another city. But here are the same sky, and plains, and hills upon which the Moors first looked, wherein they lived and loved and delighted for so many years. And here, too, is part of the same palace of beauty and refinement and exquisite grace, revealing a surprising refinement and culture, until one is ready to exclaim: "The greatest calamity which ever happened to Spain was the expulsion of the Moors! for truly art and science and refinement have never flourished here since."

The royal palace of the Alhambra forms but a part of the fortress commonly called by that name. The walls around the inclosure are studded with towers, which stretch irregularly around the whole crest of the hill, which is, as I have said, a spur of the Sierra Nevadas, and overlooks the city. Externally it is a rude congregation of towers and battlements, with no regularity of plan nor grace of architecture, and gives little promise of the grace and beauty which prevails within.

Says one: "The Moors, in everything differing from the Greeks and Romans, never cared much for the exterior—made it as plain as possible; but the interior revealed, as with a sudden burst of sunrise, a profusion and wealth of decoration which would alike astonish and captivate."

The first impression of most travelers is that of disappointment, and there is a tendency to disparaging criticism. Our party will not be an exception. The dreams and fancies of childhood's illusions will be dissipated in the presence of the reality. The thrill of the expected enchantment will be missed. But we may well believe that careful observation and the reading of the charming works which have been written will, with the reality and by the aid of imagination,

by and by transcend all our expectations and repay us a thousand fold in the future for the pilgrimage to this crowning glory of Moorish architecture.

Like the Kremlin at Moscow, the Alhambra, we must remember, is an inclosure, a half mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, and of irregular shape. The palace itself occupies but a small part. The guide books carefully describe the various features of the place. I shall not attempt a detailed description here.

The architecture of the Alhambra has been called "cob-web on the solid rock—a blending of solid forms borrowed from an earlier people, with the dainty tracery of the Arabian—



On to Granada

exhausting all conceivable designs in its arrangement of graceful and complex lines. As a whole it is a combination of slender columns and Moorish arches, supporting great, overhanging masses; of vaulted ceiling, reduplicated many times within

itself in diminished form, and with pendant like stalactites, rich in color; of arch and architrave, cornice and wall, covered with the purest of arabesque, of woven lines, of intricate pattern and infinite variety of design, all in relief and picked out in strongly contrasting colors, which in the original have stood the test of seven centuries, remaining as bright to-day, and as harmonious, as the brilliant, closely-woven colors of a Persian shawl."

If I can awaken attention in the minds of some to these various characteristics, I shall, indeed, feel myself rewarded.

The supports in some of the rooms are concealed, so that the apparent supports (thin pillars and cashmere, perforated fabrics which seem like fairy work) appear incapable of sustaining the roof. There are divans, and alcoves, and courts with orange trees, and gardens filled once with tropical vegeta-

*The Alhambra*

tion, in the very midst of the building. Then, too, there are inscriptions from the Koran to be seen everywhere, such as "There is no conqueror but Allah." Note well the Court of Lions, with its one hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, upholding porticoes on each side; all these by the aid of a little imagination will transform this curious place from a tumble-down building into a very palace of the Arabian Nights entertainment.

If, with fertile imagination and poetic fancy, we stand in these old courts and halls and look up to the balconies and latticed windows, we may repeople the place with graceful, noble men, and women of exquisite beauty. We can hear in fancy again the splash of the cooling fountains and the soft love songs to the accompaniment of the guitar; we may see again the delectable gardens, the flowers and foliage, the fragrant baths, the gay cavaliers, the halls and courts and colonnades filled with the chivalry of Moslem Moors. And darker pictures, too, will throng before us: for instance, in the hall of the Abencerrages a gay and brilliant company will fill the place in response to the invitation of the wily Sultan to a sumptuous banquet, while a few brave and gallant cavaliers of an illustrious

line are there as guests. In the course of the feast one and another will be called out to some new promised entertainment in the Court of Lions near by and there beheaded, until the head of every illustrious guest is severed from his body, and the fountain becomes indeed a fountain filled with blood. And not once alone did this become a fountain of blood, but again in the midst of this splendor and luxury and beauty were all the children of Abu Haren beheaded by their own father's order, save one only, the unhappy Boabdil, the last Moorish king, who lived to regret it. As we pass into the Hall of the Ambassadors, in imagination, we may see the Sultan seated on a magnificent throne, while in the niches, in regal state, are placed the ambassadors from foreign courts. Open diplomacy is apparently being exercised, but secret intrigue and jealousy and suspicion are plotting secret murder, which finally builds its victims into dark recesses beneath this very place; living tombs in which bravery and valor and love went mad and rotted.

Or, as we wander through the Linda Raxa, or Pretty Rachael, we may see the dressing-room, in one of the towers, of the unhappy queen who gave the place the name through her imprisonment. Note the curious marble slab, pierced with holes, under which was placed the chamber in which the perfumes were prepared for her delectation. As the odors ascended the queen, standing over this slab with all her rich apparel, was made sweetly fragrant, just as in the ancient days, Queen Esther, of the Bible story, was perfumed when similar means were used for making lovely women breathe forth the odor of flowers.

But who built the Alhambra, and why? is asked. Historians tell us that "A thousand years before Christ the Phœnicians had discovered the resources of Spain and founded Cadiz. Seven hundred years later the Carthaginians, their descendants, had subjugated a large part of the peninsula. Five hundred years subsequently the Vandals, after ravaging France, swept through the passes of the Pyrenees into Spain, where they settled permanently. Soon afterward the Visigoths went from Italy by way of Southern Gaul into Spain, and there began a series of struggles with the Vandals and the Romans.

In the early part of the seventh century arose in Asia the most terrible power that had ever appeared in modern history—Mohammedanism. In less than seventy-five years after the

birth of Mohammed the Saracens had overrun all the lands between Armenia and Khiva, and in less than sixty more possessed themselves of North Africa, ravaged Asia Minor and besieged Constantinople. About the beginning of the eighth century Spain

was invaded, the hordes crossing the straits under Taric,



and landing at Algeciras, near Gibraltar. The name Alhambra is mentioned for the first time after the Moors had been in power in Spain for one hundred and fifty years. Its meaning is simply a "Red Tower."

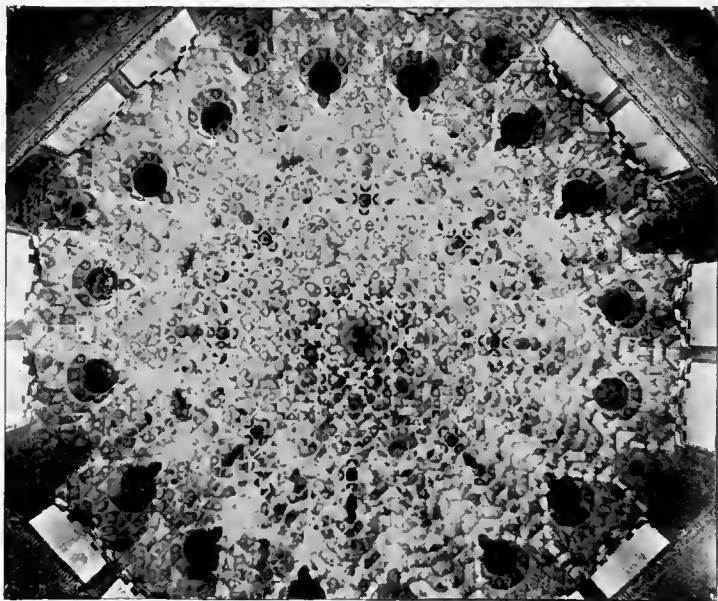


Alhambra Gate—Lunch—Interior

Speaking of names reminds one of the despairing Frenchman, who exclaimed, "I cannot understand ze language. I learn how to pronounce ze name 'hydrophobia,' and then I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it 'fatal.'"

The account Irving gives of the founder of the Alhambra, Alhamar, is most interesting and fascinating. Bear with me as I try to condense a portion of the story. It will give a truer picture of the Moors than anything else I can do:

"Alhamar, the Moor, was of noble birth, highly educated and full of warlike ambition and valor. Gaining one conquest after another, he became finally the ruler of the whole of Andalusia. What he was not able to gain by valor he secured by generosity. In Granada he established his court and displayed a wisdom and far-sightedness in fortifying his kingdom and promoting useful arts which speedily gave him wealth and real power. He organized a vigilant police and established rigid rules for the administration of justice. The poor and the distressed always found ready admission to his presence, and he attended personally to their assistance and redress. He erected



"Like a cloud of rare old yellow lace"

hospitals for the blind, the aged, the infirm, and all those incapable of labor, and visited these places frequently in person.

"He founded schools and colleges, he established butcheries and public ovens, that the people might be furnished with wholesome provisions at just and regular prices. He introduced abundant streams of water into the city, erecting baths and fountains, and constructing aqueducts and canals to irrigate and fertilize the Vega. By these means prosperity and abundance prevailed in this beautiful city and its surroundings; its gates were thronged with commerce, and its warehouses filled with luxuries and merchandise of every clime and country.

He gave premiums and privileges to the best artisans;

improved the horses and domestic animals ; encouraged husbandry, and increased the natural fertility of the soil ; fostered the growth and fabrication of silk, until the looms of Granada surpassed those of Syria in the fineness and beauty of their productions. He opened the mines of gold and silver," and all this we are surprised to learn was the work of a man way back in the twelve hundreds ; a Mohammedan withal ; a savage Moor, as we sometimes think of them.

"Magnificent in his works and great in his enterprises ; he was simple in his person and moderate in his enjoyments. His dress was not merely void of splendor, but so plain as not to distinguish him from his subjects. His wives were daughters of the principal nobles, and were treated by him as friends and rational companions, and what is more, he managed to make them live in friendship with one another. He delighted in reading histories ; employed himself in the instruction of his three sons, for whom he provided the most learned and virtuous masters.

This was the man who began the building of the splendid palace of the Alhambra, superintending it in person. As I have read and pondered upon his history, he has reminded me in many particulars of that greatest and wisest king of Israel, Solomon.

Says Irving : "Though Alhamar's undertakings were vast, yet his treasury was always full, and this seeming contradiction gave rise to the story that he was versed in magic art, and possessed the secret of transmuting baser metals into gold.

Those who have attended to his domestic policy will easily understand the natural magic and simple alchemy which made his ample treasury to overflow.

At his death the Alhambra palace, then in progress, was finished by another prince of the same noble line, Yusef, bearing much the same character, elegant and refined in his taste, devoted to the improvement of the morals and manners of his people, generous and open-minded in his diplomacy."

It is pleasant to reflect that such an enchanting and beautiful palace was the work of men of such excellent character and of such noble purpose.

If any one cares to follow up the interesting story of the life and work of these early Moorish rulers, I would advise



The Alhambra

Describe it? No, I thank you. Go to Washington Irving or D'Amicis for that. When you can pass through a beautiful pavilion, the roof of which is a cloud of rare, old, yellow lace, held by invisible supports; and only passing through, can picture it to me so that I can see it in all its airy splendor; then, perhaps, I will try in return to give you a conception of the courts and halls of the Alhambra, and tell you of colored lace cut out of stone, or moulded from mortar.

I had only an hour to see it, and that with a crowd around me, and the Alhambra cannot be seen in *that* way. What little I did grasp made me feel that I was gazing upon an architectural flower, and with the possible exception of the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful one that this earth has ever borne upon its bosom.—G. C. S.

him to read, of course, first Washington Irving's *Alhambra*; D'Amicis, whose emotion and imagination make him so absorbing and misleading; the book of Ford; Urquehar's *Pillars of Hercules*; Primes' *Khremlin and the Alhambra*, etc.; failing these, at present, the guide books of Baedeker, Appleton and Murray are really most excellent, and can be procured, no doubt, on the vessel or at almost any port.

This reminds me of the story of a deaf clergyman, who asked his clerk to give out a notice in reference to the use of a new hymn-book. The clerk had a notice of his own in regard to baptism he wanted to give out first. At the close of the sermon he rose and announced: "All those who have children, whom they wish to have baptised, will please send their names at once to the clerk." The clergyman, who was deaf, assuming that the clerk had given out the hymn-book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I should say, for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained at the vestry, any day from three to four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at one shilling each, and the special ones, with red backs, at one shilling and fourpence."

Says one, "To understand the Alhambra, it must be visited often and alone; at night, when the moon floats above it in the air like its crescent symbol, when the tender beam tips the filigree arches, then a depth is given to the shadows, and a misty, undefined magnitude to the salons beyond, then, in proportion to the silence around, does the fancy and imagination become alive. The shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the form of the dusky Moor as, dressed in his silken robes, he comes to lament over the profanation of the infidel and the devourment of the destroyer."

One historical question remains. When did the Moors leave Spain? As you remember, the whole of Spain had not been subdued by the Moors. Various kingdoms were formed, that of Castile being the most powerful. The kingdom of Aragon spread rapidly, and the Moors were finally restricted to Granada. In 1469, when Ferdinand, of Aragon, married Isabella, Queen of Castile (their bodies, by the way, now lie in the Cathedral at Granada in leaden coffins, and the curious traveler may be led down into the very crypt itself and touch

the old encasements of these two distinguished characters), I repeat, when Ferdinand, of Aragon, married Isabella, Queen of Castile, the consolidation of Spain into one empire began. Granada was conquered in 1492, and the Moors were expelled from the peninsula, the year of the discovery of America.

We are told that Ferdinand and Isabella resided for a time in the Alhambra, and in one of its rooms the Queen informed Christopher Columbus that she would support him in his enterprise.

So soon as the Christian obtained control of the Alhambra, however, it must be noted the work of its devastation commenced. When Ferdinand and Isabella departed the monks and soldiers did what they could

Concert Programm		
Dampfer „ALLER“		
Montag, den 14. Februar 1898		
1	„Erinnerung an Crefeld“, Marsch	Kempe
2	„Germania-Ouverture“	Richter
3	„Les Pantineurs“, Walzer	Waldteufel
4	„Das Grab auf der Haide“, Lied	Heiser
5	„Parole d'amour“, Fantasie	Zikoff
6	„Was sich Berlin erzählt“, Potp.	Kelsten

to destroy the place. They whitewashed the open work, coating some of it so thick that a pickax was required to remove it, and stole and destroyed and sold the furniture. Charles the Fifth, determining to erect a palace, tore down a part of the Alhambra, and began a structure which has never been finished. From age to age the building deteriorated, until finally it was turned into an asylum for debtors and state prisoners. When the French took possession in 1810, and again in 1812, they used it for barracks, destroyed everything they could, and blew up the Mosque, which was said to have had no rival in the world.

They mined the entire

ORDER FOR THE DAY

Wednesday, February 16th—Alhambra Trip

5 a. m. Bugle call. 5.15 First Sitting Breakfast. (5.45 Second Sitting).

Land in steam launches. (Lunch and dinner from ship). 7.15 sharp, train leaves Landing Stage.

Bobadilla, 10.2. Coffee or tea and plate, etc., furnished and passengers can eat part of their lunch here.

2.21 Granada. Drive up to Alhambra; then eat (ship's) dinner at Hotel Washington Irving, which is in the Alhambra grounds; coffee, tea, plate, knife, fork, etc., furnished at the Hotel, also 4 rooms for ladies and gentlemen to wash in.

12.33 midnight Malaga, and embark.

F. C. CLARK.

structure, and would have annihilated the last vestige of its grandeur if a corporal had not put out the fuses. After the conquest it was offered to the Duke of Wellington, but he preferred another place, which is still owned by his descendants (a 4000 acre farm given to him as a token of gratitude by the Spanish Government, and from which farm a revenue of \$20,000 is now received by his descendants). It was not until 1842 that the repairs and restorations of the Alhambra began, but these have since been carried forward with success.

Alas, that it should be said of the Christians that they sought in every way to obliterate all traces of the infidel religion through their lack of appreciation of the elegance of the architecture, and their inability to understand the refinement



The Court of the Lions

and delicate taste of the so-called heathen Moor who produced it, and so history writes them down as guilty in their stupidity of inexcusable vandalism.

To-day we may see in reality and in restoration much of this noble palace crowning a beautiful hill, as striking as the Acropolis at Athens.

Earthquakes have shaken the foundations and rent the towers, yet in the Court of Lions still remain the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor, and almost the original brilliancy of coloring. Not a slender column has been displaced, not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way, and all the fairy fretwork of the domes, as unsubstantial as the

crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, exist after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist, for us moderns to admire and to imitate.

I have lingered too long already over this fascinating structure. Once the whole was a dream of beauty, a delectable palace, as veritable a paradise as ever the head of man devised or the heart of man desired.

The scenes of gayety have vanished, much of its loveliness has departed, yet believe me, it will be one of the joys of your life that you have seen the place. As you read its legends and live in its romances, and study its traditions, it will stand out as one of the most delightful and refining memories of your life.

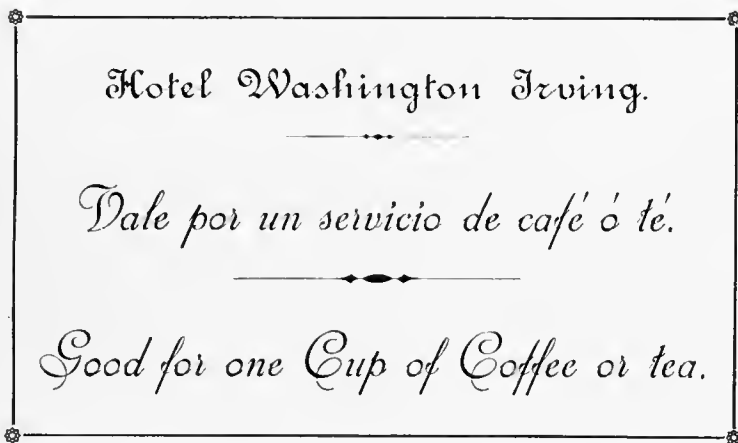


Malaga from the Citadel

An Experience at Malaga

“When we arrived at Malaga most of us were anxious to utilize the short time we had to stay there in seeing as much as possible. After wandering through the streets until it was quite dark, a clerical member of the party I was with suggested that we try to get into the Cathedral, knowing little of and caring less, for the unwritten law that guards these sacred places from the heretical footsteps of the average American tourist, except during the regular hours. One of a crowd of gamins, who had followed us around and who understood and spoke a little English, hearing our conversation, volunteered to guide us there. Off we started, quite a large party. The little fellow taking us through some very dark and narrow streets, distrust was felt by a number of the crowd, and it began to grow less, the deserters making for the wide and well-lighted street, that could

be seen in the distance. When we reached the main entrance to the Cathedral, it was locked, but a vigorous knocking by our little guide brought a custodian to the door who, after looking at us, refused us admission and shut the door in our faces. The boy then told us there were other entrances and that he would try them before giving up. Along more dark streets we were piloted, the company getting smaller as the road got uninviting. Soon another entrance was reached with the same result, only more so. "Come on," said the boy, "I will take you to the other side," diving into another dark alley. The party had now dwindled to about half a dozen, among whom were Mr. Albert Fox and wife, of Washington. As the way became more dismal this gentleman stopped, saying: "You can't get this Fox into



that hole, I shall go back ;" and so did all, except the writer and his clerical friend. We were determined to see the inside of that church if it were possible. Another door was soon reached and a summons to open given this time successfully. We were admitted into a small chapel lighted by a lamp that only cast dim and ghostlike shadows all about us. We were led from this place into the nave of the Cathedral which was totally dark. Thoughts of the Inquisition of old came into our minds, when suddenly there was a flash and the whole beautiful interior was bathed in light. Think of it, there in Spain, backward as she is in adopting most of the improvements of the day, a place of worship, ancient as this building, lighted by electricity. Rows of white fluted columns, forming a beautiful vista from where we stood, supported the roof. Altars decorated with costly

paintings and fine statuary were seen on all sides, it was, indeed, like the beautiful “Fabric of a vision” that broke upon us. Our perseverance was well rewarded by the sight. When we turned to leave the church we found ourselves surrounded by a curious crowd. Nuns, cripples, children and custodians ; where they all came from so quickly was marvelous, with outstretched hands they all united in one cry, “Pedir por Dios” ? and we thought it best to contribute liberally, as we were a good ways from home and in hostile keeping.”—*A. J. Smith.*

SPECIAL TRAIN
Granada to Malaga Direct

Distances (in kilometers) from Granada	STATIONS	Time-table of		
		Arrivals	Stoppages	Departures
	GRANADA			6.30 P. M.
9	Atarfe	6.43 P. M.		6.43 “
15	Pinos	6.52 “		6.52 “
25	Illora	7. 8 “		7. 8 “
35	Tocón	7.22 “	4 min.	7.26 “
44	Huétor	7.40 “		7.40 “
52	Loja	7.52 “	10 “	8. 2 “
54	San Francisco	8. 6 “		8. 6 “
62	Riofrio	8.23 “		8.23 “
74	Salinas	8.57 “	12 “	9. 9 “
88	Archidona	9.34 “		9.34 “
99	La Peña	9.50 “		9.50 “
107	Antequera	10. 2 “		10. 2 “
123	BOBADILLA (Restaurant)	10.26 “	15 “	10.41 “
136	Gobantes	10.59 “		10.59 “
143	Chorro	11.12 “	10 “	11.22 “
155	Alora	11.39 “		11.39 “
163	Pizarra	11.50 “		11.50 “
175	Cártama	12. 6 A. M.		12. 6 A. M.
181	Campanillas	12.18 “		12.18 “
193	MALAGA (at Station) . .	12.33 “		
	“ (“ Docks) . .	12.48 A. M.		

ALGIERS

Pennsylvania Day





French Front

ALGERIA

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Algiers

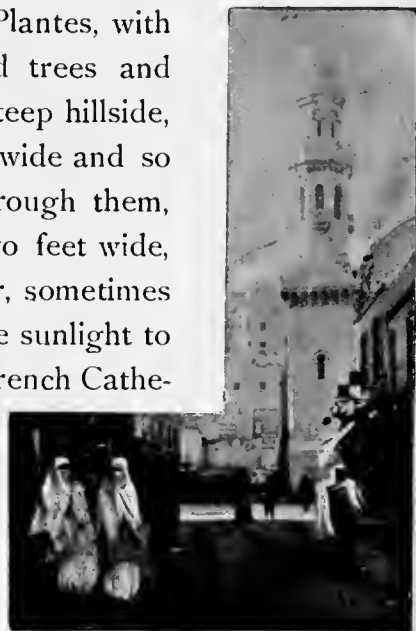
"Algiers has been noted in history as the land of pirates. It is built on an elevation of one thousand feet or more sloping to the sea. The pirates were, therefore, favorably located to see seaward and could scan the water for merchantmen with their trained eyes for perhaps sixty or eighty miles. Less than one hundred years ago Algiers was the terror of the civilized world. Spain, Holland, Venice, Denmark, Portugal, Naples,



all had to buy peace from the Algerian pirates. The United States in 1795 bought peace for \$721,000 and promised an annual tribute of \$22,000 if her vessels might go unmolested. In 1812, or thereabouts, the Algerian pirates declared war on the United States and began to capture vessels and to refuse money, saying that American slaves were beyond price. Captains Decatur

and Bainbridge demanded and secured satisfaction. In 1817 Great Britain compelled the pirates to abolish Christian slavery. Their piracy, however, was not ended until they were conquered by the French. As we landed, Moors were everywhere visible in their curious costumes and oriental appearance, and they looked to our eyes capable of piracy of all degrees. It does not surprise me that Dido guarded her territory with care. The old Numidians we believe needed watching. Union with Æneas would certainly have brought added protection from surrounding thieves and desperadoes."—*Parke*.

The Mosques ; the Jardin des Plantes, with its wonderful variety of plants and trees and flowers ; the old Arab town on the steep hillside, with its streets only five or six feet wide and so crooked that no carriage can pass through them, connected by little alleys less than two feet wide, the roofs leaning towards each other, sometimes leaving not more than a foot for the sunlight to enter ; the Governor's palace ; the French Cathedral ; the curious costumes of the men and women ; the Museum ; all are interesting and attractive and



should be seen. "In the Museum is shown the body of an Arab named Geronimo who accepted Christianity at the age of 25 years, having been baptized as an infant. Being captured four years after his formal acceptance of Christianity and refusing to recant, while yet alive his feet and hands were bound with cords and he was covered with fresh concrete which was being made into a block for a building. The block thus formed was built into an angle of the wall of a fortress. The place was carefully recorded, and in 1853, 300 years afterward, it was necessary to destroy the fort and in the very spot the skeleton was found enclosed in the block. The bones were interred in the Cathedral. Liquid plaster of Paris was run into the cavity and a model obtained showing the very features of the Christian martyr and the marks of the cords that bound him.



A terrible glimpse of Moslem persecution and Christian fortitude."



" ALGIERS, February 19, 1898.

We spent all day yesterday viewing the sights of Algiers, the sprightly capital of the French province of Algeria.

We cannot hope to find in our pilgrimage a more picturesque and attractive city than this famous winter resort of the Mediterranean. The province of Algeria has now been held by France since 1830, and Algiers is to all intents and purposes a French city—the streets all bearing French names, and the business of the town being conducted by the French, or under their auspices.

Algeria is one of the five Barbary States, the other four being Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli and Barca.

Our ride in the suburbs of the city yesterday carried us by some beautiful white villas that were formerly the homes of the Pirate Kings of Algiers. It is of record that at one time as many as twenty thousand captive Christians were compelled to work upon the fortifications of Algiers by their Moorish cap-

tors. It was a happy day for Algeria when it came under the control of France. As one is reminded at Gibraltar of the one is reminded at Algiers of the wonderful energy and ver- They are an up-to-contrast between Al-



towns we have seen Although the town is French, there is still lation. I judge the

terms Arab and Moor are frequently used interchangeably, and I find it difficult to draw the line between them. The term Moor originally belonged to the natives of Morocco, while Arabs are put down as children of the desert; but they look alike, dress alike, and are all Mohammedans. We had our first glimpse, at Algiers, of the Arab women who veil the faces from the eyes down when they appear on the streets. I am frank to say that, so far as the writer is concerned, they are welcome to continue to veil their faces, if those we saw at Algiers are representative of Arab women generally. The chief characteristic of Arab dress, for men, seems to be a heavy head-covering, coupled with no covering at all from the legs down, and frequently no covering for the feet.

After a visit and inspection of the Arab quarters of the city, we are prepared to endorse the statement that they live like dogs. They are said to live largely on beans and black bread,

and sleep on mats in the burnouses they wear during the day. Their wraps are more or less elaborate, some being very scanty and others many-folded, but very few showed any approach to cleanliness. I think the lowest types of humanity I have ever seen consisted



of a group of Arabs who came near the *Aller* for the purpose of coaling an English ship that lay very near us. In addition to being naturally dark in color, they were also black with dirt. Their clothing seemed little better than gunny-sacks.

Algiers is widely advertised as a most desirable resort for consumptives, and I judge with good reason. The weather when we were there (February 18th) was about like our June, so that when our carriage stopped in our drive we found it desirable to rest in a shady place. Our eyes were delighted with the sight of a great variety of beautiful flowers and shrubbery, some varieties of which we had never seen before. From our observation, it is now becoming quite the thing for those who are spending considerable time abroad to spend the summer at Paris or some other European capital or resort, and the winter in Algiers.



Around the Garden of Plants

Students of history will recall that under Moslem rule Algeria was continually at war with Christian countries. Our own country sent a fleet to punish the Algerians for depredations on our commerce, and on June 20, 1815, a victory was gained by our fleet, which compelled the Dey to acknowledge that the American flag meant something. In 1830, on account of the destruction of a French ship and the murder of a French Consul, the French Government sent a large naval and land force and captured the City of Algiers, and have held the country since that time, in spite of frequent outbreaks. It is said that the occupation of Algeria has cost the French Government the lives of 150,000 men and about \$600,000,000 in money.

The Arab beggars of Algiers are the most persistent we have met with. Their well-defined policy is to tire their victims out. One ghostly old Arab woman marked me for her prey, and although she was lame she kept right up with the procession until I was compelled to buy her off. The Arab children are equally persistent, though much more attractive than their elders. Many of them have bright, laughing faces, but are born beggars, nevertheless."—*Archbold*.



Ghosts and Allerites

Sea Forms neither Strange nor Curious

This is a "go as you please" party, and, while introductions are frequent, no one seems to wait long for an introduction, but proceeds to express his views and ask for what he wants without much ceremony. People who a short day or two ago would have given fortunes to be at home are beginning to look like pleasure seekers instead of invalids. Still, smelling-salts and bottled electricity are prominent, and occasionally one looks over the railing into deep water for whales. Some say they have enjoyed every minute, while others claim that there are minutes that they would as soon forget.

It is curious how one makes friends on shipboard, all stiffness vanishes as if by magic. Perhaps, the unsteadiness of the vessel and the go-as-you-please of the sea takes possession of body and mind and dissipates social restraint. Whatever the cause it is very pleasant to exchange views with your neighbor on the least provocation and without an introduction.

Pennsylvania Day

Introductions by Gen'l Craft

Ladies and gentlemen of the "Aller" cruise; fellow citizens and citizenesses of Pennsylvania:

We are gathered here this afternoon upon the high seas in convention assembled, not as representatives of Dave Martin, Mat. Quay, Chris. Magee or Billy Flynn or of any set of politicians or any other factional interest, but as quiet, peaceful private citizens of a grand, live, patriotic and glorious commonwealth, citizens, ever ready to respond to the call of our country and to the bugle of the little German band at meal time.

We bid you all hearty welcome to join with us in our festivities, and to listen to a few remarks from representative Pennsylvanians, who will now address you. I have the pleasure of introducing Col. A. F. Seltzer, of Lebanon.

MENU

Dampfer „ALLER“, den 18. Februar 1898

MITTAGESSEN

Fleischbrühe à la Douglas
 Weissfisch, Sauce à la française, zerl. Butter
 Rehbraten, Trüffel-Sauce
 Grenadins, Blumenkohl
 Vol-au-vent à la Durham
 Capaunenbraten
 Reineclaudes Endivien-Salat
 Eis à la napolitaine Backwerk
 Frucht Nachtisch
 Caffee

DINNER

Consommé à la Douglas
 White-fish, sauce à la française, melted butter
 Loin of roe-venison, truffle-sauce
 Grenadins, cauliflower
 Vol-au-vent à la Durham
 Roast-capon
 Green gages Chicory-salad
 Ice-cream à la napolitaine Pastry
 Fruit Dessert
 Coffee

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

There is a belt of earth encircling the globe in which the highest type of man is found, and that is the North Temperate zone. In the centre of that zone is the State of Pennsylvania, and in the centre of that State is the Lebanon Valley—I am from the Lebanon Valley, the garden spot of the world. This being "Pennsylvania Day", it is meet and proper that Pennsylvanians celebrate the day in a becoming manner. Our State is known as the Keystone State, and properly so, being the keystone of the Federal arch. Here the tocsin of liberty was first sounded, and it reverberated throughout the world, calling on men everywhere to throw off the yoke of tyranny

and oppression. Here the old Liberty Bell remains enshrined in the building which gave birth to the immortal Declaration of Independence, and is to-day an object of great interest and inspiration to every lover of freedom.

Go with me on a hurried tour through this great State, with its fine, fertile farm fields ; its majestic mountains, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" and rich in mineral wealth ; its picturesque scenery, broad rivers and numberless busy industries, mills, shops, factories and furnaces, giving employment to many thousands and making glad the hearts of numerous homes.



A Street in Algiers

We will stop a moment in Lancaster County, which adjoins my own county, an empire in itself, with its tobacco industry aggregating millions of dollars annually ; its large farms, the best in the world, of which the very barns are palaces, where peace and plenty greet one on every hand. Take the train and accompany me to Schuylkill County, which adjoins my county on the north, and there we find stored away in the bowels of its huge mountains, deposits of coal sufficient to warm the hearths and homes of the whole world. Now board the train and speed along with me to the oil fields of the northwest, where enough oil abounds to light up the dark places of earth and illumine our homes on long winter evenings

for thousands of years to come. We hurry onward to the "Smoky City"—Pittsburg—where natural gas is the illuminant, lighting up the city and furnishing power for its mills and manufacturing establishments. Now come with me on my homeward journey, rolling across the Alleghenies, "high up among the sons of frosty thunder", where we behold some of the most magnificent scenery in the world as we speed along our course on the foremost railroad in the United States. We at last reach dear old Lebanon County, my home. Here we find mountains that are almost solid masses of iron ore of the best quality, around which spiralizes a railroad. The ore is loaded into cars and carried to furnaces, where it is transformed



"All days (and these) belong to New York"

into all kinds of iron, giving employment to thousands of workmen, who live in comfortable cottages, the doors and windows of which are festooned with vines and flowers, kissed by the sunlight of heaven. The children of these workmen attend the schools week-days and receive a liberal education, while on Sundays they go to Sunday school and church and are taught the way that leads to a better life.

In this age of the world we manufacture iron into almost everything, from the great revolving wheels of the Corliss engine, which gave life and motion to the vast machinery in Machinery Hall at our great Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, down to the little main spring in the watch that ticks off

the golden moments as they drop from time into eternity ; and from the locomotive engine, careering through our great and glorious country, knitted with bands of iron, down to the minutest needle in the sewing machine, that eases the labor of some poor sewing girl.

In educational matters, Pennsylvania stands foremost, for here the common school system was first established. Governor Wolf, Thaddeus Stevens, the great Commoner, and other Pennsylvanians, laid the foundation of a school system that has become universal in our country, so that now every child in it has the privilege of obtaining a thorough education.

The throbbing of the machinery and the puffing of the engines of our magnificent steamship, as we ride gracefully and easily on the billows of this great sea, permitting us to travel in comfort as we journey towards the land of the Nile, reminds me of the fact that the first man who invented the steamboat, thereby making it possible for us to enjoy this luxury, was Robert Fulton, a Pennsylvanian, who deserves and receives the thanks of every traveler on the ocean.

Among the Generals who won renown on the field of battle are the superb Hancock ; Meade, the hero of Gettysburg ; Reynolds, who mingled his blood with others, and gave Gettysburg a name far greater than that of Waterloo ; and many more, all Pennsylvanians.

But why continue longer ? In peace and in war ; on land and on sea ; in the arts and in the sciences ; in scholarship and in statecraft ; in law, medicine and theology ; in mechanics, inventions and agriculture, in superb manhood and womanhood, Pennsylvanians have their names inscribed high up on the honor roll of the world.

In the sisterhood of States comprising this Union—the best, greatest, most powerful nation in the world—Pennsylvania stands pre-eminent.

Kings wear crowns, despots sway sceptres, millionaires revel in wealth, but only those who were born as freemen under the Stars and Stripes and have imbibed the principles of Virtue, Liberty and Independence, can hold up their heads wherever they may be and say : “ I am an American ! ”

It affords me unbounded gratification, and my heart pulses with pride, ladies and gentlemen, as I stand before you and am privileged to declare that we, all of us, are children of this great Republic.



Typical "Kee-sto-ann" Natives

These facts were also circulated on a type-written sheet on Pennsylvania Day ;

Philadelphia, the chief city of Pennsylvania, the "city of homes," is a manufacturing and commercial community of nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, located on the river Delaware, one hundred miles from the ocean, having nearly forty miles of wharfage for berth of the largest and deepest vessels. Out of 250,000 buildings of all kinds, nearly 200,000 are homes, to which 9000 are added annually. Four hundred and forty-five public schools are maintained. The City Hall, costing \$16,000,000, is the largest municipal building in the world. Fairmount Park is the largest and most beautiful in America, 3000 acres. Philadelphia's Bourse cost \$2,000,000. The city has the smallest death rate, largest average family, best market territory and system, most historic places, and largest terminal railroad stations in the world. There are 600 churches of all denominations. She leads the continent in dental, medical and pharmaceutical education, industrial art and the manufacture of ships, locomotives, woolens and carpets. The tax rate is low, here also are the cheapest water, living and rent. A belt line joins the railroad system of the whole country. There is an abundant supply of skilled and unskilled labor and the cheapest and best fuels.

Philadelphia made the first American flag, 239 Arch Street. Struck the first American coin, 29 North Seventh Street.

Had the first organized volunteer fire company ; the first law school ; made the first American piano, and the first type-foundry in America still flourishes here.

Franklin gave America its first public library here and carried on his electrical experiments and put the first lightning-rod on his house at the southeast corner of Second and Race.

The first American paper mill was on Wissahickon Creek and we seem to have had a steamboat in service seventeen years before Fulton's.

Philadelphia had the first American bank, and the Bank of England was built on the experience of an American institution.

Philadelphia sent the first American Arctic expedition.

Philadelphia has the largest families of any great city ; the most individual dwelling-houses. The biggest Zoological Garden in the country.

The finest and most centrally located railroad stations in the world ; makes one-tenth of America's manufactured products. Has the largest American retail store—in acres and trade. Nearly eighteen acres in this store alone ; six acres of warehouses besides. Over five thousand (5000) employees at the busiest time of the year.

Fifty places of great interest are to be visited in Philadelphia ; but, if time presses, see these, at least :

Independence Hall, now restored. Carpenter's Hall. Old Christ Church, where Washington and Lafayette worshiped. The Wanamaker Store. The Mint, next door, and City Hall. City Hall tower is 547 ft. 3½ in. high—the loftiest structure in the world, except Washington Monument, which is less than three feet higher. Nearly twice as high as the Capitol dome at Washington ; 67 feet higher than the great Pyramid, and 99 ft. higher than St. Peter's, at Rome. Contains a clock with four faces, each 20 ft. in diameter. A 37 ft. statue of William Penn surmounts the tower. He wears a hat 23 ft. in circumference, his nose is 13 inches long, his mouth 14 inches wide, his hair 4 ft. long ; his arms are 12 ft. 6 in. long, his cuffs on his coat are 3 ft. long, his fingers are 2 ft. 6 in. long, his feet are 22 in. wide and 5 ft. 4 in. long.

Address by Major Reinhold

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Pennsylvanians of the "Aller" cruise:

Literally and metaphorically I am all at sea. I am in this conspicuous predicament only because, like an obedient son of the Keystone State, I respond when called by those for the time being in authority, though I confess that I am not a sufficiently good guesser to find a reason why I should be called to fill a place where eloquence and wit are not only demanded but are conspicuously present.

If you, Mr. Chairman, looked for the typical "Pennsylvania Dutchman", I must insist that I am not the best specimen of the genus that the *Aller* carries on the bosom of this blue sea; my "Dutch" lacks the guileless sweetness and original flavor of others on whom you might with much propriety have called. There is, for instance, the gentleman who asked me at the early dawn of that matchless morning when we entered the harbor of Algiers: "Mr. Reinhold, ware is dis? Some say it is Alcheers and oders say it is Afreecay." While his geography may be a trifle off the perpendicular his Dutch would not for a moment be questioned.

However the wisdom of your choice may be questioned, I will not waver in loyalty to the dear old top of the arch; her historic renown and material greatness have already been emphasized in eloquent phrase by Col. Seltzer, but even he did not rise to the level of the truth. He told you that in the garden-spot where he hails from land is worth two hundred dollars an acre; why, in the great county of Schuylkill, where we dig the black diamonds out of the hills land is worth *fifty thousand dollars* an acre, and you will find none for sale. Our hills are full of coal; our wells bubble oil; our valleys smile with wheat, and our mountains distil health. Pennsylvania has the one pre-eminently historic battlefield of our great war, and on her soil was fought, one hundred and twenty years ago, the only battle that is still going on,—the Battle of Brandywine. Pray for final victory and keep your eye on Pennsylvania.

We are a cosmopolitan State; in addition to the already-mentioned Pennsylvania Dutchman, we have the witty Irishman to assist in running the politics, the Scotch-Irish of the Cumberland Valley to furnish a bit of philosophy; the Moravians from



More Pennsylvanians. "There are others"

Bohemia and the English Quaker that have made us great as a peaceable and moral people. All these and many more are with us and it is not an unusual thing to hear six languages in walking as many blocks in some of our Pennsylvania towns. I recall a Welshman in my town who claims that Welsh was the original tongue of the garden, and that Adam's name was Adam Jones.

We are a State of big things—big rivers, high mountains, large cities, and this is the day we brag about them. Even in our politics we have a "Boss" in Pennsylvania, by whose side all the bosses, big and little, of other States are but bosslets.

But as I have nothing to say I must cease saying it. When I asked our patient chairman what he wished me specially to talk about he said, "Nothing in particular, tell them some jokes." Now, this is the reason I did not comply:—

I'm a wretched and sea-sick man,
 Who is found in a nervous plight,
 My mind is devised on a plan
 That I can hardly concede to be right ;
 For I'm full, I'm sorry to state,
 Of jokes that I think of too late.

MALTA

Washington's Birthday



MALTA

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A Lecture delivered on shipboard

The Island of Malta, though appearing on the map of the world as a mere speck, is nevertheless a pivotal location about which vast interests revolve. Her loyal inhabitants call it "the flower of the world", and others speak of it as "the Queen of the Mediterranean".

Really this shadeless island in the middle of the sea is the strongest link in the chain which connects Great Britain with her possessions in the east. Look at its surroundings. Westward a thousand miles, guarding the entrance, are the Straits of Gibraltar with their mighty fortress; to the north is the Ægean Sea with either shore full of historic interest. Think of Athens where Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Herodotus and Xenophon "wrote or chiseled or taught or thundered or sung", and where a Paul, greater than they, preached with most wondrous power on Mars' Hill. And just across that sea is the sacred ground of the seven churches of Asia, and a little farther to the north you reach Constantinople and the Black Sea, while to our left and not far distant is the "Land" made sacred by the feet of the Prince of Peace, and beyond that the Euphrates and then farther east and nearer still as we look southward is the "Land of the Pharaohs".

Commanding, therefore, is this little island which measures only 17 miles in length with a breadth of 9 miles and an area of about 115 square miles. I am thus reminded of what the Californian said, "God made the United States of America, took especial pains with California and threw into Arizona what he had left." But when knowing of the rich mines of

ORDER FOR THE DAY

Tuesday, February 22nd, Malta

Arrive 8 a. m., leave 3 p. m. Meals on board at regular hours. 30 boats with white flags with red cross are at disposal of passengers, also 10 guides.

Land after breakfast in small boats and walk up to the cathedral, fortifications, etc., (carriages are not necessary; usual price is 3 shillings (72 cents) per hour).

Notice. 8.45 p. m. Washington's birthday celebration in forward saloon: programme follows, and will be posted in the starboard gangway, under the lee coal scuppers.

The lecture on Ephesus by Rev. Dr. Hoge is deferred to Wednesday, 8.45 p. m.

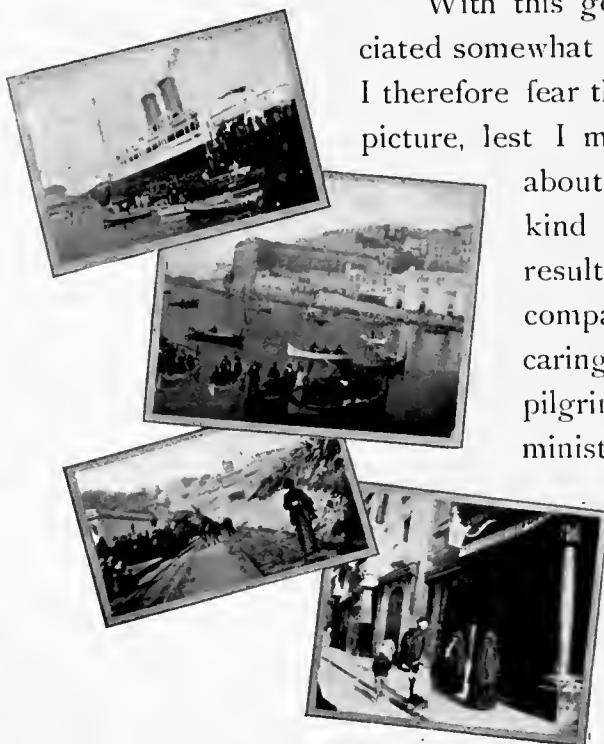
F. C. CLARK.

Arizona we may say, "not so poor after all." And so also Malta, like a solitaire set in a crown of gold, the God of nations has placed within this fair sea whose coast lines are beautiful with both nature and art.

Over these waters too, cruisers have for centuries made their way; some with good intent, but others with evil. It has been and is yet a highway of nations, and Malta itself is known to have been the vassal of ten different nationalities. As to the character of these various dynasties one can only conjecture, because there are no records extant by which to certainly determine. A few half ruined monuments, a series of rock tombs, the debris of mouldering temples or a nearly obliterated underground city "rich with the spoils of time" furnish data or facts for significant suggestion, as to the centuries of time and the character of the people. It is well understood, however, that the Maltese constitute a race by themselves and that they maintain a racial pride. Their origin is mixed and their language Arabic and Italian.

As far back as three thousand years ago they occupied an important place in the records of history, during which period the island has ever been associated with heroic names and startling events, playing a prominent and even tragical part in the drama of the past. Therefore, like one sitting down to a banquet with the choicest viands before him and he at a loss where to begin to appease his craving appetite, so I find myself hesitating as to what to select.

With this gem of the sea there are associated somewhat of fable and more of romance, I therefore fear the danger of overdrawing the picture, lest I make you think that Malta is about the only place in the world, a kind of heavenly resort, and, as a result, have some of our goodly company unduly impressed, not caring to go any farther on this pilgrimage, like the woman whose minister, at one time having had a pastorate in Jamestown, New York, was ever, to the displeasure of his people, telling



Malta

them how they did things there. This mother in Israel thought she would give the minister a gentle hint, and did it after this fashion when relating her Christian experience at a prayer meeting : "The Lord has been very good to me, though I have had some very sore trials. He has ever been my helper, and my joys have been greater than my sorrows, and I hope some time to reach heaven ; anyhow, I hope to get as far as Jamestown."

From its position and, also, from the enormous strength of its fortifications, Malta is a possession of great value to any commercial nation, and its main harbor is considered one of the best in all the world.

As we approach we will find a group of islands consisting of Malta and Gozo, and between them the small island of Comino, and off from this last the still smaller islet of Cominetto lifts its rocky crest, while elsewhere around the shores a few rocks deck the sea, each sustaining a few fishermen and affording herbage for goats on their moss-grown summits, and among these is Filfola with a venerable church. Fungus rock also may be seen where grow the far-famed "fungi melitenses."

The whole group forms a compact little realm celebrated in history, with Valletta as the magnificent capital.

In physical formation this group is comparatively low. Its highest point is not more than 590 feet above the sea level ; and so thin was the original soil, being only a rocky surface, that earth was transported from neighboring Sicily, thereby making the island ordinarily productive, though once known as "a treeless island."

You will find there the aloe, orange and olive ; also grapes, melons, figs, peaches, apples and pears.

Though not equal to the Island of Rhodes, which, under the Knights of St. John, became a very flower garden, still flowers bloom in Malta, and it is famed for its beautiful roses. The earliest inhabitants, so far as known, were Phœnicians (1400 B. C.), from whom we have several important inscriptions, which speak of them and their temples. Several curious images, believed to belong to their worship, and many specimens of their pottery and glass, chiefly found in tombs, have been discovered ; also sepulchral caves and clusters of rock-hewn tombs, among them the catacombs of the Mamelukes.

The most remarkable remains are three rough stone erections—one in Gozo, the other two in Malta, about two and one-half miles distant from each other—which mainly consist of several arched chambers side by side, the walls of which are built of enormous horizontal and upright stones.

Their history, if read at all, must be read in stone, and from the best intelligence they are thought to be Phœnician temples. But though Malta's complete history we have not time to trace, it is well to know that it has been for these many years a pivotal location, about which great interests revolve, and since the treaty of Paris in 1814 has been numbered among the British possessions.

In our hasty glance at important events, it is well to note that here was born Hannibal, the celebrated Carthaginian



On the way to Citta Vecchia

general; also Menander, the celebrated orator. Here, too, were born Aulus Licinius, whom Cicero styled the Aristotle of Malta, and Iodotus, the philosopher and intimate friend of Cicero. Thus we discover that "the sons of

Malta" were representative men of Rome nearly 2000 years ago. We will want to visit the fortifications surrounding Valletta, where may be had a commanding view of land and sea, having in sight the two celebrated harbors of Valletta, with their numerous ships and stately warehouses; also the broad sea stretching far away to the horizon. Then looking inland, we will see an undulating country, which is sparsely settled, with here and there a small village dominated by its quaint stone church. To the westward seven and one-half miles, upon a prominent elevation, Citta Vecchia breaks the horizon (called the Old City, to distinguish it from Valletta, the modern capital).

It was founded many centuries before the Christian era, probably 1804 B. C. At the entrance is a time-worn, battered statue of Juno, which dates back to the Roman period of possession, and just within the walls are the remains of a temple dedicated to Apollo, and near by a cathedral, ancient with its mouldering monasteries, which is said to be built upon the site

of the house where dwelt Publius, the Roman Governor of the island at the time of St. Paul's shipwreck ; one who, if tradition may be believed, was his ardent friend and a follower of the Christ. The whole forms a delightful picture to hang in the gallery of one's memory. Bible students are specially interested, because here St. Paul, when a prisoner on his way to Rome to plead his case before the Emperor Nero, though the ship was wrecked in this rocky bay, which still bears his name, with all on board, was brought safe to land.

We will also want to see the Tower of St. Paul which commands the shore. It is a square stone structure dated February 10, 1610, which date is supposed to indicate the day of the anniversary of the shipwreck. Near the tower is a chapel in which are some paintings and frescoes which depict in a crude manner the scenes of the catastrophe. And not far away is the grotto of St. Paul, over which an unpretentious chapel has been built and dedicated to the memory of St. Paul, the Apostle, to the Gentiles and by whom Christianity made its advent to Malta.

In the midst of the grotto is a statue of St. Paul and you will be told doubtless that the stone is remarkable for its efficacy in the case of fever and of the poisonous bite of a serpent.

All in all the impress of Paul's life still remains there and the evidence of the truth of the scriptures in relation thereto stands unquestioned. But to the Sir Knights, Malta is of very special interest. It was occupied from 1550 A. D. to 1798 by the Knights Hospitallers, then called Knights of Malta.

This hour would then be quite incomplete if nothing were said of the famous order, the Knights of St. John, who left upon the island more of the personal than all other sovereignties that preceded or have succeeded them, and who played such an important and tragical part in the great drama of the two and three-quarter centuries of their possession. Humble though in origin, but noble in purpose and founded on Christian principles, their motto being, " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me", the organization challenged at the beginning the just admiration of many sincere and devout people who gladly joined in advancing its estimable object ; and thus it grew, though at first slowly,

until finally it became a great power throughout the civilized nations, exercising in its day a great religious and political influence. The Grand Masters of the order took position among the highest potentates of the age, and were given the post of honor next to that of royalty itself at all assemblies of state, to which they were called, being celebrated for their energy, heroic bravery and spirit of enterprise.

Little did Peter Gerard, the accredited founder at Jerusalem, when calling a few friends together in his own humble dwelling in the latter part of the tenth century, realize that he was then and there founding an order whose power should presently become so great and which indeed was the cradle of the afterward famous order of the Knights of Malta.

Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, was so pleased with their mission and excited by their courage that he assigned them and their companions a place of retreat in a Christian Church, called the Church of the Holy Temple, and thereby this body of brave men were termed chevaliers of the temple. The history of these knights of the temple recites most daring deeds. But there is not time to recount the thrilling story of their deeds of courage, or how they were driven out of Jerusalem; neither to tell of the imprisonment of Peter the Hermit which resulted in the Crusades, nor how through the exigencies of the situation the organization gradually developed into a complete military order, known in history as the Knights of St. John whose first military duty was that of escorting pilgrims to and from the coast, while guarding them from the frequently fatal violence of the natives. Later, as the Knights became more and more warlike, their banner of the white cross floated victoriously over many a field of battle as they attempted to regain the Holy Land. From Jerusalem the order removed to Acre, in Syria, in 1187, where Richard Coeur de Lion established headquarters for them, and where they dwelt for more than one hundred years, finally overpowered by the Turks in a terrific and decisive battle, they were expelled from Acre and took refuge in Cyprus and thence to Rhodes which they made to blossom like the rose. There they made a defence which was most remarkable because of the powers against them. Of this defence Charles V. of Germany exclaimed, "There has been nothing so well lost in the world as Rhodes." There they had temporary quarters for six or

seven years. Finally, when Charles V. secured possession of Malta he gave it to this famous order, who held it from 1550 to 1798. The famous old palace of the Sir Knights is now occupied as the town residence of the English government and commander-in-chief of the forces. It has an unbroken front of 300 feet on St. George Square. The upper portion of the tower, once an observatory, is now used as a marine telegraph station whence all arrivals are signaled as soon as the ships' flags can be determined. The view from this tower was the occasion of Lamartine's words: "From this tower of the old palace Valletta is seen in all its original beauty, appearing as if cut out of a single piece of living rock. The fort, St. Elmo, is also of more



Malta Harbor

than tragical interest. It is the most perfect and impregnable of all the fortified points of the Maltese capital. Valletta was founded in 1566, A. D., by Jean De La Valletta, the forty-fourth Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, whose statue and also that of L. Isle D' Adam, who manifested marked bravery at Rhodes, are to be seen over the Porte Reale. Grand Master Valletta proposed "Umilissimi", meaning "the humblest", as the name for the new capital, but succeeding knights thought otherwise and in his honor called it Valletta. There are few more heroic pages in history than those which record the gallant defence of St. Elmo in the famous siege of 1565 A. D., by a few surviving brave knights at the time of their captivity by the Turks, when they (many of them already wounded) in the spirit of real knighthood came out of their little chapel, having first embraced each other, and went forth upon the ramparts to die. The walls of St. Elmo were already honeycombed by the shot of the enemy, but the idea of surrendering was not thought of by them.

The Grand Master demanded of them, if necessary, to die, sword in hand, fighting the infidel Turk to the last, which they gallantly obeyed. The Turks captured the fort, but not without going over the dead bodies of the Sir Knights. But the story is too long to follow in detail. Finally, in 1798, Malta was surrendered to the French and the order broken and scattered. Napoleon Bonaparte received the surrender on board a French frigate. But the spirit of true knighthood still lives, and will live, for its principles are divine, therefore, all hail the spirit of true knighthood wherever found! The Cathedral of St. John is another noted place, having been built by the order in 1576 A. D., and at great cost.

The beautiful mosaic pavement is a study in itself, and the armorial shields of the 400 knights who are buried in the vaults of the church suggest the continual clash of battle in the sixteenth century. It is the Westminster Abbey of the order. The rail in front of the altar is solid silver. The keys of the palaces of Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes esteemed of almost priceless value as memorials, are said to be deposited beneath the high altar.

The paintings, statues, and all the apportionments of the church are superbly grand and rich. The tapestries are known to have cost originally \$30,000, and came from a famous manufactory in Brussels, at whose looms even Rubens did not disdain to work. On the way to Malta the tapestries were captured by a Moorish Corsair, and then later ransomed by the payment of their full value in gold, so that the final cost was \$60,000.

As you step on shore and wander through the city and about the island you will have many things to attract you. Among the curious to behold will be the Maltese hood, *fal-detta*, presumably the insignia of modesty, as worn by the women. Relating to this article there is a current legend that after Valletta was seized by the French troops the women registered a solemn vow that in memory of the brutal treatment they had received at the hands of the cruel soldiery they and their descendants would for the period of one hundred years dress in black, whenever they appeared upon the streets, and that all should wear a distinctive hood called the hood of shame.

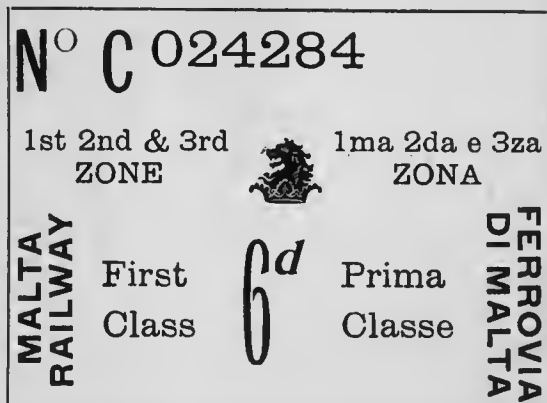
But I must not keep you longer, for I have already gone beyond the time allotted me. We hope soon to stand upon this

historic ground, and while there let us make the most of our time. Let us remember that traveling and sight-seeing are like hospitality, the stranger having his share to contribute, otherwise the result will be naught. "You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you."—*Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, D.D.*

Malta—More Familiarly

"February 22d. Washington's Birthday, at 8 A. M., we were surrounded by English forts and cannon. The Island of Malta, 95 square miles, had been reached, and the city Valletta was before us with its massive masonry. We land in boats floating the Maltese Cross, and make our way through the Victoria Gate to the station on the height, passing on the way the Post Office, Government Buildings, one where Napoleon Bonaparte stayed for several days, a Cathedral where we heard a band of school children at their devotions, the Opera House, and a monstrous street piano with horns and a bandmaster appearing in front. We go down a corridor cut through the rock perhaps 200 feet to the cars which are to take us, thanks to Mr. Clark, 6 or 7 miles through the country to Citta Vecchia, mentioned by Cicero as notable in his time. The country is beautiful with vegetation. Every house looks like a fort, and, as one said, could, in an emergency, be converted into stone fortifications. The houses are of stone, flat-roofed, square, two stories or more in height. The fields are small, and enclosed in stone fences 6 or 8 feet high to protect the crops, it is said, from the hard winds that blow over the island.

A native, who was on the train, pointed out his stone house of seven rooms for which he paid £6 or \$30 per year. He said that one could build a house for \$1000. This seemed a pleasant place to live. The land is productive, the temperature is not very high or very low at any time, varying from 50° to 86° during the year. The society, possibly, would be objectionable. The languages spoken are too numerous for a little spot on the surface of the ocean, Italian, French, Arabic and Maltese; the origin of the latter seems a mystery, perhaps Phœnician and Arabic mixed. Of course,



the official language is English, but when I talked to a uniformed officer he was unable to understand, and said he spoke Maltese. Two-sevenths of the 95 square miles belong to the Government. From the rents they derive the necessary revenue. The remaining five-sevenths are about equally divided between the church catholic and the people. The guide told us a rich man had an income of £250 or \$1250 per day. Judging from appearances, there are others whose incomes are less than that.

The chief feature of this city Vecchia, is the Cathedral of St. Paul and St. Peter. Here the monks and priests showed us attentions, and we saw the paintings of St. Paul's conversion, the baptism of Publius, the shipwreck, the martyrdom. The



Cathedral at Città Vecchia

adornments of the altar were of solid silver and gold without alloy. A priest in our party was an interpreter, and told us that they had in vaults below great quantities of gold and silver, which we might see if we stayed long enough. On the floor we saw the tombstones of deceased Bishops. St. Luke's painting of the Madonna was also shown. The Cathedral was begun in 1697. An older one (A. D. 58) occupied this site, but was destroyed by an earthquake in 1693. There is another older cathedral in Valletta which I did not see, rich in decoration, monuments, tapestries, relics and treasure. This is the place where St. Paul was wrecked, and the Roman Catholic Church makes the most of it. Rich as it is, their representatives were on

board to ask alms. Many of the people seem to think we came over to distribute alms, and have it all ready in little envelopes to hand out as it is desired.

Leaving the Cathedral of St. Paul, a five minutes' walk brings us to the Grotto of St. Paul, over which is built a small church. It is greatly venerated, because they claim that here St. Paul lived for three months. In the little cave is a marble statue of St. Paul, around which we walk, and then out. Near by are the catacombs, extending, they said, for fifteen miles. The bones and remains, in the part we were in, had been removed ; nevertheless, it was a dark, gruesome cavern, which was lighted with candles as we passed through. There were family vaults, one each for the father, mother and baby, etc., and a place above for sleeping. These were the first catacombs I ever had entered, and they were interesting on account of the novelty. There was one room called the "chapel", where they worshiped, and a place for a store, and two circular stones about four feet in diameter, used, our guide said, for grinding grain. These guides are fearfully and wonderfully informed. Their appearance does not usually give any fair indication of the vast amount of accurate information contained under their foreign hats.

After the catacombs we started for home, on the lookout for Maltese cats, which we did not see ; not one. The animals seen were of the plain, every-day kind, unamusing baskers in the sunshine. We did, however, see beautiful white Maltese puppy dogs, and our people captured some, which delighted us thereafter on the ship. The dress of the Maltese is striking in but one respect, the head-dress of the women. This garment, made of black silk, is a sort of mantilla, called the faldetta. It has one part stiff, like an old shaker, and the whole serves as a covering for the head and shoulders and has a gloomy, penitential aspect. They seem to be universally worn and uniformly the same. No flowers, no feathers, no rivalry, no jealousy. What an example to our American ladies ! Frankly I must admit, however, that I prefer some color, even at the expense of peace and blue jays. Back to the ship for lunch ; then we were given the privilege of relanding and witnessing the frolics and processions incident to "Shrove Tuesday", the day before Lent. The celebration is like that at New Orleans on the same

day. Masked and caparisoned, the people traverse the streets with bands and bags of confitti, which is thrown at passers much as Indian corn is thrown on Hallowe'en. Many people visited the residence of the English Governor and saw the elegant apartments with costly tapestries.

There is a difference between English land and Spanish or Italian possession, with much in favor of the English. Malta has a commanding situation between Europe, Asia and Africa, and fine harbors, and when England, by the treaty of Paris in 1814, got this fertile and fortified spot, they came into possession of a valuable strategic point. We are all beginning to believe the man who said, "The English know a good thing when they see it."

Malta has been in possession of Phœnicians and Greeks, Carthagenians and Romans, Arabs and, lastly, Knights of St. John, who got a deed from Charles V. in 1530 and held it for 268 years, during which time they were besieged by the Turks and bravely held their own at great expense of life and property. They did much to save Europe from the hand of the unspeakable Turk. Many of their Grand Masters are buried here.

The siege of Malta by the French is interesting and should be read. The French, under General Bonaparte, easily captured it in 1798. The French became odious. An insurrection followed, in which the English assisted the "Knights of Malta", and, as I have said, got possession in 1814. Since that time they have built and improved and introduced progressive measures and fortified the place."—*Parke*.

Citta Vecchia, St. Paul's Bay, Etc.

"About three miles from Citta Vecchia is located St. Paul's Bay, the supposed site of the shipwreck of St. Paul.

We took a carriage at Citta Vecchia and drove to this place which possesses so deep an interest to lovers of the great apostle, who was never more revered and beloved than he is to-day—and who is not behind the great captains of the world in intellectual strength and in the enormous volume of his labors.

A view of St. Paul's Bay impressed me at once with its conformity to the description by St. Luke of the place of the shipwreck, as detailed in the twenty-seventh chapter of the

Acts. The "certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship," we thought might easily be the small arm of the sea now designated St. Paul's Bay—and it was also easy to identify the place "where two seas met" or where from the standpoint of those familiar with the ways of the seas, two seas would really meet during the prevalence of a storm. I am informed that six British sea captains, starting from Cæsaria, the place of embarkation of St. Paul, on his famous journey to Rome, went over the route indicated in the narrative in the Acts through to Puteoli—the seaport of Rome—where he landed. Their judgment was, after this careful investigation, that the story of the voyage as detailed in the Acts is acceptable and trustworthy from the standpoint of practical seamen. A monument has been erected at St. Paul's Bay, marking the traditional site of the landing of the ship's company, of which St. Paul was the most conspicuous member. There is a considerable village at St. Paul's Bay, the principal occupation of the inhabitants being fishing. We saw the fishermen "mending their nets".

We visited the old church in the village, in which is a quaint picture of the shipwreck. The place is also something of a summer resort, and there are several summer hotels. We lunched at the Hotel Royal, and found it unexpectedly clean and neat. Our lunch was very simple, but they made us an excellent pot of tea. On reaching the village the first sign that attracted our attention was this: "First and last grog shop St. Paul's Bay", and one of the first signs that attracted our attention at Valletta, was: 'St. Paul's coffee house—ale, beer, wines and liquors' ".—*Archbold*.

In a Moment of Exhilaration

"If I had time such things I'd write
 In prose and rhyme way out of sight,
 I'd warble light and airy glees
 To cheer you brightly o'er the seas.
 In many ways my fancies sing
 Like gentle breezes of the spring,
 Most everything I'd blithely do,
 Some ballading, an ode or two.
 Twixt you and me,
 I ought to be
 Amongst the crew
 That you might see—
 But mercy me
 I haven't time."

Via Mtss A.

Washington and Ideals

Oration Delivered on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1898, on the S.S. "Aller", Off Malta.

There is something of real meaning and impressiveness to me in this great gathering, with its fine enthusiasm and its just pride in a great national hero. We are afloat upon the waters of the most fascinating sea of history—the sea of the middle earth—from whose shores, in the elder world, crept timidly forth the impulses of modern civilization. We are weary with the streaming sensations of a wonderful holiday, amid merry-makings of yonder historic island* fortress, but in spirit, I dare say, each one of us sees his home across all this waste of sea, and there is pride and gratitude to God for the great Republic. Rough old Samuel Johnston defined patriotism to be the last refuge of a scoundrel. The definition was a brutal sneer—a vicious half-truth. It is true that the baser sort hold too cheaply national honor and glory. It is quite true also that scoundrels have worn this strenuous emotion as a garment and hypocrites have used it as a mask, but the thing itself is a serene, holy, definite emotion, and he who has it not may creep along the valleys of life, but can never hope to stand upright upon its mountain ranges. It is a difficult thing to define and weigh and measure. One may as well hope to define and measure a mother's love, or the rose's sweetness, or the glory of the sunset, as we saw it the other day in the Azores, touching with gold the edges of the clouds, that wreathed about that wondrous mountain in the sea. But the love is there and the sweetness and the splendor are there, and there is not lacking to each one of us the heart's assurance that love of country is a potent, gracious, resistless sentiment.

There are few periods of heroic greatness in any nation's life. Nations, like men, for the most part, spend their days in learning the arts of peace and in gathering treasures, which weaken and devitalize and corrupt. Now and then God sends times of thunder and storm to teach men truth of word and strength of deed. There have been two such notable periods in our history—the period of the Revolution and the period of

* Island of Malta, February 22, 1898.

the Civil War. Forth from each have issued some of the noblest sanctities of life in the form of great, simple, earnest men like Samuel Adams, and George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, and Robert E. Lee, and Ulysses S. Grant, and Stonewall Jackson. The highest intellectual and spiritual achievement of a State is to breed such men as these, and the magic influence of their lives can compensate for much of the blood-letting and horror of war by establishing among men new ideals of conduct and by recalling men vividly from sordidness and the philosophy of Rob Roy, to service and the philosophy of Jesus Christ.

It is a mere commonplace of thought to say that national character as well as individual character comes out of ideals. Men copy personalities, and nations are moulded by their heroes. We should, therefore, never cease to be grateful to the Ruler of Nations for setting in the forefront of our life, the regnant, self-poised figure of George Washington. Here was the man a new, buoyant, untried nation had need of, and shall have need of for centuries, to guide and inform its spirit and its eager aspirations. He was a simple Virginia planter, strong-willed and resolute, unspoiled by victory, undismayed by peril, unshaken by disaster, seeing things straight and clear, and counting himself but little if the deed in hand were done worthily. Have you ever fancied how different might have been our national story, if George Washington had been other than he was? Suppose he had been smitten like the great French emperor with some madness for glory, "the eagles of inspiration building their eyries in his brain and the serpents of ambition hissing in his heart." What woeful tale of ruin and revolution might we not have to unfold! But our hero was a beautiful, well-balanced man, who spelt duty out of life, and saw God in His heaven and in the wide earth, and there was enacted instead that quiet scene of pathetic nobility at Newburgh when he laid down his sword and set aside a crown, and that other scene in the Constitutional Convention, when his august presence composed the warring elements and made possible our great charter. Washington did not possess the impulses of a conqueror. He had no surpassing gifts of energy or creativeness. He has no place among the Genghis Khans and Alexanders and Napoleons. He was no potent

half demon and half angel, reflecting in his eyes the sabre's flash. His strength was the strength of great sanity, of great fortitude, of great love, of great genius for the right. No myth or legend or cycle of romance has swallowed up the clear outline of his human form and character. He lives as a man of flesh and blood, who worked and endured and loved and hated, and swore roundly, upon occasion, at weaklings and cowards and traitors. Washington was never a great popular leader. He had too grand an air for that and too proud a faith in blood and breeding. The young giant, Democracy, was just stirring himself and coming into a knowledge of his strength in those early days. Philosophers and poets were dreaming and singing of the fairer world when the people would rule benignly, and not king or master. Washington stood erect before this vision with clean hands and white garments, and the malign figure of the demagogue glided affrighted from his presence. The gilded youth of Pompeii, doubtless, had their fling at the heroes of their day, and the American paragrapher and Fourth of July orator, with little hatchet stories and fulsome eulogy, have done their worst to mar the grand outlines of this Homeric figure, but they have failed. Nothing can cheapen him. The great shaft at Washington, rising rugged and massive into the upper air is not whiter nor cleaner nor firmer than his fame. God's kind purpose shines forth in his leadership of the New World. Democracies need ballast more than brilliancy in their rough work. The peril of an aristocracy is stupidity and inefficiency. The peril of a Democracy is coarseness and vulgarity. What is forever needed by them is something to make them respect themselves and to have faith in themselves. The poor mediæval peasant got some uplift in thought from vast dim cathedrals,



North, South, East and West

from solemn music, from flashing armor and the tramp of the nobility marching to battle. Democracy must get its uplift from inner impulses of strength and beauty and enthusiasm, from some fair product of its own handiwork. Such a product was George Washington. We of the South do not seek to claim him in any narrow local way, as you of the North cannot lay sectional claim to the fame of Adams and Otis and Hancock. They are great Americans of ample build, of

“The high statured age

When into grander forms our mortal metal ran.”

I looked, the other day, into the calm, high features of the bronze image of Washington in Wall Street, while all about the heroic figure surged the hurrying, gain-getting throng. A new sense of the truth that there is no particular epoch of heroic achievement came to my mind. It was the part of the fathers to discover, to define and to inaugurate the sum of human rights. It is our part to perpetuate, to administer and to defend these rights after a century of intellectual audacity has swept the world into a grander day. They heard the faintest cries of liberty and opportunity sounding in the world. It is ours to make those faint cries everyday facts of life and law. Republican citizenship is indeed a sort of unceasing civic warfare. “The jewel of liberty will not remain supinely in the family of Freedom.” No foreign foes or stupid kings may menace us longer across the seas, but new shapes of oppression and new forms of danger have been born into the world, and there is still work for *men* to do. And so wherever our good ship may bear us, whether to the pale hills of Judea or the rocky heights about Athens, or the marble ruins of the Forum, or to the fierce activities of the world's great modern capitals, we may be sure that no nation has now, or has ever had, a loftier figure as its national ideal than George Washington, whose all cloudless glory it was to save his country and to create a nation.—*President Alderman of The University of North Carolina.*

ITALY

Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii



ITALY

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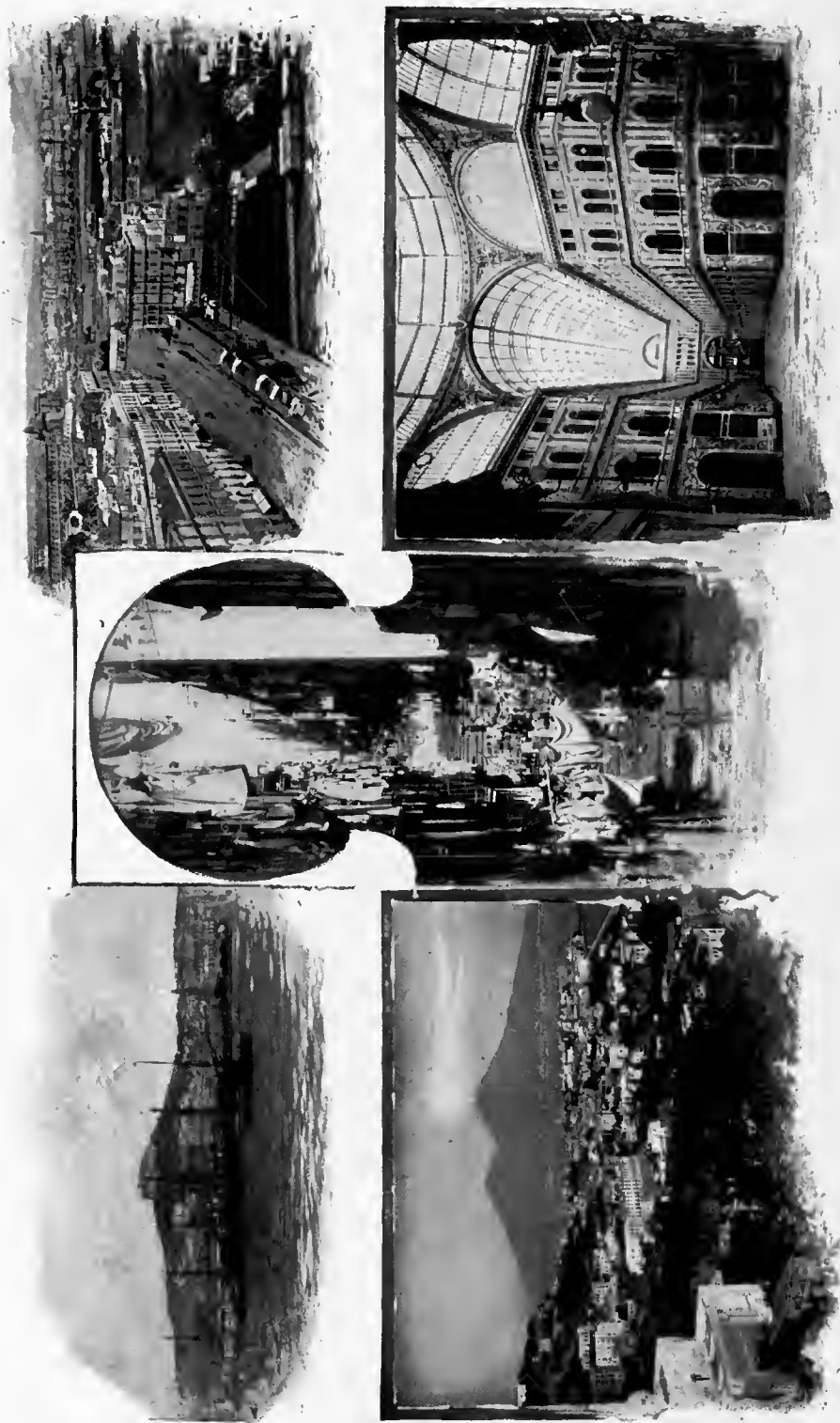
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Naples—"Sea-sworn and mantled with the Gadding Vine"

Naples

Naples is older than Rome and old buildings are to be expected. The tendency is skyward, but they are not so high as those of Chicago, where, they say, if you drop a baby out of the window of the top story it will be an old man before it reaches the bottom. It is not necessary to believe this or to repeat it to your closest friends.

The buildings, outside of the public buildings, which are palaces, have a general look of being squeezed thin, with a multitude of excrescences in the shape of balconies, where a network of clothes-lines cross from street to street and variously colored and shaped garments flap in the wind.

We passed many imposing edifices, among them the palace of "King Humbert" with its gardens. There was a magnificent park along the bay, about which we rode and which we surveyed. As we rode a tunnel faced us leading through a cliff upon which was an old and striking monastery in sight as we entered the harbor. Our driver spoke Italian, but did not seem familiar with the language of his illustrious fathers: latin.

We saw milk peddlers with their large, leisure-loving cows going along the streets, or droves of goats with tinkling bells passing along the pavements, both ready to draw a fresh supply from, "while you wait".

I saw them buy by the tumblerful, the seller seeking to sell foam and the buyer anxious to buy milk. Here you would expect the milk to be pure, but beware, the wily Italian sometimes has a tube "up his sleeve".

It was a strange sight to us Americans to see the donkeys, goats, cows, etc., on the pavements and with as many rights as the "city fathers". The cows have long horns and meek dispositions. They are modest and retiring, and I noticed

ORDER FOR THE DAY

February 20th, Naples

6.15 a. m. Breakfast (second sitting 6.45 a. m.) 7.15 a. m. Vesuvius Section 120 land on steam tenders, drive up Vesuvius to Pompeii and back to Naples and dine 8 or 9 p. m. (March 24th carriage drive in Naples for Vesuvius Section, leaving by train 3 p. m. Arrive Rome 8.25 p. m.).

All other passengers land 8 a. m., drive to Station, special train to Pompeii and back (eat ship's lunches at Hotel Diomede Pompeii); drive 4 hours in Naples, dine on board.

All passengers will be landed again after dinner to witness the Grand Carnival processions, illuminations, etc., this being the opening night of Carnival. Return to ship in Clark's boats, flying the American flag any time up to 3 a. m.

Feb. 21st *Aller* leaves Naples 4 a. m. in order to treat the passengers to a daylight view of the Volcanos Stramboli and Etna, also Scylla, Charibdes and the coasts of Sicily and Italy.

F. C. CLARK.

nothing unbecoming a gentleman in their manners. They seemed to be contented with Italy, and, unlike their associates, did not stoop to beg.

Outside the heart of the city the buildings are square and squatty, like dry goods boxes, not notably new or neat. Here and there were seen "padres", clean-shaven, well fed, in black gowns and furry hats. Soldiers, too, horse and foot, are common, rather natty looking, with cap and feathers and sword.

The streets of the bayside teem with life ; men such as we see of the Italian race in America. One has described the women thus, "Black eyed, frowsy headed, heavy bodied, beaded and banded, bewrapped, bescarfed and wadded, early ripe and quickly aged."



From Door to Door

As we ride through on our way to the mountain, we see fruit stands, junk dealers, fisherwomen, peddlers and beggars. This is the home of dance and song, music and macaroni. Of the last article we saw great quantities, whose proximity to things not pure and sweet made us stop and in our minds ponder. It had rained and the streets were black and slippery with mud unromantic. Fruit, vegetables, bread, frankfurters, and, indeed, edibles of all kinds were terribly and uncomfortably near this putrid paste. Dogs, donkeys, mules, cows, horses, all were used as motors. It mattered little how small the donkey, he seemed able to hold his own with loads much larger than himself. It was remarkable what enormous loads could be put and moved upon a vehicle of only two wheels. Occasionally, we would see a fine big stylish horse, but none had check reins, few had blinds, and many were without the cruel bit.

You may wonder how they were guided and controlled. They had, instead of bits, leather straps about the nose with bars projecting on either side, at the ends of which the reins were fastened.

Another noticeable mark was the saddle which was raised considerably and adorned with brass nails, ribbons, tufts of hair and bells.

Our way along the shore to the east was between solid stone, plastered walls, pierced by archways at intervals, through which we caught charming glimpses of orange groves and gardens of tropical plants. On we rode with our three horse team between groves of fig trees, still bare, and blossoming almond. Further up our zigzag road, we came to vineyards, trimmed and trained. The soil seemed rich and mellow, disintegrated lava, we would say. Beggars of all descriptions followed and kept pace with our carriages, little ragamuffins, male and female. A quartette of little girls sang and sang well, to open our purses, but they were hard to unclasp. At one point our driver, a villainous specimen, suddenly stopped, jumped off, and started for another specimen who had been following us. The pursued made for an alley and suddenly disappeared. The driver explained to us that the Dago was about to make way with our lunches. We were willing to have him fight for us, but did not care to come to any disagreement with one so villainous in appearance.



"Up" to Hades

At another place an Italian band with mandolin, guitar and violin trudged by our side and made melody, but ineffective. Near the top, trinkets of lava were offered at "rare" bargains. Lava seemed awfully common all about us for miles and miles. Compared with this colossal pile, the culm banks of Pennsylvania are mere specks.

We reach with our lives the stopping place of the carriages. I reached it on foot, climbing across the terraces, which greatly shortened the distance, in mercy to the horses.

Here a herd of horses, mules and donkeys awaited us. For two miles we were equestrians and with varying experiences,

at one time a poor path and a slow walk, at another a good road and a canter with the guide hanging to the tail of our animal. Some donkeys were very musical. One man from Pittsburg told me that his mule "hollered" the entire two miles, attracting to him attention undesirable. I noticed a young lady from North Carolina riding down upon a gray old donkey, who was practicing a bass solo for the next trip up. Old and young did not hesitate to mount a mule or some other four footed beast, but many regretted the step.

The too faint-hearted were carried up on chairs. One bearded lawyer from Pennsylvania had a donkey that stumbled, and the lawyer came within an ace of losing his dignity and sliding over the head to a lower stratum. Our ride was over, and we were at the top of oceans of lava. As the lava cooled, so now it lies—knotted, like the roots of aged oaks, in black



"Funicolare"

and wavy piles or in masses like the interwoven bodies of serpents. Where lava meets the cinder and ashes, we take cable cars sliding on one rail each, but kept from tipping by guides at each side. The angle at which they ascend is appalling. It was not a clear day or my heart might have failed me. Dizzy heights or great depths have no attrac-

tions for me. Steeling my fears and trusting to the friendly fog, I started, and rode for a thousand feet or more with volcanic cinder on every hand. Reaching the top, we had a twenty minutes' walk through the cinder, soft and damp, and in places hot, till we were 4000 feet above the level of the sea, which should have been visible. The huge crater of 1872 was before us, 600 feet in diameter. Smoke and steam and the internal rumble and roar of the earth made the moment momentous.

When the earth began to grumble the guides were ready to back away, and I was readier, for it looked as if you might expect the infernal regions to yawn,—a black gulf, filled with billows of steam, muffled thunder, hissing, roaring, spluttering, bubbling, molten matter, enveloped in fumes of sulphur. It was unsafe to enter the crater on account of the fog, whose density prevented our seeing more than a few feet. Stones were thrown out, but fortunately the wind was blowing from

*The Crater*

us and few fell on our side. Guides pounced upon the slag while it was still hot and pressed into it coins, and bending the sides up sold the production for a franc.

Our return was without great incident. We reached the vessel in time for dinner, at 6.30, during which we were entertained by a singing band of Italians from Sorrento.

We saw on our return trip some beautiful views of city and sea. The bay of Naples is famous, and, without doubt, is beautiful, but alas, rain and fog enveloped sunny Italy.

"See Naples and die" is an old proverb, but the sun sets on spots as beautiful in our own patria.



Naples and the "Old Smoker."

To-day's feature was the sail past Stromboli, 3020 feet high, which is continually in a state of eruption. There is at its base a settlement, which was quite plain. This is one of the Æolian Islands and the fabled home of the king of the winds, Æolus, whom Juno called to her assistance to wreck the fleet of the wondering Æneas.

We sailed between the famous Scylla and Charybdis whirlpools, both of which were considered most dangerous to ships. The strait was one that demanded the undivided attention of our captain, as I found to my sorrow when I asked for information.



Apparently gruff
And much in a huff
He applied a rebuff
Effective enough —
To be styled "hot stuff,"
Little short of a cuff.
He seemed rather rough,
The experience tough
A bit was enough
For a Duff—
Er like me.

Still we saw no whirlpool, but on the Italian side were promontories which would wreck a ship with half an opportunity.

The Sicilian Strait (10,800 feet) is 2 miles wide. The hills on each side are under cultivation, but on all the hills there is a noticeable lack of trees and forest scenery. Messina (the city in Sicily) has a population of 80,000, and seemed to be a prosperous and progressive city. For a long time we looked for the mount made famous by Virgil, Ætna, where or near where the Cyclops, the Ætnean brothers, lived, but we looked in vain. We came through the reputed whirlpool in a rain-storm, not severe, but sufficient to obscure the view which we greatly desired. There are mountains in quantity that were snow-capped, but none that were 11,000 feet, as Ætna is said to be. This is nearly three times the height of Mt. Vesuvius, and, consequently, we looked for something elevated.—*Parke.*



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e

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Stazione inferiore.

Up Vesuvius on Donkey Back



Getting as far as we could go in carriages, we came to a big stable-like place where a number of saddled donkeys and their drivers were waiting to meet us. I was in front, but I modestly shrank back, preferring to see others accommodated, but a big Italian singled me out, and I was obliged to mount first of all. Carefully noticing which foot I should first put in the stirrup, so that when I got into the saddle I should not find myself facing the animal's tail, as they say one man did, I mounted, and then, as misery loves company, I watched the others. All went well till they got to two adipose Allerites. One was heavy, the other was tall and very heavy. The first one they managed to get into the saddle. The second, after several vain attempts on the part of three men to raise her into position, was led by them up onto a rock, and then they endeavored to lower her from the top of this rock onto the donkey, but, not having a derrick and proper tackle, it was a failure. When the time came to



start, one of the Italians came up to my donkey, and, taking him by the tail, he commenced to belabor his rear with a stick. Jack took several whacks quietly, seemingly ignorant that anything was going on behind him, but after a while impressions were slowly transmitted through him from rear to front, and he raised his head and started on a run, the Dago hanging on to his tail, while I had all I could do to hang on to the saddle.

Finally the little brute succeeded in pulling his tail out of the fellow's hand, and bolted up the road. Left to ourselves, I talked to him, and induced him to go slower, which, I will do him justice to say, he seemed very willing to do, and

Jack and I went up the hill to see the crater,

Jack fell down—

No, he did not, but he came awfully near it, and still nearer to pitching me into a pile of pumice-stone.—*Spencer.*



The Buried City

Pompeii

A ride of a few minutes along the bay brought us to the station, whence we made our way into the strangest city on the earth. We are counted at the turnstile and enter first the museum containing its plaster casts of men and women and animals, showing their positions in the agony of death struggle, and even the horror of a horrible death by suffocation depicted upon the faces.

From the museum we are taken by the guides, furnished by the government, about the streets and houses of this city destroyed in 79 A. D. by the monster smoker, who, still threateningly, indulges in fumes and vapors above the deserted city. Pompeii has not been all excavated, nevertheless one needs a guide, or he may lose his way in this uncovered roofless city. Whatever doubt there may be about things sacred and historical,

*Forum—Pompeii*

there is no doubt about these remains. The evidence is convincing. We are shown wine shops in great numbers, oil shops, stores, private homes, bath houses, theatres, and churches. The streets are all covered with stone and these in the main streets show all the wear and tear of heavy wheels for years. The pavements are stone. At the cross streets there are large stones used for stepping across the streets, which are often very narrow and below the sidewalk. In some places large stones were placed upright showing that only pedestrians used the streets. While the destruction of Pompeii was a terrible disaster, the buried city is a god-send to those who study the life of Roman people during the imperial period.

*Stepping Stones—Pompeii*

There was an earthquake in 63 A. D., which caused much destruction. Then the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 completely

*In the Streets of Pompeii*

buried Herculaneum with lava, and Pompeii with ashes. It seems strange that the memory of the cities was lost for so long a time, that is from 79 to 1713, over sixteen centuries. Pompeii was discovered by accident. Men digging a well came upon the ruins.
—*Parke.*

EGYPT

Alexandria, Cairo, Pyramids, The Nile



EGYPT

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The Land of the Nile and the Pharaohs—a Lecture on Shipboard

Ladies and Gentlemen:

If I felt myself embarrassed in attempting to perform the task I had in mind before we reached Gibraltar and the Alhambra, much more so do I feel myself perplexed now, but this time for a different reason. The subject is so tremendously full and interesting, has such an ancient and historical, as well as modern interest, indeed, is so vast that I might talk for hours on a score of themes suggested. I should like to cover the ground at least slightly, and yet even to do that requires a power of condensation and abridgment beyond my capacity, and, indeed, I can well believe that of any one in the time allotted.

I cannot hope to be original, I cannot hope to include all; I shall, therefore, aim rather to stimulate your interest, your reading, your observation and revive old information.

Egypt modern, Egypt past are so linked together by everywhere present monuments, tombs, pyramids and remains, that it defies human ingenuity to break the link. I cannot talk of the present without touching upon the past, and I shall ask you to have more patience than the old farmer who determined to have the fastest driving horse in his county and went to Kentucky to get it. He was shown over a long stable containing the famous sires of the past, next he was shown over



Pompey's Pillar

PROGRAM FOR EGYPT

Baggage: One steamer trunk allowed to every two passengers and any number of valises. Take as few trunks as possible. Hand your shore baggage to your Stateroom-steward.

Laundry: The Nile Section No. 1 (who go right through to Nag Hamadi Febr. 25) should give their laundry to their stateroom steward Thursday evening, and it will be done at Alexandria and found in their room, when passengers return to the ship. All other passengers are advised to take their laundry to Cairo and have it done at the Hotel.

Friday, February 25: Breakfast 6 a. m. (second sitting 6.30). Land at 7 a. m. in small boats flying the American flag, drive to Station; train leaves 9 a. m. sharp, arrive Cairo 12.30 noon. (Nile No. 1 will be in rear cars, which are switched at Cairo and run as special train 1 p. m. from Cairo to Hamadi 10 p. m., where they sleep on steamers).

Each passenger will have received a card from Mr. Clark before the train arrives in Cairo, giving name, Hotel and Room Number; then each passenger will please be sure and take the conveyance of the Hotel, to which he is assigned.

Nile No. 2 leave March 1st for Upper Egypt. All passengers will have their drive at Alexandria, before embarking for Palestine.

F. C. CLARK.

the young colts, from which great things were expected in the future. He bore this as long as he could, but finally he broke out, "See here, stranger, you have showed me all the old 'have-done's' of the past, and the 'going-to-do's' of the future, but what I am after to-day is an 'is-er'."

A talk on Egypt cannot be an "is-er". It must cover the ground in some way or other of the "have-done's" as well, and our spirit will be more like that of Paddy and Mike who when traveling to Boston, in brand new America, came upon their



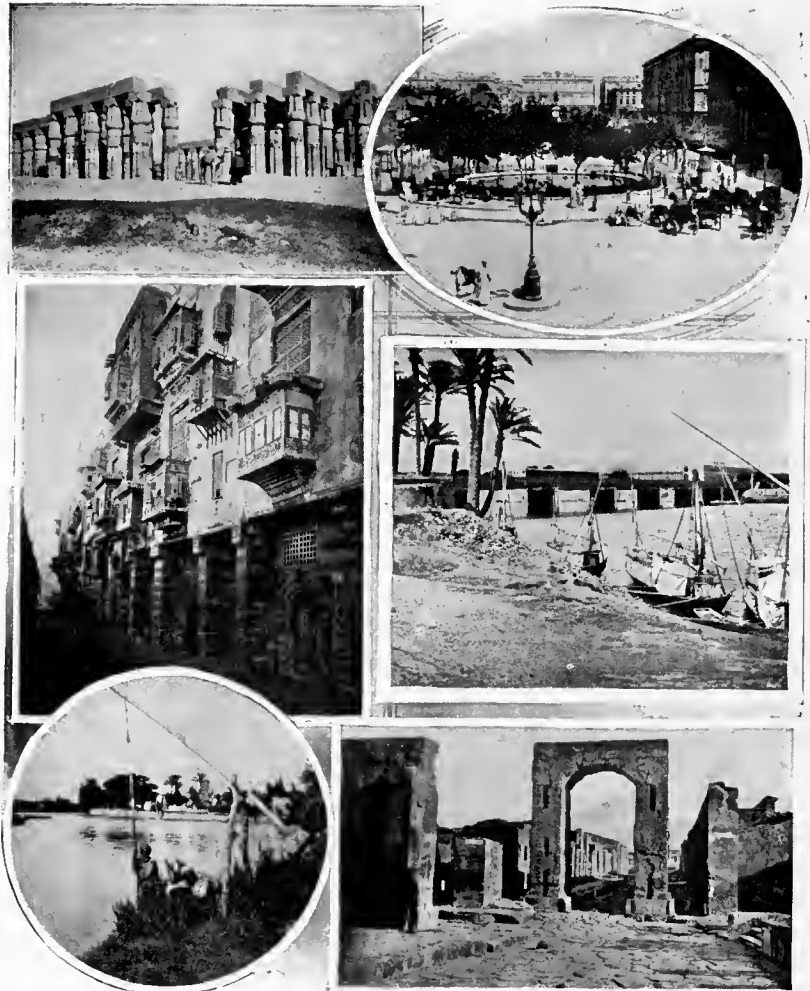
Past and Present

first mile-stone. Approaching it with uncovered head Paddy exclaimed, "Tread lightly, Mike, tin miles to Bosting lies buried here."

But not to waste time in preliminaries let me break at once into the subject by pointing out that hours before we reach Alexandria we shall see the long, flat, white line of the sandy shores of Egypt, and here and there, by means of glasses, groups of picturesque palm trees, afterward to become so familiar to us along the Nile valley.

By and by Pompey's Pillar will appear, that famous shaft of red granite, 104 feet in height and 9 feet in diameter, which once stood in the midst of the great Serapeum, or temple, a building only equaled in ancient times by the great Capitol at Rome. Here, too, will be seen the Pharos, or lighthouse, which stood unrepaired for actually one thousand three hundred and odd years.

As we approach Alexandria, that city of Egypt in Africa, we may reflect that we are about to land in a country that has been called "the cradle of history and of human culture, and of which the old historian, Herodotus, declared that it contained more wonders than any other land, and was prominent, above all other countries of the world, for works that one can hardly describe."



"Past oldest works of human hands, Itself more ancient still—The Nile"

General Grant, after his tour around the world, said to Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell University, "After Egypt there is nothing." We are about to enter the land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies at the port and city founded by Alexander the Great. The antiquity, the historical richness of the land and its association with Biblical literature must fill the minds of thoughtful persons with deepest emotion.

Egypt, as you know, has been the object of interest for the civilized world in all ages. It has played such an important

part in the history of the world that involuntarily we are apt to consider the country as one of considerable size, yet it is a small State, for notwithstanding its length of five hundred and seventy miles, it only contains about twelve thousand five hundred square miles, and is, therefore, somewhat smaller than Belgium. But this narrow strip of Nile Valley "contains innumerable cities and towns renowned for discoveries in art and science."

Egypt was the world's university, where Moses and Pythagoras and Herodotus and Plato and many other philosophers went to school. The Greeks, who from the seventh century before Christ were frequent visitors to the Nile valley, marvelled to find there a civilization, which, though more ancient, was, indeed, the equal of their own. They saw to their astonishment powerful and populous towns, strange, gigantic temples and a people who in nowise resembled the inhabitants of Ionia and the Greek islands.

The Egyptians appeared to the educated Greeks, who really tried to understand this ancient people, strange and incomprehensible.

Says Erman: "The Egyptians were a subject for cheap wit to the Greeks. They made jokes about their worshipping oxen instead of sacrificing them, revering eels instead of eating them, and mourning for dead cats instead of skinning them. Yet, in spite of their mockery, they had a feeling of respect for a people, who with their ancient civilization looked upon the Greeks as children; but because the Greeks thought it possible that the old bald-headed priests of Egypt possessed a secret wisdom unknown to the ordinary human



understanding they cultivated their acquaintance. Many a Greek scholar made the pilgrimage to the Nile valley in the hope that these priests might help to solve the great riddle of existence. We now know that these mysteries had no deep signification, and that the Greek philosopher was of far higher mental standing than the Egyptian priest. The Greeks, however, never really understood this, and so the reverence for old Egypt increased as centuries passed by, their gods were admitted to the circle of Olympian gods, and the faith of the Greeks and Romans in the unknown wisdom of the Egyptians lasted for seventeen centuries."

We come in touch with Egyptian history constantly in our Bible reading, as we study of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joseph,



The Army of Occupation at the Step Pyramid

of Moses ; and undoubtedly many of the ideas and historical facts recorded in the Bible have their origin in this old land.

It is marvelous to learn that the Egyptians knew so many things we regard as of modern origin. They knew the length of the year, the form of the earth, calculated the eclipses of the sun and moon, were partially acquainted with geometry, music, chemistry, medicine, anatomy, agriculture, mining, surveying, excavating, etc. "In architecture, in the qualities of grandeur and massive proportions they are yet to be surpassed. The largest buildings anywhere erected by man to-day are even as they were in the past smaller than the pyramids, while the pyramids have the additional interest of being the oldest human works in the world. Fortunately no nations have ever equalled the Egyptians in their love for recording all

human events. No other human records go back so far. Genuine Egyptian writing has been found 400 B. C. Because they were so fond of recording everything both in pictures and in writing, because they were fond of building and excavating temples and tombs in the imperishable granite, because of the dryness of the air in preserving all these records, we have had stored away for us here, forty-five centuries of habits, opinions, deeds and most wonderful of all, the actual bodies of men. For centuries the dry air and the sand have preserved to us even such delicate objects as clothes and papyrus rolls. Under the influence of their strange religious conceptions, the Egyptians paid particular regard to the lasting character and rich adornment of their tombs. While most people, of similar standing and civilization, have been content with perishable graves, the Egyptians prepared for their mummies vast enduring monuments, the rich decoration of which gives us full details of their manner of life."

Three sources of information are open to the student of Egypt:

First.—The monuments, the temples, the tombs, with their endless series of inscriptions and pictures; the papyrus rolls from the old libraries, and numerous objects of daily life buried with the mummies. *Second.*—The Hebrew books giving us the stories of Moses and Joseph, and relating much of Egyptian life. *Third.*—The accounts given by Greek travelers. Perhaps there is another source of information, and one frequently used, namely, *guessing*, which comes as near the truth as did Tommy when asked who Joan of Arc was, and replied promptly, *Noah's wife*.

The tombs and monuments have been investigated, and are being investigated to-day by eager and competent students, excavators and scientists, and so one need never be surprised at any great and remarkable discovery in Egypt, for modern history has been full of them.

For nearly fourteen centuries, however, the writing of the ancient Egyptians was an enigma and a puzzle to scholars, but about 1800 came the finding of the celebrated Rosetta stone, now in the British Museum in London.



Entrance to the so-called Tomb of Rameses I

French officers of artillery discovered at Rosetta, one of the mouths of the Nile, a stone inscription relating to Ptolemy the Fifth, and written in three languages: First in the old hieroglyphic characters of the priests, second in the demotic language, or that of the common people of ancient Egypt, and finally in the Greek.

The inscription was dated some two hundred years before Christ. The whole account of the unraveling of the mystery, by taking the names of the kings in the cartouches or round circles on the three inscriptions and comparing them, letter by letter, is intensely interesting.



The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus

This study and comparison disclosed the fact that a bird signified the letter A, that a lion indicated the letter L, that a square was P, that a loop was O, etc., until the whole hieroglyphic alphabet was unfolded.

Imagine interpreting a language which had been dead, buried, hidden for 1400 years, and of which there were the greatest number of specimens everywhere, which manifestly were intended to throw light on an old and interesting civilization, and you will understand, my friends, the intense interest and excitement aroused among scholars and curious scientists upon the discovery of the Rosetta stone.

This stone may be seen, by those who visit London, in the British Museum. Then came, in 1881, the discovery at Luxor of the mummies of Seti the First and Rameses the Second, the monarchs of the oppression and the Exodus of the Israelites.

The unwrapping of these mummies with their different inscriptions was an event of astonishing and unparalleled interest. It enlightened at least thirty centuries of Egyptian civilization. "Nothing in history," says a distinguished member of our party, who has written the best popular account of this great event in his book entitled "The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus,"—"Nothing in history," says Dr. Robinson, "parallels the dramatic enthusiasm of this last discovery." And now we can look down in the Boulak Museum at Cairo upon the actual bodies



"She hath the whole horizon for a hoop"—Pope

of the kings who slew thousands of little children for no reason except being born, who kept Israel under desperate burdens of brickmaking and carrying and building until the nation groaned in irrepressible agony under these cruel taskmasters.

Then the explorations of Mariette Bey and others at Memphis and elsewhere during late years uncovering absolutely acres of tomb inscriptions, have all gone to confirm the wonderful story of Egypt's long history and civilization.

But says Erman, "Now that we have learned to understand the monuments, to read the inscriptions, to study the literature of ancient Egypt, the old glamour has in a measure departed. In place of the dim religious light of past times the

pitiless sun of science has risen and we see the old Egyptians as they really were, no better nor worse than other folks. Their old wisdom appears in some respects as wonderful, in others it grows even repulsive, while their customs are not more peculiar than those of other nations, and merit neither our ridicule nor our reverence." But one word more about Alexandria, our landing place. The first thought of many a reader and student, as we land at Alexandria, will be of the superb library formerly here, and said to contain so many precious manuscripts which would undoubtedly have revealed to us something of those old Accadian races of whom we long so much



Father Nile

to know. But all these manuscripts were burned and destroyed, we are told, by abominable Turks, Moslems, and alas Christians, seven hundred thousand precious manuscripts used for months, it is said, in heating the baths of the Arab conquerors. To this great library came learned men from all over the world to read and study and copy these precious records. Here lived many of the Grecian philosophers and held their schools ; here, too, was produced three hundred years before Christ the Greek version of the Old Testament by the seventy learned men and therefore called the Septuagint.

Here lived Strabo the celebrated geographer, and Archimedes the mechanician, and Euclid the founder of geometry, not to mention many other famous names. From here came the famous Cleopatra needles, one of which was taken to London by the British, after having been encased in an iron cylinder and rolled into the sea, and fitted up with a rudder and deck

house and cabin, and named the Cleopatra. Taken in tow by a steamer it was abandoned once in the bay of Biscay, but finally it was recaptured and erected in London in 1872.

The companion needle, as no doubt some of you will remember, was presented to the government of the United States and erected in Central Park in 1881, so that now we may see in our modern America this huge monolith of graceful proportion, carved full of hieroglyphics, made by the hands of men thousands of years ago.

Notice the magnificent stone piers as we land at Alexandria and indeed the ocean front of many ports we will enter. This characteristic of European ports puts us to shame when we remember our shabby platforms of rotting timbers at home.

If, however, you should happen to see among the masts of this harbor the glorious red, white and blue of our national flag floating in the breeze, as we did in 1895, all comparisons will be odious and a thrill of patriotism and a shout of joy will arise which will show how deep is the love for "Old Glory", and you will appreciate the reply of an American captain to a young Englishman, when he said to him, "I say, captain, that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze, and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?" "No, it ain't," said the captain, "but it has licked one that has."



"Still through Egypt's desert places flows the lordly Nile"



Market Place by Nile Bridge

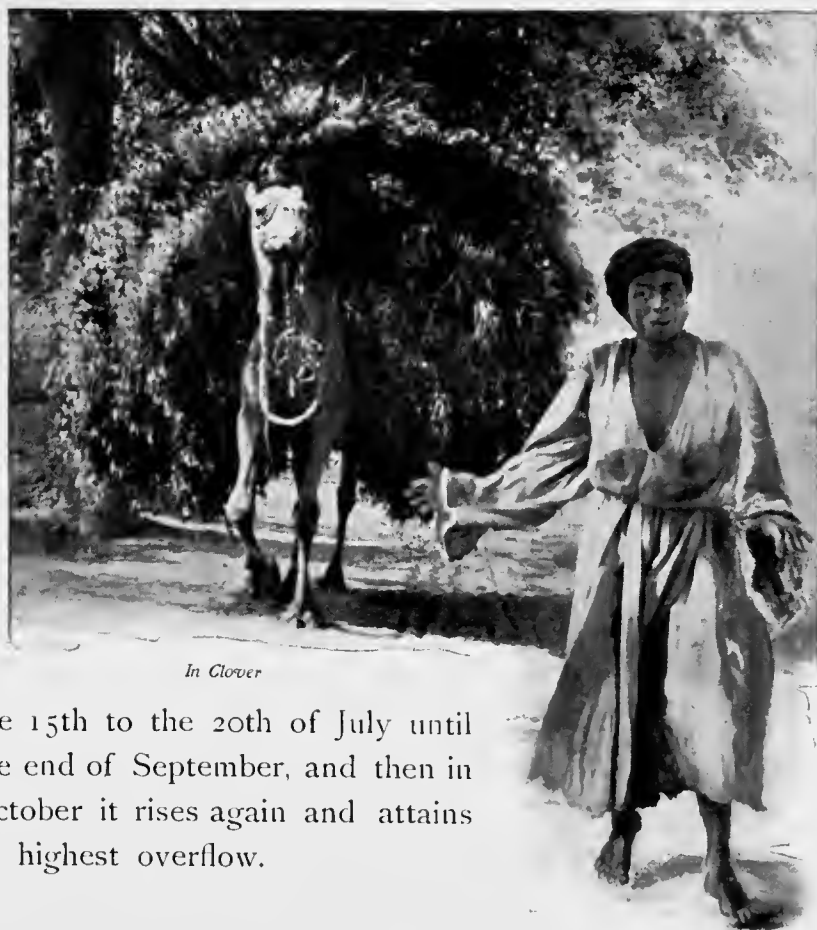
But Alexandria is only an introduction to Egypt. And the ride up the Nile in the English compartment cars with petticoated watchmen and track walkers in evidence is curious and interesting. Notice the camels, the donkeys, the buffalo cows grazing along the way, the irrigating shadoofs and sakeiyahs, groaning and shrieking, the strings of camels tied together and led by diminutive donkeys, indeed one could call off a whole catalogue of curious and unique objects which must not be missed.

Reflect too that you are going up a river 4000 miles in length and throughout nearly the whole of its course navigable. Think of going to San Francisco and half way back again by water. A river too whose history as to its source had been hid for nearly 2000 years, until Stanley, our own countryman, discovered it.

The Egyptians thought the river to be a deity, and we have a reminiscence of this in the marble figure of the Nile god or Father Nile in the Vatican gallery in Rome. This figure is surrounded by sixteen children, indicating that formerly sixteen cubits' rise in the Nile was thought sufficient to cover the valley and insure the fertility of the soil. One cubit more, strange enough, meant terrible devastation and flood in all the great Delta district, while two degrees less meant drouth and terrible famine, and this well illustrates Herodotus' remark that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile."

The record of the rise and fall of the Nile is kept in Cairo by what is called the Nilometer, said to be over a thousand years old.

You will see this stone chamber on the banks of the Nile with its graduated pillar rising from bottom to top, and you will not be surprised when told that before the rise of the Nile, as on a Christmas or New Year's night with us, people spend the whole night on the banks of the river, practicing all manner of superstitious rites and watching for the bounteous overflow. The river begins to rise about the first of June slowly, then rapidly from



the 15th to the 20th of July until the end of September, and then in October it rises again and attains its highest overflow.

In other words, during our hot months the Nile is continually rising, then it gradually subsides until in January, February and March the fields are dried up and cultivatable from that on until the first of June again.

From Khartoum, where the gallant General Gordon was massacred on the 26th of January, 1885, all the way to the Mediterranean sea, 1620 miles, the Nile is without a single tributary, and this fact, the great naturalist, Humboldt, declared to be without parallel. Through all this distance it flows through the midst of a thirsty desert land, giving fertility and joy.

So fertile is the soil from the annual deposits of the Nile (four feet in a thousand years, it is computed), that it is said melons, cucumbers and like growths increase almost at the rate of an inch per hour.

We are visiting Egypt at the best possible season of the year. In the summer the thermometer rises to 110 degrees in the shade. From the fertility of the Egyptian soil one might expect a rich variety, but notwithstanding the luxuriant vegetation no country in the same latitude has so poor a variety of plants. There are few trees, growing in an isolated fashion, date-palms and fig-trees, but nothing outside of this, and the scarcity of wood is one of the calamities of Egypt.

Herbs and vegetables reign supreme; wild flowers are nowhere to be found. Says Klunzinger, who knows Egypt thoroughly: "In this country, wherever a spot exists where wild plants can grow, the agriculturist comes, sows his seed and weeds out the wild flowers. There are no meadows such as charm the eye in other countries, though the clover-fields which serve for pasture, and the cornfields as long as they are green, compensate to some extent."

I think most travelers will agree with me that the aspect of Egypt is pleasant, though monotonous; the gleaming water of the broad river flowing peacefully through the emerald green fields intersects the land and makes the levels look very much like a rich, well cultivated plain of America, so that one can hardly realize that he is on African soil and on the banks of a river flowing from the heart of the tropics.

As we drive over to the pyramids and ride across the valley to Memphis the air will be filled with the odor of clover and the various growing plants, and there will be the hum of insects and

the song of birds in the air, while the papers may be telling us of great snow-storms and blizzards and snow-drifts in America.

The irrigating system is very interesting and is the result of centuries of experience. Notice carefully the two methods of raising the water. The old-fashioned well-sweep arrangement called a Shadoof is operated by half naked Egyptians who sing monotonous songs as they lift up the huge basketfuls of water and pour them into the irrigating ditches. The second arrangement, called a Sakeiyah,



The Shadoof



Sakeiyah

worked by animal power, consists of a huge wheel in a horizontal position, to which are fastened rough pottery jars, the whole turned by buffalo cows or donkeys or mules, walking round and round, fastened as in our threshing-machine arrangement at home. The

machines are never oiled, and the shrieks and groans and moans emitted are terrifying, although to the natives the sound may be like music, because it means refreshing water to his crops.



The Dancing Girls

*A Shadoof*

Cairo is the most interesting city in the world. It is in Egypt, it is in Africa, and we may reflect that it was founded over six hundred years before the Christian era, in the time of the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses, the Persian. It is eleven miles square, is the seat of the Khedive, the ruler of Egypt, under the Sultan of Turkey and the protectorship of England, and has something over 400,000 inhabitants.

Says a traveler: "What makes Cairo so romantic and novel is the contrast of the barbarous and civilized scenes and incidents it presents." It is a museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement, of degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of paganism, of Christianity, of Mohammedanism.

The Jewish physician in the play of the "Hunchback" declared, "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world; its soil is gold; its Nile is a wonder; its women are like the black-eyed virgin of Paradise and its houses are palaces and its air is temperate."



A Lemonade Vender

Says Miss Edwards in her admirable book, "A Thousand Miles Up the Nile," "Every shop front, every street corner, every turbaned group is a ready-made picture. The old Turk who sets up his cake stall in the recess of a sculptured doorway; the donkey boy with his gaily caparisoned donkey waiting for customers; the beggar asleep on the steps of the mosque; the veiled woman filling her water jar at the public fountain, all look as if they had been put there expressly to be painted."

The narrow streets and houses from which jut windows of delicate turned lattice work in old brown wood, like big bird cages. The streets filled with bazaars sometimes covered with rafters and matting through which dusty sunbeams straggle here and there, casting patches of light upon the moving crowd.

The unpaved thoroughfares, full of ruts and watered profusely twice or three times a day and lined with little wooden



Woman with Yashmak

shop fronts like open cabinets full of shelves where the merchants sit cross-legged in the midst of the goods.

The ebbing, flowing, restless tide of people, half European, half oriental. Syrian dragomans with baggy trousers and braided jackets; barefooted Egyptian Fellaheen in ragged blue shirts and felt skull caps; Greeks in absurdly stiff white tunics like walking pen wipers; Persians with high miter-like caps, of dark woven



Package (?) Carrier

stuff; swarthy Bedouins in flowing garments creamy-white with chocolate stripes a foot wide and head shawls of the same bound about the brow with a fillet of



Water Carriers

*A Street in Cairo*

twisted camel's hair ; native women of the poorer classes in black veils that leave only the eyes uncovered and long trailing garments of dark blue and black striped cotton ; mounted Janissaries with jingling sabers and gold embroidered jackets ; merchants, beggars, soldiers, boatmen, laborers, workmen in every variety of costume and of every shade of complexion from fair to dark, to tawny to copper color, from deepest bronze to bluest black.

Water carriers bending under the weight of newly replenished goat or pigskin, the legs of which being tied up, look horribly bloated and lifelike. Ladies with white veils and naked

feet with velvet slippers, on donkey back, using with effect liquid eyes of black. Egyptian gentlemen in European dress and Turkish Fez," a most picturesque and curious and fascinating crowd ;—all this and more, too, you will see in Cairo.

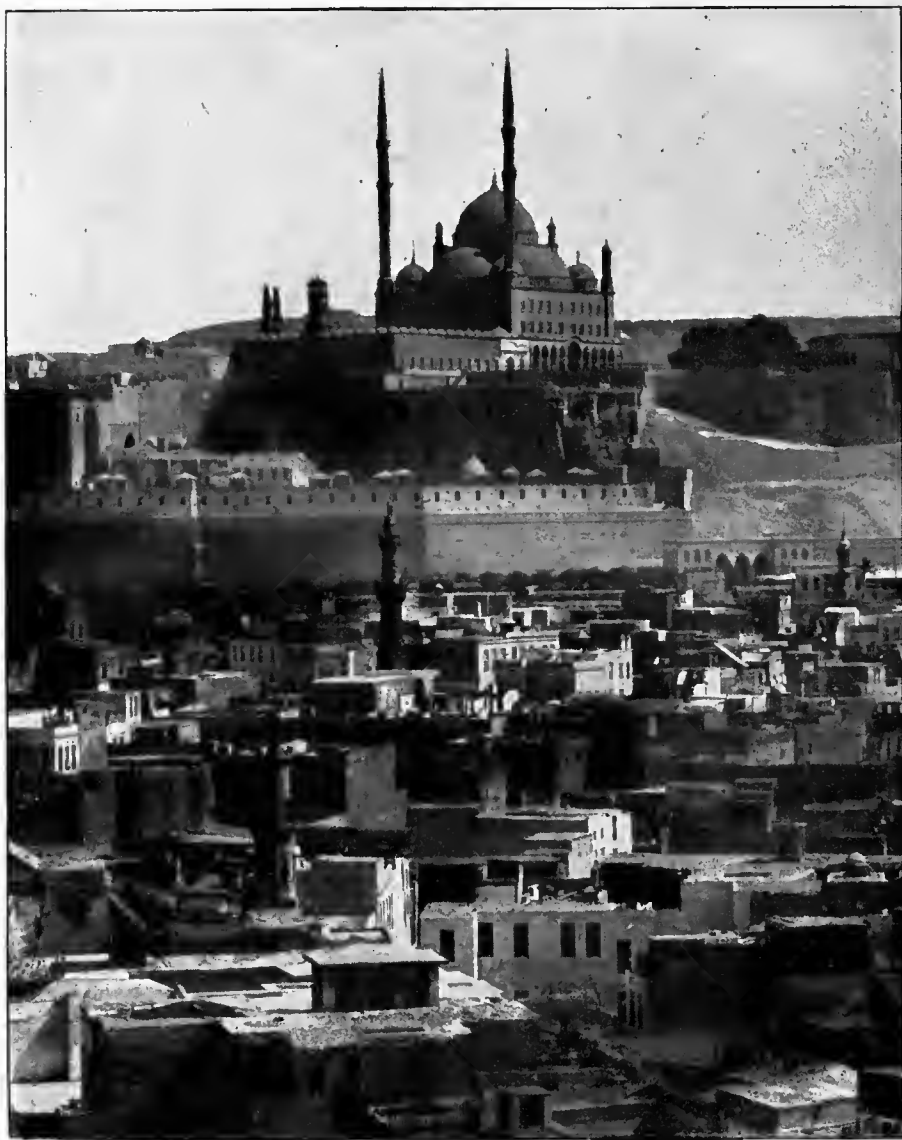
Notice the children of twelve and thirteen, mere girls carrying about their own children. Dr. Buckley, knowing that the Egyptian women look older than they really are, ventured to guess the ages of two or three dancers. He placed the oldest at 35, the next 25, and the others 20 and 17 ; but the eldest, though married for some years was only 22 and the youngest 11.

The dancing dervishes, too, perhaps, may be seen at this time, but their actions have been described. Notice the dress of the young men : white skirts or vests reaching from their necks down to their ankles and girt about the middle with sashes, and on their heads the red fez. Frequently, too, they may be seen in the cool of the evening with a light European overcoat overtopping this.

Everywhere may be seen huge water jars in which the people familiarly and commonly dip a shallow cup for a drink of water, and the careless manner in which it is done by the motley crowd explains how easily plague or cholera spreads among such people.



Jugs and Jugglery



The Citadel and Alabaster Mosque

The fortress or citadel of Cairo, located on the highest ground overlooking the city and the Nile valley, is a landmark from all points of view. It was within this citadel, in 1811, that 470 Mameluke Beys, the finest cavalry in the world, were treacherously assassinated by Mohammed Ali, after being trapped like mad dogs between the two huge gates of the citadel.

Along the walls you will be shown the marks of the bullets of the Sultan's soldiers at the time of the slaughter.

This citadel itself was built in 1166 by Saladin, of stone taken from the outer coating of the small pyramids of Gizeh. It is the key to the system of fortification for the

protection of Cairo, and the English, with their usual intelligence and eye to the best position, hold it as they do Gibraltar as a sort of grand army police station. A magnificent view is obtained from the parapet around the mosque of Mohammed Ali, the alabaster mosque, which stands in the centre of the citadel.



Entrance to the Citadel

Notice from this place the beginning of the Delta, the pyramids of Sakkara, the windings of the Nile, with its green ribbon strips of verdure on either side, the pyramids of Gizeh, the green valley dotted with mud villages and intersected by canals, the patches of palm forests, the shining river shimmering with sails and the wonderful city, with its flat roofs, cupolas, minarets and domes, all spread out like an intricate model at one's feet. The mosques are intensely interesting, but no description of them is necessary. The domed roofs as light and fragile as soap bubbles, and the cool interiors will be very fascinating. As you will see, the Moslem prays at the appointed hour no matter where he may be, although it is said the younger generation is fast giving up this habit; everywhere, however, you may see the Mohammedan reading his Koran.

As we returned from the citadel and mosque of Mohammed Ali one evening, about sunset, in the midst of that beautiful mellow, yellow, golden afterglow, characteristic of the Nile valley and the desert, we heard for the first time all over the

city, from the slender minarets piercing the sky, from nearly 300 mosques, the thrilling and fascinating Muezzin call ringing out upon the evening air, beginning, "Allah, la Allah," and meaning, "God is good, God is good. Bear witness that there is no God but God. Bear witness that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to prayer. Come to felicity. God is great. There is no God but God." All this is repeated many times in the sonorous Arabic language, and with the pathos and attracting interest of the human voice.



Another view of Citadel and Mosque

The Pyramids and the Sphinx are opposite Cairo, across the Nile, about six miles over the fertile valley and on the edge of the sands of the desert. On the way to the river notice the beautiful houses in the modern quarter, built and occupied by English, French, German and the wealthy Hebrew bankers. Notice the English garrison and parade grounds where companies of English soldiers, in their red coats, will perhaps be training, while directly opposite is located the palace of the Khedive. Notice, also, the beautiful Nile bridge leading to the magnificent accacia drive to the pyramids.

One feels a tremendous thrill of emotion as he comes in sight of "these oldest remains of the ingenuity and labor of mankind at once stupendous and mysterious." "Everything fears time, but time fears the pyramids," said an Arabian physician more than 700 years ago.

*Nile Boats*

"Herodotus, the father of history, described these nearly 3,500 years ago substantially as they are to-day, and when he saw them they were probably older than Israel's history. Yet, they stand to-day, and, but for the wearing away of the surface of the stones by human feet and the plunderings of the structures for the building of houses, if visitors were told that the work had been finished in the first part of the present century they would see nothing inconsistent in the statement."

The pyramids are disappointing at first, just as Niagara disappoints most beholders, but by and by they win into the

mind by their tremendous antiquity and history and weave a chain of awe and reverence which makes them tremendous and impressive.

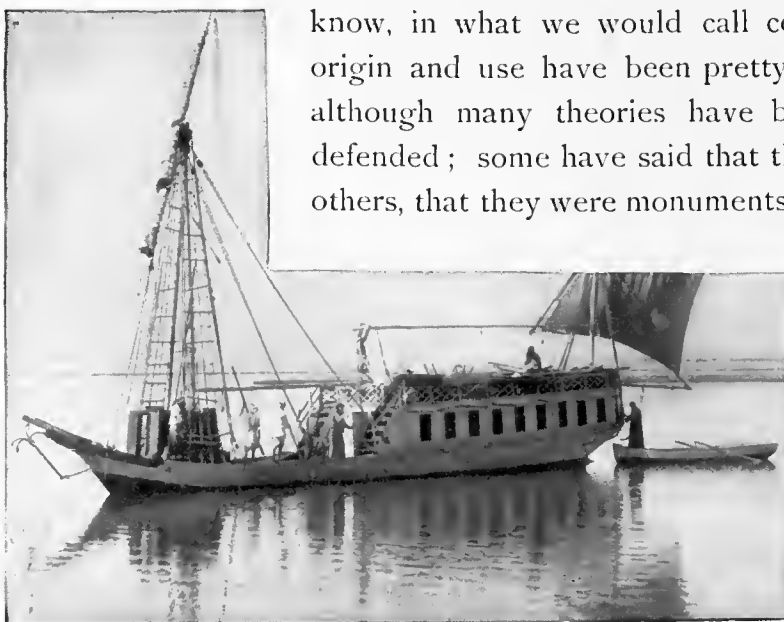


The Bloomington Feat at the Alabaster Mosque

The well known triangular form, seen in pictures and engravings together with the exceeding roughness and unfinished character of the pyramids, when you draw near, takes away at first sight from the impression, but when the great pyramid of Cheops in all its unexpected bulk and majesty towers close above one's head, the effect is as sudden as it is overwhelming; it shuts out the sky and the horizon; it shuts out all the other pyramids; it shuts out everything but the sense of awe and wonder.

The pyramids are situated, as you, perhaps, know, in what we would call cemeteries. Their origin and use have been pretty well determined, although many theories have been invented and defended; some have said that they were temples; others, that they were monuments; others, that they

were meant for scientific or astronomical purposes; others, that they were symbols of original things;



A Dahabeah

others that they were standards of measurements, but all theories, except that they were tombs, have failed to commend the assent of any considerable number of competent investigators.

Mariette Bey, one of the most careful and scientific investigators, says: "When a king ascended the throne he began



Cheops the Great

to build his pyramid and enlarge it by outer coatings, as the pyramid of Chefron. As time went on, at his death, the last coating was finished. The first step was to level the earth, the next to excavate the subterranean chambers."

The pyramid of Cheops was built probably 4200 years B. C., and is, therefore, in its seventh millennium. It is hard to realize that this huge mass of stone was erected by human

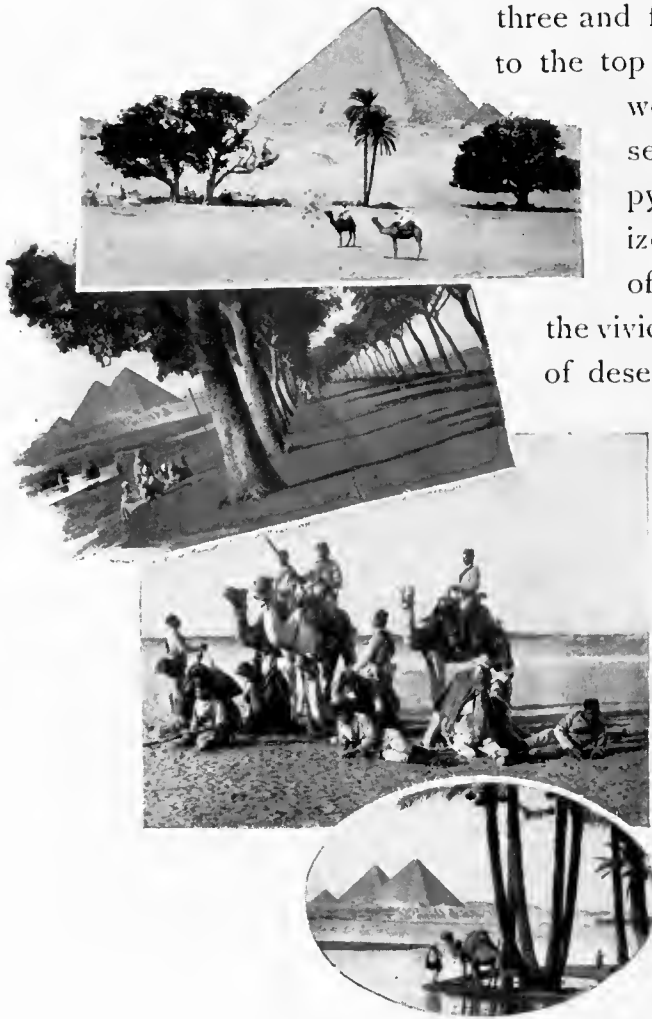
hands so many thousands of years ago, and that it has looked out over the plains and the river for so many centuries.

Its height and size you may find in the guide books. Only remember that it is higher than most church steeples in America, and that it is fifteen to twenty feet smaller than it was when first built, because it has been robbed of its outer and highly-polished granite surface, which was probably inscribed with hieroglyphics. It covers a space of thirteen acres.

The height of the stone steps, three and four feet, makes the climb to the top interesting, but it is well worth all the effort. The sense of the greatness of the pyramids is here truly realized. The height and the map of the surrounding country, the vivid contrast of life and death, of desert and fertility, the desert

extending away like a wide ocean of tawny, sandy billows out of sight, the vivid green stretch of narrow Nile valley, are intensely interesting. There is a space of about thirty square feet on the top. One would like to be quiet and give his whole attention to the scene but the everlasting clatter and request of the Arabs that you buy something "antika,

antika," is annoying and distracting. The descent from the pyramid will be found a surprise. Though the steps are wide, you feel as if you must in some way or other slip or slide down the descent, but this never happens. The Sphinx is but a short distance from here, and the ride is usually accomplished on that beast of inharmonious motions, the camel.



"Still the Pyramids imperious pierce the cloudless skies"



The Beautiful Accacia Drive

Let me quote a description of this ride by a fellow traveler of 1895. He says: "At the base of Cheops the camel-driver and the donkey-boy lay in wait for us.

"Will 'Merica-man ride 'Rabian camel?"

Is there anything that anybody else has ever done that the man from America will not do just to see how it feels? The 'Merica-man will ride 'Rabian camel. And the man from Seattle, the Judge from the Provinces, the Honorables and the Colonels, the M. D.'s and the D. D.'s, the stately matrons, the charming widows and the dainty girls—all take a mount. It is a proud day, indeed. And when Æsculapius—the traveler of many climes—climbs to the apex of one of the biggest and flaunts Old Glory over the African continent, the enthusiasm



Chefron

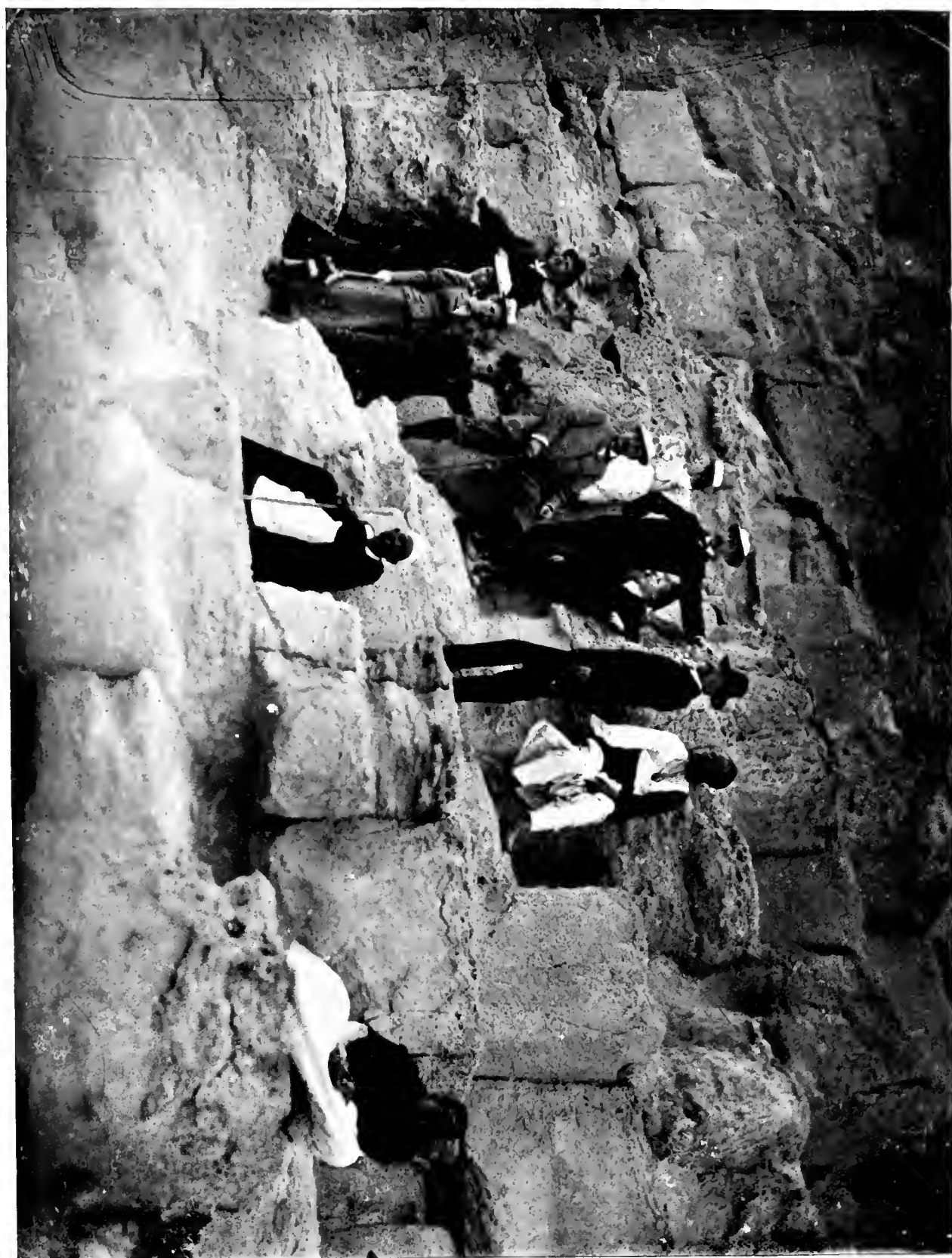


"Across the green meadows to Cheops and Chefron"

knows no bounds. When you are ready to go aboard the "Ship of the Desert," the captain proceeds to make him lie down. He protests at the proposed indignity, cries plaintively, blows off steam, and finally doubles his many-jointed legs under him and comes to anchor on his keel. You climb up onto the roof and make yourself as secure as possible on the ridge-pole in a sort of saw-buck lashed to his belvedere, grasping the storm-stays and stanchions which stick up fore and aft as a further security. You think the beast is asleep, but he isn't. He is simply smiling. There is a tradition that he gets up on his hind legs first, but don't you believe it. He always gets up



A Mixed Company



Climbing the Man-made Mountain

first with the end you are thinking will be last, and his gentlest motion in doing it is like the swish of a catapult. You cannot play the foolish virgin on him—you never know when the upheaval is going to occur, or what direction the disturbance will take when started. It may run from fore to aft, or contrary wise, or, starting diagonally, change midway at right angles, and end in a spiral snap which dislocates your neck. When the convulsion terminates he takes

a nap, or, if you still remain aboard, gets underway and makes you seasick. It is said that the ideal camel has a gait so easy that one may drink a cup of coffee going at full speed without

spilling a drop, but with the one that got me nothing short of a hot water bag and a rubber hose would have answered. When he walked the motion seemed something between a ship in a chop sea and a corkscrew. When he dropped into a trot it was a cross between a bucking broncho and a pile-driver."



On the Side of the Pyramid



"High on a Throne of Royal State"

The Sphinx stands east of the pyramids gazing out toward the Nile—a lion with the head of a god. It had been supposed years ago that there was but one Sphinx, but Mariette Bey discovered that there was a whole avenue of them, 141 in number,

leading to an altar directly beneath the face of the great Sphinx, from which the smoke of the sacrifices went up into the gigantic nostrils.

Its length and height and dimensions, its cap and wig and beard you may all find described in your guide books.

There is nothing in heaven

and earth quite like the Sphinx. Four thousand years

B. C. it must have presented much the same appearance as it does to-day, save for mutilations. The nose especially has been destroyed, the Mameluke soldiers used that organ for years as a target in their gun practice.

And this reminds me of the story of the curious passenger in a long linen duster who leaned over the back of the seat in front of him and asked a fellow traveler, "Would you mind telling me how your nose got all knocked over to one side that way?" "Not at all," cheerfully responded the passenger, "it was done one time when I was poking it into other folks' business."



The "Apex" of an Allerite's Ambition



"And the great Sphinx stares with mysterious solemn stony eyes"

The Gizeh Museum once at Boulak, an island in the Nile, is a place of tremendous interest, containing the most famous deposits of Egyptian and ancient relics in the world. It was begun in 1854 by the famous Frenchman, Mariette Bey, whose remains are now enclosed in a marble sarcophagus and placed before the principal entrance of this palace museum.

The museum alone is well worth making a visit to Egypt to see. The ancient jewelry and ornaments and gems, the statues and mummies, especially the famous mummies of Seti the First and Rameses the Second, the monarchs of the oppression and the Exodus must not be forgotten or omitted.

Perhaps a brief account of the finding of these old mummies may be interesting. An extraordinary variety and number of Scarabi or images of beetles bearing the marks or cartouches of monarchs who belonged to the most ancient dynasties of Egyptian history, began at one time to pour into Cairo. The inscriptions relating to noble and royal personages excited the curiosity of the director of the museum and going up to Luxor whence these rare and ancient things seemed to come, he discovered that three Arabs had been selling them.

After some difficulty he arrested the principal one of them, and while he was in confinement the two brothers kept on selling these relics obtained from some mysterious quarter.

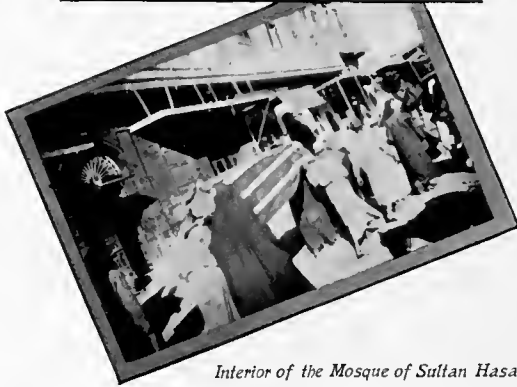
But the division of the profits was unsatisfactory, and finally one betrayed the whole plot, when the hiding place of forty mummies of the old Pharaohs was disclosed.



*The Great Mohammedan University
Corner of Gizeh Museum
On the way to Thebes*



Mosque of Sultan Hasan



*Interior of the Mosque of Sultan Hasan
A Funeral in Cairo*

"Nothing in history," said Dr. Robinson, "parallels the dramatic enthusiasm of this discovery in England and France and everywhere. It was too astounding to be true. Shiploads of royal bodies and relics from the great tombs were carried to the Gizeh Museum. Unwrapping their mummy casings they were found to be the actual Pharaohs of Moses' and Joseph's time and of the ancient time before them."

These mummies, after being removed from one great tomb to another and finally lying packed in this last resting-place for over 3000 years in perfect security, lie to-day in the most unsafe place they have ever been. It ought not to be so.

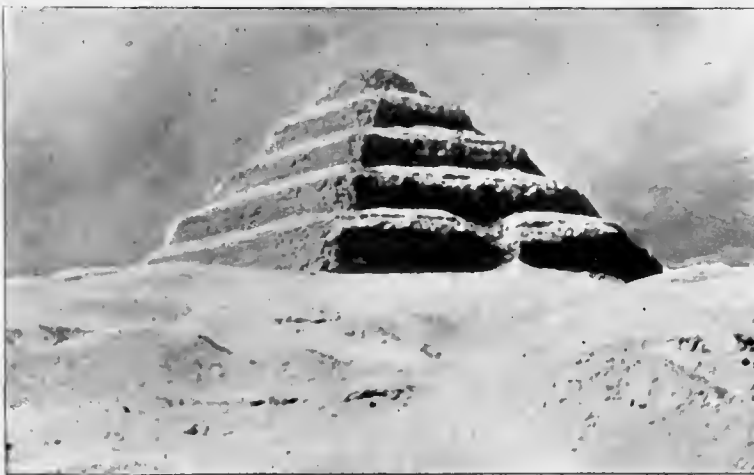
A visit should be paid to the site of Memphis, a short distance above Cairo and once the greatest capital of Egypt. It can only be reached from Bedrashen, the railroad station or the boat landing on the Nile, by a donkey ride of some miles. This reminds one of the driver in the Alps who upon reaching a certain spot turned to his passengers and remarked, "From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys, I must, therefore, ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot." Although Memphis, says a traveler, was probably the largest city in Egypt and, perhaps the oldest, though it was many miles in length and so magnificent that the pyramids Abousir, Sakkara and Dashoor are but its cemeteries; though its



Court of Alabaster Mosque. Street Scene

*Rameses at Memphis*

streets were more than a half day's journey in length ; though it exerted a profound influence upon the destiny of the human race, and though down to 800 years ago its ruins were such as to cause a discriminating traveler and scientist to say : " As for the figures of idols that are found among those ruins, whether as regards their number or their enormous magnitude, it is something that baffles description and of which one can hardly convey any idea," and led him to regard as pardonable the popular belief that the ancient Egyptians were giants of fabulous longevity who had the power of moving masses of rocks with a magician's wand ; and, notwithstanding Memphis existed according to Mariette Bey 5000 years, nothing remains but mounds, ruins of walls, broken columns, and defaced statues, and idols, above which wave palm trees and around which grow weeds and rank grass."

*"Old in the days of Abraham"*

Here was almost the beginning of organized society, certainly so far as historical records are concerned. Here are the celebrated tombs of the sacred bulls, Apis, extending under the rocky limestone surface on the edge of the desert in broad avenues intercepted repeatedly by huge chambers containing granite sarcophagi in which were placed the mummies of the sacred bulls.



The Step Pyramid Beggar

The hieroglyphics, in brilliant colors, describing various scenes of the life of the Egyptians so many thousands of years ago, are most interesting and fascinating.

In the tomb of Ti, the rich man and agriculturist, hundreds of scenes in his life are pictured. Near here, too, is the famous step pyramid, the oldest of all human structures, many hundreds of years older than the pyramid of Cheops, and old when Abraham came to Egypt.

In another direction from Cairo lie the ruins of Heleopolis and the temple of the sun, where was the great University of On, to which Moses was sent with a fellow pupil, Rameses the Second, by his father Seti the First. On has been called the



Where we had lunch. At the feet of the Sphinx

*Mohammedan School*

Oxford of old Egypt. Here it was that Plato and Solon studied for years, and where Herodotus paused in his travels to collect the facts which gave him the name of the father of history. Here Joseph lived and married the daughter of the priest of On, and had born to him his two children, Menassah and Ephrium. Josephus tells us that Jacob lived here. But I have touched only the outside of the wonders and interests of Egypt, the Nile and its history. It is a dreamland of untold attractions for the traveler.

Let me close in the words of the learned Hebrew scholar, Eidersheim: "The ancient mysterious Nile still rolls its healing waters out to the blue sea waves, where, so it is supposed, they change its taste within a radius farther than the eye can reach. To be gently borne in bark or ship on its waters, to watch the strange vegetation and curious sights upon its banks, to gaze beyond where emerald green merges into the trackless desert, to wander under the shade of its gigantic monuments, or within the weird avenues of its colossal temples, to see the scrolls of its mysterious hieroglyphics, to note the sameness of manner and of people as of old, and to watch the unique rites of its ancient religion unfold at each new discovery; this is, indeed, to be again in the old far-away world, and that amidst a dreaminess bewitching to the senses and a gorgeousness dazzling to the imagination."—*A. J. P. McC.*

*The Suez Canal*

An Incident on the Way to Thebes

"When we mounted our donkeys on the banks of the Nile, for the trip to Thebes, there were a number of Arab girls carrying bottles filled with water from the river, who accompanied the party for the purpose of selling the water to any of

*"She"*

its members who might become thirsty when crossing the desert. One, quite pretty faced and picturesquely dressed young girl, ran by my side during the entire journey, persisting that I was thirsty and must drink her water, continually saying to me, "Papa, I your girl, your Fatima." "You my nice papa, you drink my water, fresh from Nile, make you strong, you can ride donkey all day. Fatima like you." Imagine the feeling of a modest man like myself, from the Quaker City, having such words as these flashed on me by a bewitching black-eyed creature and in such a crowd. I am afraid I sighed for a "Lodge in some

*Backsheesh*

*Fellaheen*

vast wilderness." When we arrived at Thebes, Fatima and the rest of our followers were shut outside the gates. I expected to see her no more. After lunching in the shadow of the Temple of Karnak we started back, and I was joined by Fatima at once, with her appealing cry to buy her water. Nothing could have induced me to drink that water, carried as it had been for hours, exposed to the heat of that day, but to appease my "Fatima" and also to get rid of her importunities and black eyes, I gave her a good sum for the water, and taking the jug, poured it on the sand. Seeing this, her former endearing words gave place to the most vindictive ones imaginable, and with them, alas, disappeared my romance of the desert. Nevertheless, Thebes and Fatima will always be coupled together in my memory."—*Arthur T. Smith.*

*On the Nile*

The Nubians at Luxor.

"While we were at Luxor a group of Nubians gathered on the bank near our mooring watching with interest our movements and amusements. Tiring of other things we turned our attention to them. After a deal of coaxing some of them finally came aboard. They were a straight, gaunt lot of men with dark brown skins and long, black, crinkled hair. Their dress was that of the Egyptian, but dirtier, if possible, than the ordinary. We were much interested and amused by their manners



An Oriental Skipper

and dances, dances somewhat similar to those of the dervishes. As they danced they opened their mouths, exposing teeth white as ivory. Their teeth were so beautiful that we asked, by signs, to examine them, and found them all free from decay or blemish of any kind. After they had submitted to this examination, they were curious to see if our teeth differed from their own, so I opened my mouth for their inspection. One of them discovered several gold fillings, and by excited exclamations drew his companions' attention to the Yankee who carried his pocket-book in his mouth. All my friends, however, were as wealthy, and the Nubians showed an anxiety to pick, not our pockets, but our teeth. One of our party had false teeth, and he opened his mouth for their benefit. While they were looking with wonder at so strange a sight, he removed his upper plate and

extended it with a rapid movement toward the astonished Nubian. With one accord these children of the desert made a rush for the rail and jumped overboard into the Nile, and no amount of coaxing could entice them again onto the steamer. After the laughter which the incident occasioned had subsided, some one was mean enough to remark, 'What would the poor heathen do if they could see one of our lady friends remove not only her teeth, but her color and her hair?' "—*Harrison L. Beatty.*



"Her Lord and Master"

JERUSALEM AND THEREABOUTS



SYRIA

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The Jaffa Harbor

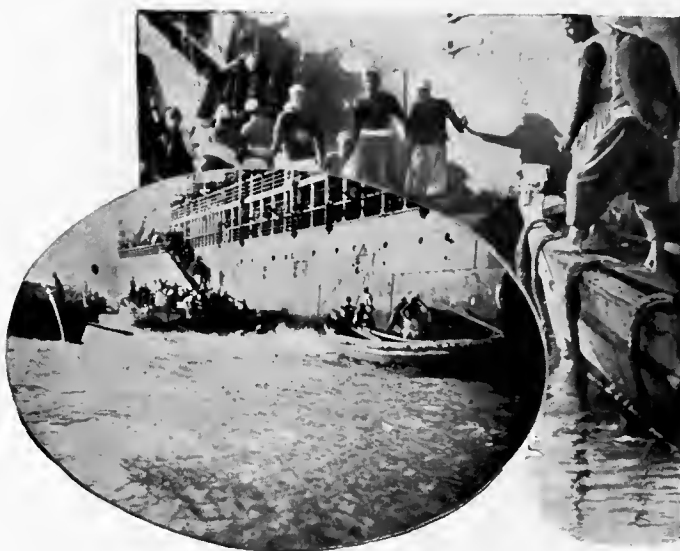
The Jaffa Episode

MONDAY, March 14th.

"We received the welcome news Saturday morning that the prisoners of the stormy harbor were landing and that they would be in the city, whose streets are not golden, about two o'clock. The dozen of us who were here decided to welcome them at the Jerusalem Depot, one mile from the walls. At two we were there and so were the train and the carriages to convey them to the different hotels. The drivers had their vehicles in a mud hole back of the depot and there was a rush and a roar for seats. We who had sacrificed ourselves to extend an open-armed welcome were all but ignored in the mad scramble through the mud to the carriages. But there were about half of them left after all and for lack of other amusement they began to recognize their friends.

They told an awful tale of deprivation, dust and wretched accommodation and shipwreck. According to their story one miserable boat was unequal to the numbers, ran upon a sand bar, sprang a leak and introduced the "pampered sons of luxury" to hardships they never dreamt of submitting to when reading the gilt edged incendiary circulars sent to them. These deprivations coupled with the turbulent, twisting undertow of the Joppa sea had not left them in a happy frame of mind and they were thoroughly prepared to insult their best friends and find fault with the most humane treatment.

When a vessel 455 feet long stands up straight on its end and whistles, people are in a position to imbibe doctrinal views hostile to all laws of sociology. It appears the *Aller* arrived at the port on time Wednesday and could have landed them, but the modern law of the Sultan forbade their landing at that hour. Before the majesty of the law, they bowed ; and then the storm arose which shook Jaffa to its roots, and the sea was in a frenzy. The 200 passengers were soon in the agonies of sea-sickness and the dining-room became unpopular. The captain, to avoid disaster, headed for Caifa, but the wind veered and they turned about and landed at Port Said, the upper end of the Suez Canal. This, on the whole, was an experience one would prefer to read about rather than endure."



Disembarking at Jaffa

Jerusalem and the Land of Promise

Substance of Lectures before the Allerites at Howard's Hotel, Jerusalem

No country on earth has at once so limited an area and so great a variety of climate as Palestine. The Jordan Valley enjoys tropical heat and vegetation. Mount Hermon is just beyond the northern boundary of Palestine proper, and from the perpetual summer of Ghor or Jordan Valley can be seen lifting up its head to a height where the snow remains throughout the year. This diversity of climate is due to the physical features of the land, features peculiar, indeed unique. The



In the Streets of Jaffa

Dead Sea lies 1300 feet below sea level. Mount Hermon rises 9950 feet above sea level. Between these two extremes there is variety enough to satisfy the most exacting.

A Jerusalem resident can reach the region of continual summer by making a journey of sixteen miles to the east, during which journey he will descend nearly 4000 feet. He can reach the orange groves of Jaffa, with their soft Florida climate, after a journey of forty-three miles ; he is only one hundred and fifty miles from the summit of Hermon. In midsummer one can stand on the shore of the Dead Sea with the thermometer registering the almost insufferable heat of 140° Fahrenheit, and looking up the Jordan Valley see the snow fields on the top of Hermon. In his own city, 2600 feet above the Mediterranean

and 3900 feet above the Dead Sea, the Jerusalemite has in summer a temperature seldom rising above 95° Fahrenheit in the shade, and in midwinter seldom going lower than the freezing point, and that only at night.

The position of the city, between the high mountains on the north and the hot desert lands on the south and east, renders it subject to rather sudden changes of temperature. Only occasionally, however, are the changes severe enough to cause suffering even among the lightly clad denizens of the place. These changes are now more frequent and more severe than they once were, owing to the denuded condition of the country



A Corner in Jaffa

as regards forests. There is practically no timber in any part of Palestine. There are some districts that might be called woodland in a country where woods were not abundant, but under present conditions there is no prospect of any increase in timber growth. With an utter disregard of the future, the inhabitants have in most quarters stripped the hills of every tree. What little fuel is necessary is procured by grubbing out the roots of the ground oak and the fragments of olive trees. As for tree culture, there is nothing of the kind practiced. The fact that in Bible times the rainfall was more abundant and the natural springs more numerous and copious, would lead to the inference that at that time the forests covered a considerable part of the land.

Palestine could never have supported the population accredited to it at certain periods of its history had it always been in its present condition as regards moisture.

Jerusalem and the neighboring districts have but two seasons, the wet and the dry. "Seed time and harvest, cold and heat, winter and summer," are the Biblical names. And each term is exact. The wet season is the "seed time; the cold, the winter;" the dry season is "the harvest; the heat, the summer." The early rains usually commence late in October or early in November. They open the agricultural season, softening the earth that has been dried hard by the long summer and making it possible for the husbandman to use his rude plow, an implement which has been in no way improved since the days of the Patriarchs.

In January and February the heaviest showers fall. In March and April come the "latter rains" of Scripture.

During every winter there are usually a few days of freezing weather. A thin coating of ice forms on small pools during the night, but it disappears before the following noon. Snow is an occasional and to the natives a very unwelcome visitor.

Summer begins about the middle of May and continues until the last of September or well into October.

Jerusalem is decidedly a windy city. Her winds, while sometimes exceedingly boisterous and careering over the mountains at a rate that would do justice to a Dakota breeze, are her best friends. The sultry and sickening winds from the desert are fortunately infrequent. In every part of the city,



The House of Simon the Tanner

but especially in the low underground hovels of the Jewish quarter and in some of the narrow, arched streets, fresh air can always be enjoyed. I confess that it is not always enjoyed, for the denizens of some parts of the city are so vile in their habits

of life that they seem to prefer the odors of decaying vegetable and animal matter to the combination of fresh sea and mountain air.

I question if any city in the world of its size violates more flagrantly the primal laws of sanitation. Regardless of these laws and indifferent to their surroundings the people in some parts throw all the refuse of their living into the narrow, unventilated streets and allow it to lie there exhaling its poisonous vapors, until the street cleaning brigade, consisting of a couple of donkeys and as many boys, with little more intelligence

than their long-eared helpers, come along and carry it off to the common dumping grounds. To a foreigner—even to some whose own cities are by no means models of cleanliness—the odors from some of the Holy City's side streets are excruciating. The wonder is that such utter disregard of sanitation does not frequently result in fatal epidemics. But it does not. Cholera is a frequent visitor to some parts of the Turkish dominions, but for thirty years Jerusalem has escaped its ravages. At the report of cholera all goods for some days are quarantined and then fumigated. I have seen them washing money in the sea at Jaffa in order to free it from any clinging cholera bacilli, while at the same time in the streets of that city and in Jerusalem were unnoticed piles of decaying, cholera-breeding matter—a great deal more likely to work injury to the inhabitants. There are two reasons why disastrous results do not follow such negligence: the power of the sun to dry all putrefying matter, and the continual breezes that carry off the poisonous gases.



The Well of the Magi



The Hill of Zion and the Road from the Station

Nature has made this a healthy city in spite of the filthy habits of the majority of its inhabitants and the puerility of its official class. Its high altitude and deep encompassing valleys counteract this carelessness and childishness. Had Jerusalem been built on a plain the habits of its present population would long ago have depopulated it, or, at least, sunk it to the condition of the wretched villages of the maritime plain. It has a sewer system of most primitive construction, which any sanitary engineer would pronounce more destructive of, than conducive to, health. This condition of affairs is the wonder and disgust of visitors and civilized residents. Often have I heard this or similar remarks: "Well, of all places I was ever in this is the filthiest, and can produce the most villainous odors. It must be one of the most unhealthy places on earth." And yet the climate in summer is preferable to that of the majority of places in the temperate zone. The city's altitude, dry air and proximity to the sea and the mountains, make it something of a summer resort. Many missionaries residing in the surrounding districts and in Egypt spend their vacations here, coming up from the plains and cities along the Syrian coast and from neighboring villages. And they find what they seek, rest and a change of climate.

No matter what the day is, though it is seldom hot enough to be uncomfortable indoors, the nights are always cool. As soon as the sun dips into the western sea coolness comes that

would be the envy of our American cities even in the northern states. If New York and Philadelphia and Chicago could enjoy the same temperature at night, fewer of their citizens would need to "waste their substance" in paying the high rates of seashore, lake and mountain resorts, where they think they must go in order to make existence bearable.

But the water, with its impurity and scarcity, is the great objection. Still, nobody desiring a daily bath need go without it, and good, pure water, as healthful as any water on earth, gushes out in living springs from the limestone hills near enough to the city to admit of its being brought in and sold at the not too exorbitant figure of three cents per gallon.

On coming to Jerusalem the visitor is struck by the rocky character of its surroundings. In many places on the plateau on which it stands the outcropping of the limestone is a common sight.

The barren condition of the neighboring hills and valleys, and, in fact, of the two hills on which Jerusalem is built, detracts much from the beauty of the place. These hills and valleys were once carefully cultivated, and, doubtless, over them trees and vines grew luxuriously. Centuries of neglect have caused the soil to be washed down into the valleys and the hills are little more than bare rocks. Debris from the many destructions Jerusalem has suffered has also helped to fill up the two surrounding and one intersecting valley.

The location of the city has been changed, or rather it occupies but a part of the ground covered by the Jerusalem of Herod and his immediate successors. The old city, including the mosque area, covers only 209½ acres. At the time of its greatest importance it must have embraced within its walls

nearly three times as much territory, and, judging from the estimates of its population at that time, the houses must have been even more closely built than now.



Damascus Gate

*Mount Moriah*

The houses are generally poor and patched, and have a mottled and ancient appearance. The mottled aspect is due to the fact that the stones composing the walls have done previous duty in buildings or walls that have fallen before the besiegers. The ancient look is genuine ; they are old ; some of them were quarried thousands of years ago.

The streets are in no way attractive ; they are narrow, tortuous and bewildering, running here and there with as little order and regularity as is manifested by the average mortal who passes along them. The only thoroughfares whose situation and direction are capable of explanation, are David Street, which runs east from the Jaffa Gate and makes connections which lead out at St. Stephen's Gate on the opposite side of the city ; Christian Street, which is the thoroughfare from David Street to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ; and the through street leading from the Damascus Gate on the north to Zion's Gate on the south. These are streets ; the rest that bear the name are, in fact, something less than alleys and something more than paths. The people who live along the streets use them as receptacles for the refuse of their living. Sometimes

this refuse remains for a month and, being added to continually, makes a very uninviting passage for pedestrians. The habits of the Arab and Jew residents are most abominable and actions violating common decency are tolerated—actions which in any city whose authorities had any regard for the appearance or health of the community would land their perpetrators in jail. Here such punishment would be considered a blow at personal freedom and, therefore, resented with great positiveness.

The residences are small, ill-ventilated and poorly lighted. The inhabitants live in crowded quarters and seem to object to fresh air. There are spots in Moslem Jerusalem too awful to be described. There are houses, however, of very commodious and respectable appearance in each of the three quarters of Jerusalem, where it may be seen that those who reside there have some ideas as to the comforts of life.

In the various convents, schools and buildings, used as residences for the orders of the clergy and the various churches, there is also comfort and plenty. Some of these, together with the churches in connection, are very handsome pieces of architecture and would be ornaments to any city of the western world.

Out of the 209½ acres occupied by the city thirty-five must be taken for the enclosure of the great Mosque. At least as much more is occupied by military barracks and fully as much is the private and unoccupied land of the various religious orders. Subtracting from what remains that on which stand the churches and other buildings not used as homes, it leaves something less than one hundred acres of ground to furnish the homes and the places of business for a population approximating thirty thousand.

The stores and shops are very primitive, but the methods of doing business are something to be wondered at. Along Jew Street which is in the centre of the city and runs south from David Street, can be seen on any day, but Saturday, a sight which for variety of dress, language, features and goods, cannot be paralleled. The stores are minute, some of them having only a few feet each way; the largest not more than ten feet wide by fourteen long. The way the goods are packed in, however, and the amount that can be exhibited to a probable purchaser is wonderful to the uninitiated.

Another characteristic, and perhaps the most striking one, of Jerusalem is the religious aspect. It holds easily the title of the Holy City for this reason, if for no other. Look in any direction you may and you will see the roof of mosque, steeple of church or dome of synagogue, and here and there the tall minaret overlooking all. The largest of the churches is that of the Holy Sepulchre, but there are at least twenty-five others. The largest of the synagogues is that known as Khal Stamboul, or Congregation of Constantinople, but there are two hundred others scattered throughout the town. The largest of the mosques is the El Aksa on Mount Moriah, but there are inferior ones to the number of thirty-seven. Added to these are the religious and eleemosynary institutions of priests and monks and nuns. At nearly every hour some of the numerous bells are ringing the call to service. At stated intervals, namely, at dawn, noon, middle of the afternoon, sunset, and at one and a half hours after sunset, the muezzin call is given "from the tapering summit of tall minaret," and the faithful Moslem obeys.



The Church of the Holy Sepulchre

For centuries the city and land have been under Moslem rule. The nominal head of the local government is a pasha, who is appointed by the Sultan. It depends altogether upon the character of the pasha whether he shall be anything more than a nominal head. The inferior officials can have only as much power as the pasha allows them. They constitute a sort of municipal council, and consist of nine Moslems, one Jew and one Christian. This is an exceedingly unfair division, seeing that the Moslem body is the smallest.

In the way of amusement there is nothing, not a place where an exhibition of any kind can be given, were there anything worth exhibiting ; not an opera nor a play ; not even a concert, from one year's end to the other. Lectures are occasionally given in the tourist season under the auspices of the local branch of the Palestine Exploration Society. For the rest of the year the town closes at sundown. The only places that keep open after this hour are a couple of German beer-halls and some Arab coffee-shops. The streets are deserted by humanity, and all is quiet until daybreak, except the canine part of the population.

Wonderful is the transformation that comes over the city when night falls. The people have nothing to stay up for, so they retire early. The natives are early risers ; they may have nothing to do, but no matter ; they are up before the sun.

There is no street lighting in Jerusalem save twenty-eight small oil lamps stuck up here and there on the sides of the houses. They are uncared for, and on a dark night do nothing more than indicate that they are lighted.

There are no telephones, and not likely soon to be any. An American missionary, who had charge of some schools several miles away, and with which it was necessary for him to have frequent converse, had a telephone sent to him. When he proceeded to put it in condition for service a Turkish officer was sent to make inquiries. The affair and the benefit of it were explained to him, and he went away and reported it to his superiors. Word soon came to the progressive missionary that he must desist in its operation. Such an innovation could not be allowed unless he had an order from the Sultan. He had no such order, and was in no mood to pay the sum necessary to obtain it. The telephone has been lying unused for several years.

The new city of Jerusalem, outside of the walls, has grown up within the last twenty-five years. This is not a very rapid growth, if it be compared with some of our western cities, but it is rapid for this part of the world, especially that on which the throttling Turk has his grip. In a country whose government discourages all progress by taxing every improvement beyond the benefit it can bring to the one making it, that discriminates against certain classes of its population and prohibits the entrance of many new settlers, the rapid advance of the city is a cause for wonder.

On the highest part of the ridge of the new city, outside the old walls, stands the consulate of our own great nation, and when the "Stars and Stripes" are floating they can be seen from nearly every part of the city. That flag of a nation undreamed of two hundred years ago waves over this city that counts its age by decades of centuries, yet represents a civilization as far in advance of what it sees as the parlor-car is in advance of the camel as a method of travel.

In this New Jerusalem the air is always pure. This is a matter about which tourists can afford to be unconcerned for a time, but which residents must consider. Because of its compact nature, the narrowness of its streets and its lack of proper drainage, the old city has at times a woeful lack of fresh air. But on the high land on the north there is never any want of this preventive of fever and other diseases. It comes up moist from the Mediterranean, and fragrant with the odors of the hills, or down from the high Lebanon country bearing refreshment and invigoration.

This new Jerusalem grows by accessions from every part of the globe. On its streets "all sorts and conditions" of Jews and Gentiles meet and pass one another. They may be



The Tombs of the Kings

strangers to each other and ignorant of the part they are playing, but I cannot resist the belief that each is doing his part in God's plan for the rebuilding of the city and its enlargement far beyond the borders it has occupied in the past.

Three centuries and a half have tested the present walls of Jerusalem, and work that even in times of peace will endure through so many years is in no danger of losing by comparison with similar work done to-day. Sulieman, the Magnificent, was the builder of the present wall and that he was not ashamed of his achievement is attested by the inscriptions found on several of the city gates. The date of their erection was 1536 to 1542.



The Mosque of Omar

The Jaffa gate is the most convenient starting place for making a tour of the walls. This gate is called by the natives the Gate of the Friend, because from it travelers from the city go to Hebron, the place of Abraham the Friend of God. The road from Jaffa meets the Hebron road here, making this the most important entrance to the city. A crowd of carriages, donkeys and shouting men are always near and a constant stream of varied and variegated humanity is passing in and out. At the present day the large gates of the city are never closed. At any hour of the day or night one can come and go as he will, provided only that at night he must carry a lantern or explain its absence to the police.

The average height of the walls about Jerusalem is about forty feet, but they seem irregular owing to the immense amounts of debris that have been allowed to accumulate.



Interior of the Mosque of Omar

The measurement of the entire city wall is two and a half miles. To walk the distance gives one a very good idea of the general topography of the place, and of the neighboring hills and valleys and villages. The walls are no longer useful for protection, they can hardly be called ornamental; they add to the city's quaintness and picturesqueness, and for this reason only it is to be hoped they will remain.

Of the population of Jerusalem one must speak in few words. There is no question of the slow increase of the Jews in spite of the rigorous prohibition and strict passport regulations. Of the 85,000 Jews from nearly every country on earth now in Palestine, fully one-half are living within the walls of Jerusalem or in the 23 colonies that cluster just outside the walls. The list of strangers in the city on the day of Pentecost, as described in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, can be duplicated to-day and increased by the names of many lands and nations of which history was not cognizant.

In numbers the Hebrew nation is respectable, in wealth and abilities it is wonderful. A sense of what it is, is compelling it to think of what it might be and to discuss the methods of fulfilling its destiny. In these discussions Palestine is coming into prominence and the formerly indifferent are made

"Lovers of Zion." Israel needs a home, a land he can call his own, a city where he can work out his salvation. He has none of these now. His present home is among strangers, people with whom he has little sympathy and who have little for him. The lands in which he lives are not his own, though he has frequently shed his blood for their preservation. The cities he has helped to build are not his, they never can be. Israel's hope of a home land is possible of realization, but it will be realized only in Palestine.

There are obstacles in the way which will not be removed to-day or to-morrow ; that they can be removed is enough. There is coming a time when Israel shall "no more be termed forsaken" nor his "land any more be termed desolate." Then Jerusalem shall be called "Sought out, a city not forsaken."

Of the entire Christian population of Jerusalem nearly one half are adherents of the Greek Orthodox Church, the wealthiest and most influential of all. Next in order are the Roman Catholics, who number three thousand two hundred, and who, as a Church, are by no means poor in this world's goods. The following list will give a concise idea of the various Christian bodies :

Greek Orthodox	4000
Roman Catholic	3200
Armenian	600
Protestants (all forms)	500
Coptic	120
Greek Catholic	100
Abyssinian	60
Syrian	50
Total	<hr/> 8630

It is very easy to obtain funds for charity in Jerusalem. The very name of the place appeals to all the Jewish and Christian world, and the amounts of money that come in for the regularly organized missionary and charitable societies, as well as for private independent workers, are truly surprising. For the amount of work done, as well as results accomplished, there is more money spent in the Holy City than in any other city on earth. And a great part of that money comes from America.

It would be doing a great injustice to many faithful men and women to criticise without reservation all the mission work that is being done. Even though it is open to criticism, I shall



Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives

have to leave that for those professional critics of Christian missions who are all too ready to publish their ignorance and are all too readily believed.

This must be said of the majority of Protestant Christian workers, that they are faithfully living and preaching the Gospel of the Master as they believe it. They are teaching these people how to live for this world as well as for that which is to come.

It should be borne in mind also that those who are here doing the Master's work, as they see it, have one of the hardest fields in the world to work. Christianity is no new thing to these people, but the Christianity of Christ is. It is true that the apparent results are small, but they are substantial.

The "Houses of Industry," where young men are taught some useful trade, are in themselves a blessing. These young Arabs go out to the different villages scattered over the land, able to do something more than pass their time in idleness. They also have some idea of what the true religion of Jesus is, even if they do not brave the ridicule and possible dangers that a public profession of it would bring upon them. There are girls in the mission schools who are taught ideas of cleanliness and get valuable lessons in home-making. This is work that will tell in the coming generation. The casual visitor, who comes to the city for a few days, and spends those days in sight-seeing, among which the mission work is not included, and then goes away to answer any who may question, is likely to answer there is very little of such work being done. All that such people need is an object lesson showing what these boys and girls were when they entered the schools, or Houses of Industry, and what they are when they leave to take their places in the world.

It would take a volume to tell of the "crank" population counted among the Christians mistakenly, diseased religionists from Europe or America, and who bring true religion into disrepute. Of oriental Christianity this may be said, that it is little else than lifeless form, and to "preach the gospel" seems to be no part of the labor of its numerous clergy. Their work is to care for the holy places, look after their large property interests in and near the city, see that their privileges are not infringed upon by other sects, repeat their prayers and live comfortably.

A list of the numerous buildings possessed by the Greeks that is, the State Russian Church, devoted to religious, educational or charitable purposes, gives color to the belief that her diplomats are using this arm of her established church to increase Russian power and influence. The mission seems to be to Russianize the land rather than to Christianize the people.



Lepers

The Latin church, or the Roman Catholic Church, is a missionary institution, and its priests do not lose sight of that fact. Each one of them is a missionary, and wherever he is holds in mind his commission to make Latin Christianity supreme. The various orders of monks and nuns, with their schools and orphanages and infirmaries for taking care of the children and the women and the sick, indicate their wisdom for the future. The church that employs such enginery is bound to progress, and the one that does not is sure to be surpassed.

The Latins are caring not only for the children of Latin parents, but are providing education for children of the Greek and other churches.

The Armenians have an extensive property on Mount Zion near the Tower of David. The other oriental churches are rather poor.

The Church of England, that is the Episcopal church, represented by the Church Missionary Society and the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, carries on the most extensive mission work done by the Protestants. It confines itself to the native population and works in the neighboring villages as well as in Jerusalem. For the number of workers the results appear very small, and when one compares the amount of money expended with these small results the wonder is that the supporters of the work do not become discouraged and apply the money here used to more appreciative people in other parts of the world.

The Church Missionary Society [of this church] employs in all about twenty workers. These are preachers, teachers and house-to-house visitors. Services in Arabic are held every Sunday in St. Paul's Church north of the city. There is a boys' boarding school, founded by Bishop Gobat, where about seventy boys are educated. This society also conducts a day school for boys and girls.

The "London Jews' Society" [of this church, also] owns the handsome stone church on Mount Zion, just opposite the Tower of David. Services are held every Sunday and are in English and Hebrew. A fine boys' school adjoins the church, where children of Jewish parentage are cared for. To the north of the city is the girls' school of this society, which is ably conducted and possesses the best equipped school building in Palestine, with the exception of the American Friends' School

at Ramallah. Under the care of the society is also a "House of Industry," where young proselytes are taught useful trades, and just now there is being erected a magnificent new hospital a short distance north of the British Consulate.



Lepers

Between the English and the Germans a great charitable work has been done by means of hospitals and dispensaries. The German Lepers' Hospital, southwest of the city, is most worthy of mention. The form of leprosy that may now be seen all too frequently in the environs of Jerusalem is not the same as that of Bible times. Hideously repulsive as the victims of it are, and fatal as are its results, it is not contagious. There



In the Garden of Gethsemane



is no doubt that it could be stamped out in a single generation, if the authorities would seclude the infected ones and prevent any of them from marrying. The disease is hereditary, and the children of afflicted parents are sure to have it sooner or later.

On the fine property owned by the Evangelical Germans has lately been erected, dedicated and consecrated, the Emperor of Germany making the long journey for the sole purpose of being present at that ceremony, a beautiful church. After a full recital of the Christian institutions and labors in and about Jerusalem one unacquainted with the place might look for the immediate conversion to Christianity of all non-Christians. But it must be said that there is no place in the world where indif-

ference and opposition are so manifest. Indifference is the attitude of the Moslem, while opposition characterizes the Jew. The results of the mission work are necessarily small, and will be so as long as there is so much called by the name of Christ that is unlovely and false, and in some instances, despicable. Here, as elsewhere, Christianity is judged by its fruits, and so much of the product is undesirable that the whole is refused. Before the indifference can be changed to interest and the opposition to favor, there must be a radical change in the Christian Church. It must return to the Christianity of Christ, exhibiting less of outward form and more of love. Until that change is made—when dead form will give place to genuine Christian living—the results can be no greater. At present the time given to this work is almost wasted, and the money spent well nigh lost.

My own belief is that the time is not far distant when Palestine will be in the hands of a people who will restore it to its former condition of productiveness. The land is waiting, the people are ready to come and will come as soon as protection to life and property is assured. I am ready to go further and say that the coming inhabitants will be Jews. This must be accepted, or the numerous prophecies that assert it so positively must be thrown out as worthless.

The present movements among Jews in many parts of the world indicate their belief in the prophetic assertions. Their eyes are turning toward the land that once was theirs, and their hearts are longing for the day when they as a people can dwell securely in it. With every improvement of the country the city of Jerusalem must improve. It will always be the centre of Palestine. Should an independent nation arise and occupy the land, as it once did, we should see history being repeated and Jerusalem a city of prominence. There are physical obstacles that would have to be overcome, but they are not so great as has been often assumed and asserted. There is room for a large city. The Plain of Rephaim as far south as the Convent of Saint Elias—half way to Bethlehem—is admirably adapted to city construction. The broad plateau on the north, now being rapidly built over, is all that could be desired for residence sites. There is ample room for a large city.



The Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives

There is something more needed than room, however ; there must be means of support for the people. These means are at hand, but, as already mentioned, they are undeveloped. Rich mineral deposits have been discovered, but work upon them has been abandoned because of the paralyzing policy of the government. Copper and tin have been found ; coal exists in paying quantities in the Lebanon and near Sidon ; at the former mines the coal is of good quality, and 12,000 tons were at one time mined, then the works were abandoned.

With the introduction of railways these fields would all be worked and made to pay. There are large mineral deposits in

Gilead and Moab, and along the shores of the Dead Sea. Petroleum is said by experts to exist in abundance in the southern part of the Jordan valley. There are salt deposits in and near the Dead Sea sufficient to supply the world's demands. All this wealth of minerals is of no value now, but once capital is assured of safe investment the present death will give place to activity. In such an event Jerusalem would be the natural



"Hic de Virgine Marie Jesus Christus Natus Est"

manufacturing centre, and could not only supply her own demands, but be able to compete with other manufacturing cities in the markets of the world.

It is very certain that Mohammedanism will have nothing to do with the city's future. Its six hundred years of possession and its present deplorable condition warrant the assertion. Jerusalem has been ground under the heel of Moslem oppressors, in spite of the fact that as a holy city it is with them second only to Mecca. It would still be in the same deplorable condition were the Christian nations and their many Jewish subjects not becoming so much interested in it. Quietly the Jew and the Christian have been getting possession of desirable

building sites and erecting substantial structures. Less than half of the city within the walls is owned by Moslems, while hardly any of the new city outside the walls is now in their hands. This desire to acquire Jerusalem real estate, a desire that animates Christians and Jews gives a strong indication of what the city of the future is to be. Its destiny is bound up with religion. For similar reasons Christian and Jew love it; to each it is holy for what it has been; it will become holier and greater still.—*From "Jerusalem the Holy," by special permission of the author, the Hon. Edwin S. Wallace, late United States Consul for Palestine.*

My Irreverent Donkey at Olivet

"The next day we went to Olivet and Gethsemane. I suppose it was all accident that I was given the donkey I rode, but it was an unfortunate accident for me. I am small and was dressed in black. He was a very small Jack, and was dressed in black also, so it seemed quite appropriate, but I am sorry to say that he had no respect for 'the cloth,' and behaved in a very frivolous and unseemly manner, calling needless attention to himself and me, and causing certain wordly people to laugh, in spite of the journey we were taking. First he insisted on rushing up to the front of the procession and getting ahead of the guide. When I became indignant at his lack of modesty, and reined him in strongly, then he went to the side of the road, up to a stone wall, and began to make preparations to brush me off his back. When I finally persuaded him to stop that, then he undertook to arrange the company to suit himself. Whenever he saw a couple riding close together (a man and his wife, for instance,) he would rush upon them from behind, and push and butt his way between them, till he got them separated far enough to meet his ideas, leaving me to apologize. With a curb bit and a club I might, perhaps, have restrained him, but, as it was, he had things pretty much his own way, and he made the most of it. I think the only reason that he did not throw me over his head, was that he was so busy looking after the rest of the party, that it did not occur to him to do it. He brought me to the Garden of Gethsemane in a very different frame of mind from what I desired."—*Spencer.*



Entrance to the Quarries of Solomon

The Quarries of Solomon

“A little north of the Damascus Gate the surface of the rock, which originally rose into a considerable ridge, is cut down on a line with the outside of the city wall, which passes over it. Under the arching strata is a narrow doorway, shored up with blocks of stone in a solid wall. Provided with necessary authority and guides, we enter. The way descends sharply, broadening out finally into a great cavern, the roof supported by piers of solid rock.

Great blocks of stone lie about ; some as they were taken from the walls, others with sides smooth, as prepared for the building. Vertical slots cut deep into the rock by some sharp instrument, possibly like a laborer's pick-ax, indicate the means by which the great cubes were separated from the parent mass ; for into these clefts blocks of wood were driven, on which water was poured, causing them to expand with an irresistible force and split the rock asunder.

There is a tradition among masons that in these caverns, so deep under the earth that there could not come from them the sound of ax, hammer or other metal tools, the stones of the Beautiful Temple were cut, squared and numbered, and conveyed thence through some passage now lost to knowledge, direct to the temple area to be placed in position under the supervision of the widow's son ; also that here freemasonry began, and the first rites of the mystic brotherhood were enacted in one of these vaulted chambers when operative masons alone—and of such only those who had passed through the great ordeal

with becoming fortitude—joined in solemn commemoration of the tragedy in which they had themselves taken a part, and which, with its lessons and symbols, was to be enacted in after times in every land, and in almost every tongue on the face of the earth. Here the masons [of the *Aller*.] who from the far west had traveled east to the birth-place of the order, under flaring lights and with the dark approaches duly tiled, joined with their eastern brethren in the mystic ceremonies of the Mother Lodge. What transpired there is no secret—to those who are entitled to the knowledge.”—*From Stoddard's "Cruise of the Friesland."*



The Tomb of Absalom

Description of the Masonic Meeting in the Quarries of Solomon

“It was on March 15th, the clouds hung low over the hills of the Holy City and dripped their mist as though they always thus wept in silence, that the Masons of the *Aller* party, who hold sacred their oath, revere the ties that bind the mystic brotherhood and love that which bears on either myth or history of their order, were bidden to go to the Quarries of Solomon.

Just opposite the Grotto of Jeremiah and within near eye-shot of the Holy Place of the Skull, to which most modern explorers point as the true Golgotha, and on beyond the Valley of Jehosophat, with the Mount of Olives as a shadow above between earth and sky, there is a hole in the foundation of the old city walls. If the Turkish Imam is gracious, he may grant a dispensation to the dog of a Giaour so that he may pass the heavy wooden barricade through which we enter the eternal bowels of the ancient town. The entrance is insignificant, but that which is entered is sublime and awful. There are galleries

of wide extent, and the vaulted rooms lose the eye beyond the limits of the flickering light of torch or candle. This is where tradition, abetted not weakly or idly by history, avers that the stones for the first temple of Solomon and the subsequent temples as well were obtained.



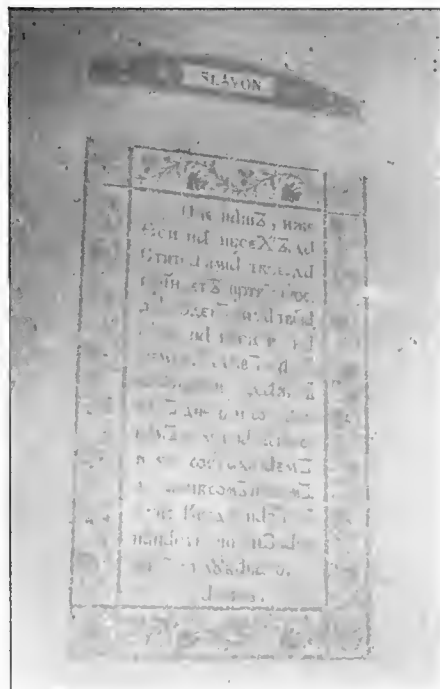
Church of the Lord's Prayer

May be it was thirty centuries ago that the workers hewed and chipped and polished great cubes of stone in the gloom, all silence save for the clinking noise of the tools. Great heaps of stone chippings and debris and rubbish of the quarry remain, in some places thirty feet deep. At many places the huge stones are seemingly finished, but have been rejected and left there because of some slight flaw that did not escape the eye of the exacting overseer.

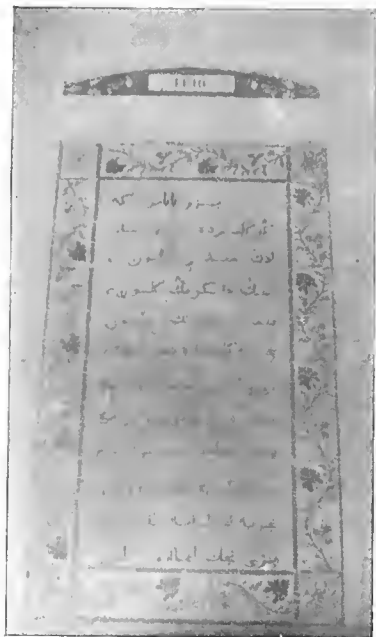
Elsewhere the cubes are in the rough or half smoothed, while in the walls at many places are blocks partially cut out. On this afternoon only those who knew the cabalistic words could enter, but once in the dark chambers, so like silent halls of death, only relieved by muffled footfalls and the uncertain light of small candles or lamps of olive oil held by each visitor, the brothers seemed bound by a tie of newest and most realistic meaning. Here the wondrous great first Master presided, and so in careful imitation the officers of Solomon Mother Lodge, No. 293, of Jerusalem, held a meeting in honor of the American masons of the *Aller*. It was a deeply solemn occasion. The lodge was opened in due form, the brothers kneeling and then standing in a circle, and after speeches from occident and orient and words from polaris to the southern cross the lodge was closed. If the scene could have been pictured and transmitted to every lodge room in the world with the ringing masonic words that were spoken, it would be a message old and glissome. The impressiveness of the ceremonies and the sombre surroundings could not be carried to the outer light, no matter how eloquent the bearer. One of the chief features of the meeting was the speech of Worshipful Master Kayat, a good Arabian mason, and it is here given in full :

BRETHREN: It is a happy occasion that has called us together. It is only a few weeks since this city of historic and masonic association beheld so numerous and distinguished a gathering of "craftsmen." Our British guests, who were about 40 masons, under the leadership of Archdeacon Stevens, vicar of Stratford, masonic past grand chaplain, met with us here on this very spot on the third day of last month, and we had a very pleasant and successful meeting together. Also, three years have elapsed since our American guests, under the direction and management of our beloved and much esteemed friend and brother, Frank C. Clark, visited us, and we likewise held pleasant meetings then in these quarries, and now we, who are residents in this ancient centre of masonic science, are glad once again to extend a cordial and fraternal greeting, on the five points of fellowship to those others who, braving all dangers which beset the path of the true Mason, and all temptations which are only too ready to allure him from the path of duty, have, with rare perseverance and fortitude, crossed sea and land in order to visit the site of the ancient temples of the great Architect of the Universe, and, as they survey the ruins of past ages, to gather inspiration from the memories of those workmen, who though now at rest, in this historic city, the centre of the three monotheistic religions of the world, Islamism, Judaism and Christianity, used the tools of the workman and the builder, the 24-inch gauge, common gavel, square, level, chisel, skirret, etc., in order to raise a spiritual structure that in its turn should serve as a foundation for the achievement of others who, like us, are desirous of receiving "light." In your name, brethren of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, I address myself to our honored and welcome visitors here present and say:

Brethren from the west, who have traveled eastward to this ancient centre of masonic science and light, accept our hearty felicitations on the most praiseworthy zeal which has brought you hither. In order to assist you in your researches for light during the short stay you must necessarily make with us, I would take the liberty of calling your attention to some of the most interesting points for your study. We are now assembled within the very quarry where the ancient craftsmen of King Solomon's days labored each in his little corner, illuminated only by a little oil lamp, the resting place and soot of which has remained to this day, in order to hew silently and unobserved (for all good work is silent and unobtrusive,) the great stones for that great edifice which was one of the wonders of the world, the chief centre of true spiritual and intellectual light, and which, though now in ruins, is one day (I trust not far distant) to be rebuilt by the exertions of brethren of the craft. The old masters have left the quarry, but you may still see the marks they left behind them, not only here, but in almost every nook and corner of the sacred city. Visit the Haram Area and there, underground indeed, but none the less intact and well preserved, you see the ancient gates of the ancient temple, whilst deep underground buried from eighty to one hundred and ten feet below the present surface lie the ancient and massive blocks which silently, without the sound of "metal" being heard, our brethren piled up as an enduring monument of their



Lord's Prayer Tablet



Lord's Prayer Tablet

knowledge and industry. Or, if you seek for more recent monuments of masonic skill, visit and study the ancient Abbey of St. Anne, just inside the gate of St. Stephen. Enter its great western gateway, and standing in the centre of the middle aisle, notice the remarkable one-sidedness of the structure, the little window over the high altar, the remarkable carvings on the capitals of the piers, and you will have had many an illustration of the wonderful way in which the ancient craftsmen succeeded in conveying through dead and lifeless material, solemn and instructive lessons. Then visit the remains, at the Sisters of Zion; at the Russian Hospice, east of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; of the ruins of the Knights of St. John's Palace, with its hosts of "mason's marks;" the hour-glass, the arrow, the gridiron, the richly-carved zodiac—and you will have a mass of masonic ideas surging through your mind which you will, in the short period of your visit here, have scarcely time to note down, much less to digest. Then, if you will, you can pass on to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the question as to whether it is the genuine site. It is sufficient for us modern masons to know that at different periods during the last fifteen centuries, brethren of the craft not only helped to build the venerable pile and have left their marks upon it, but, sincerely believing it to be what it is said to be, laid down their lives in its defence.

"THEY THAT WERE SLAIN SOAR TO KINDRED SPIRITS."

Elsewhere, in every part of the town, you meet with relics and monuments of the chivalrous and heroic Crusaders. Whatever your estimate of them and of their work be, remember that many of them were "masons," and worked according to the light vouchsafed them.

"The knights' swords are rust,
Their bones are dust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."


But why need I speak only of Christian "masons." Were there none amongst the ranks of Islam? Was not the knightly Salah-ud-din (Saladin) a true mason even though he may have never entered a masonic lodge?—Ah brethren! Your visit, short as it will be to this city, will not be without benefit to you, if, from your experiences here, you learn from the lives of those gone before, to "make your own sublime,

And departing, leave behind you
Footprints in the sands of time:
Footprints, which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and lonely brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

The Jerusalem Masonic Lodge was organized by a Kentuckian and exists by virtue of a charter granted by the Grand Lodge of Canada ; so Americans generally, as well as Allerites, must be somewhat interested.

For long ages the entrance to the great quarries was lost and was discovered by an American quite by accident. He was hunting rabbits when his dog chased one into a hole. Digging for the animal the persistent hunter discovered the long lost door. Miles of the quarry galleries have been explored and yet more remain unexplored. They seem to undermine the entire city. Just why the Moslems guard the great cave so zealously is not known. They say there was once a plot to store vast quantities of dynamite there and blow up Jerusalem, that the plot was discovered barely in time to circumvent it, and that to prevent a recurrence of such a thing entrance to the quarries without a permit, very difficult to obtain, is interdicted. This is not believed to be the true reason, but may be as good as any to the public. At any rate, it is said that only once before was a masonic meeting permitted therein, and seldom, indeed, is an entrance effected by travelers, so the *Aller* Masons must suitably appreciate the honor paid them. Report has it that now and then rash visitors have gotten in and have become lost and perished, and also that aggravating court offenders have mysteriously disappeared, and their disposition is darkly hinted at, entombment and slow starvation in the gruesome cavern.

With all the interest centered there, and it is great, the light of day, and even the cold mist, tasted better to the Allerites than the musty, century-laden air of the Quarries of Solomon."—*Chase S. Osborn.*

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Jordan and the Dead Sea

"We got an early start and had a lovely day to make the twenty or thirty miles. The road was good to begin with and we went along at a smart pace over the winding mountain road, about the only decent one, it is said, in Palestine. We are going to and through the land of thieves, and for protection we have some of the thieves, with double-barreled shot-guns and daggers and horse pistols, with us. This is a matter of foresight on the part of the thoughtful Turk. On, on we ride through this "wilderness of Judea." At the foot of the hill we halt at the fountain of the Apostles. This is a general halting



The Valley of the Jordan

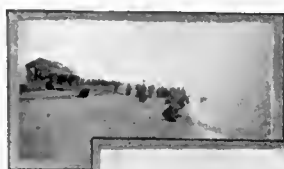
station for pilgrims and tourists, but to-day it is not crowded. Trains of donkeys, camels, horses, all loaded, pass us, carrying meat, wheat, wood, charcoal, etc. The half-way house is reached at last. The house of the Good Samaritan, where the poor man who fell among thieves was entertained for two pence. It is on the top of a hill on the right of the road. The hotel consists of three jagged stone walls and a hole in the rock. Two oranges at this place cost ten cents. What it would cost to stay over night we cannot imagine. It is proper for us to meditate upon the great advance in hotel rates since the Samaritan's time. Here we met a large number of our party who were returning sad, weary, disappointed and wet and in a frame of mind over the condition of the roads.

Nearing Jericho, we were delighted to see a brook of clear flowing water, which was the brook Cherith, by which Elijah dwelt and was fed by the ravens. Its banks, 500 feet below us, were fringed with trees and green bushes. The mountain side was steep and the mountains themselves rugged, seamed and wrinkled.

We are rapidly approaching the scene of the passage of the Israelites into the promised land. Crossing the brook Cherith with some difficulty over large smooth stones, famous Jericho is reached. There are three hotels where we leave our luggage. The village is a distressing looking place. There are about 300 Jerichoans, and many of them are very scantily clad. We stopped only a few minutes, then rode on through the plain with brushwood on both sides of us. The stony banks were reached. There were one or two booths where refreshments were served, and we had quite a good meal. Bread, butter which would run like molasses, chicken, beef, Jordan fish, nuts and raisins. While we were there men brought to the restaurant a fine string of fish fresh from the sacred stream. Hunters also brought in an animal about two feet long, which, as I understood Arabic perfectly, I guessed was an opossum. There were present here quite a number of Russian pilgrims, and with their priest they held a service at the very edge of the muddy stream. They washed their feet in the Jordan, and these same were of remarkably large size.

I contented myself with clambering over the boats on the stream, washing my hands and sinking in the mud, which is

plentiful and prevents an easy approach to the water. The stream is about 200 feet wide at this point and seems anxious to reach the Dead Sea, which is three or four miles below. It is not the cool, clear, quiet, babbling brook that my mind had pictured since my grandmother's time.



At the Dead Sea

Brush, thick with tangle and bamboo, line the banks, of which banks the farther is almost perpendicular. One of our party the day before, an old gentleman from San Francisco, lost himself completely in the thicket, and for an hour wandered about in the brush, which is said to be infested with hyenas, jackals, wild boars and villainous Bedouins. The terror of the old gentleman from the wild West can be imagined. At last, however, he emerged, red with shouting

and streaming with perspiration.

There is on the shore one hut which no one seems to use, except for shade. It was cooler here. The wind blew in from the clear, restless sea, and it is far more pleasant than at the Ford of the Jordan. The beach is lined with beautiful round, smooth stones, worn into strange shapes by the incessant movement of the waves. There is dead wood a few feet up from the water's edge, forming a fringe of white. All about are sea-shells and more or less asphalt. Mountains encircle this site of Sodom and Gomorrah, and opposite and south of us are Mountains Nebo and Pisgah. We are told that there are numerous and valuable mineral springs, many of them hot and excellent for bathing.

It would be an Eastern Saratoga, and better, but for the Sultan, who is the private owner of all this estate from the Jordan to Jericho, and who, of course, objects to any improvement. Enterprising capitalists have tried to buy or rent this vast garden, but without success. The Sultan prefers beggary and desolation. The natives are in a very low state of development in this valley, which should and could blossom as the rose. Palestine has a wonderful possibility, a wonderful variety of climate and production, and some time when the Jew recovers

his lost land, or when a Christian nation becomes its possessor, we shall hear of great things. I wandered up and down the beautiful beach, and waded in the waters of the sea so clear that I could pick curious stones from beneath the surface of the water. One can wade here without fear of losing his toes as choice morsels for crabs or snapping-turtles, or even sharks, and one can swim here, likewise, without any fear of drowning, so buoyant is the water from the great amount of salt.

The sea has no outlet, and all it loses is by evaporation, which leaves the salt in solution. The specific gravity, therefore, is very great. A bath is a good test of the weight of a man's brain. If his head is empty there is no trouble to keep upright and level-headed; but all of our party showed a tendency to reverse the usual order of things, thus showing that the brains of the *Aller* party were not in their feet.

While wading I filled two wine-bottles with the bitter salt sea-water for future reference. I wanted to remain here longer and take in the situation, but our Dragoman kept hurrying us, inventing reasons for early departure—a performance they are equal to under all circumstances.

We return to the ill-fated Jericho, the land of Elisha, Elijah, and miracles. Here the she-bears disposed of thoughtless boys who made fun of the bald-headed man. Here the iron axe swam in the Jordan. Here we drank sweet water from the fountain of Elisha which he healed with salt. This fountain supplies all the city of Jericho with drinking-water, and earthen jars and goat-skin bottles were very common thereabout. The mount of Christ's temptation is said to be back of the city, as well as Elisha's Fountain. After a course dinner, which was very excellent, we retired to our rooms, examining first the ominous notice on the bed-room door which stated that the proprietor would not be responsible for any valuables not left with him. I regarded it not, and for two reasons. Firstly, I would not trust him; secondly, I had no valuables with which to trust him.

About two o'clock I was awakened by a hard wind storm which had blown open the windows



Two Hoosiers on Jordan's Stormy Banks

and was banging the door with vigor. In some of the rooms the glass was blown in, and the house actually rocked perceptibly from the force of the storm of wind and rain. It was seven o'clock when we started for Jerusalem, and two hours later than we intended. In the brook Cherith our horses balked; the driver shouted and lashed in vain. We crawled out one by one over the dash-board and jumped to terra firma. After the driver had hammered his horse's head with smooth stones and everything within reach, and after two bare-legged sons of the wilderness had put their shoulders to the front wheels, we at last got started. We reached Jerusalem in due time, and were glad indeed to make for our hotel and call it home."—*Parke*.

Through Samaria and Galilee on Horseback

The modes of travel are so manifold, in these times of invention and progress, that anyone contemplating a tour overland, especially in America or Europe is not thought singular if he hesitates before deciding the question: How shall I make the journey?

But if the tourist wants to make his way through Samaria and Galilee, and chooses not to go on foot, and refuses the camel and the donkey he must go on horseback.

Just when the French horse was introduced into Palestine for travel I know not, but he is there now and doubtless will stay while the Sultan of Turkey rules, for he is opposed to change. The horse is below the medium in size and rather fleet and also sure footed and can climb the mountain passes quite readily. It was on the morning of March 7, 1898, that the bugle call in front of Howard's Hotel in Jerusalem announced the hour for making ready for the journey. A half hour was given us during which time each was busy selecting his horse and making the acquaintance of his muleteer. I had previously "feed" a guide to secure for me a good horse, and when I was ready for mounting my steed the guide made his way through the jam of horses, mules, donkeys, men, boys and tourists, myself following.

He stopped at a raw-boned, weak jointed, spavined and flea-bitten gray saying, "Here's your hoss." I at once demurred. He then found a rather pretty chestnut sorrel, and

to secure this one I again gave the muleteer "Backsheesh" whereupon he assured me by all that was good and bad, that he would keep it for me while I went into the hotel for a piece of baggage.

On returning I could find neither horse nor muleteer. He had sold out to another party and had also sold me. In my desperation I made diligent search and found a charming looking bay and without asking any question mounted. But I had no sooner done this than two muleteers, one on either side, laid hold of the bridle rein, each claiming the horse and having turned him around, they lead him back to the hitching rack, while I, of course, was at their mercy, or rather meanness.



His Arab Steed

They were wanting a fee and I was making their acquaintance. At this stage of affairs Mr. Herbert Clark came upon the scene and hailed me, saying, "Why do you not go out into the street where the procession is forming?" I replied most feelingly, "I very much want to do that, but under existing circumstances cannot." He righted matters at once, and soon I was in the line of the procession sitting proudly on my bay. And my horse "David," as some of my friends were pleased to name him, proved to be one of the best in the company.

At 8 A. M. of this day the bugle sounded the note for the movement of the caravan, and with high hopes and in gleeful spirit we rode out of the city. Of tourists there were fifty-five, eighteen of whom were ladies. This company required one conductor, Mr. Lewis; four dragomen, Solomon, Jacob, Joseph

and George ; twenty muleteers and thirty-two additional men to manage the tent equipage and provide wholesome meals and luncheons ; in all there were one hundred and twelve persons. To move this company and the necessary equipments one hundred and twelve horses and mules, twenty donkeys and one palanquin were required. We took our journey northward over the usual caravan route, passing on the left the hill of Calvary with the Damascus Gate on the right.

Passing a cavern on the hill side we glance at it and are told that it is the grotto of Jeremiah and with a backward look again scan the entrance to the Quarries of Solomon opposite. A little later we pass the tombs of the kings and very soon we were making the ascent of Mt. Scopus, which is practically one with the Mt. of Olives on the south.

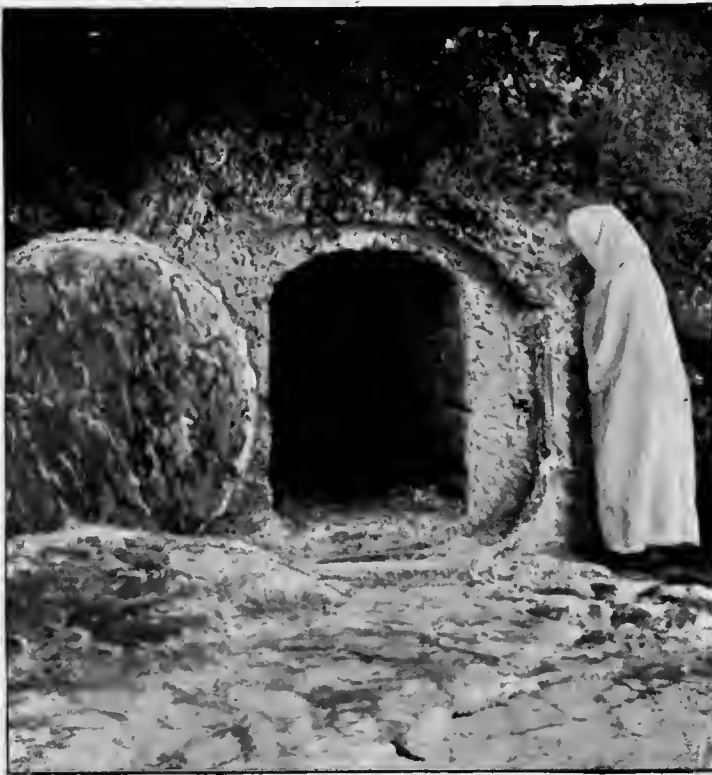
Here a halt was called that we might look once more upon the city of Mt. Zion. Doubtless our conductor thought for most of us, if not all, it would be our last view of a scene unequalled in the world. In silence we looked upon it. Beyond the near hills to the east is the valley of the Jordan, the river itself lying hid under its skirting woods of balsam and tamarisk ; the grand view being bounded on the farther side, by the mountains of Moab, which change color with every passing cloud, sometimes melting into the blue distance, again taking on a misty grey, while at their foot gleams here and there between the intervening mountain tops, the clear blue water of the famous Dead Sea. To the south was Bethlehem, of such sweet and tender memory, and beyond this, a little farther southwest, a lower range of hills, and though not in sight we knew that just over their brow was Hebron.

Looking westward we could see the hills of the wilderness of Judea, in the midst of which is Ain Karim, the birth place of John the Baptist and the place where was heard "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Just back of us on the sloping hillside east is Bethany. After this wider sweep of our vision the eye finally rests upon the city itself while the mind recalls scenes of unparalleled interest. A look once more is given to Gethsemane and a glance off yonder, north from Damascus Gate and outside of the city, at the Hill of Calvary and as we turn from this enchanting scene to take a final view of the city and the Mount

of Olives and the place of ascent, we can almost hear again the chanting call, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in," or see in imagination as we stand gazing, with uplifted eye, "Jesus ascend up into Heaven."

Where in all the world can you find such another picture—even forgetting the associated history—such a picture of such wonderful and varied beauty. One may travel far and not find it. But though all this was left behind there was much, very



"And behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door"

much before us, as we follow the old caravan route from Jerusalem to Damascus, not a carriage drive but a path for a pilgrim.

An hour's ride and we reach ancient Gibeah of Benjamin, where the sons of Saul were murdered, among whom were two of Rizpah's sons. We read: "She took sackcloth and spread it upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until the water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night." So were the rocks of Gibeah made classic by this mother's strong instinct.

To the left, one mile and more distant, came into view historic Mizpah, the seat of Samuel's power and judgeship in Israel, and where was first heard the benediction, now being voiced around the world by the Christian Endeavorers, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."



Lunch and a snap-shot between showers

Next we pass through Ramah, celebrated in sacred history because of a woman, "Deborah, the prophetess, who judged Israel after the death of Ehud." We read, "From this palm tree of Deborah went forth the influence which led to one of the most brilliant victories in Israel's glorious history—a victory which shattered the power of Jabin, King of Canaan, and gave to the oppressed and suffering land rest and freedom for forty years." As we journey on, having in mind that we are traversing the ancient route which the pilgrims of Samaria and Galilee used when they went to Jerusalem to attend the national feasts, we were not surprised to pass the village El Birch, where the child Jesus was first missed by His parents on their return to Nazareth. The place is only a day's journey from Jerusalem, and blessed with a spring of water where pilgrims are still prone to halt and refresh themselves, as we ourselves did.

We found Shiloh, the birthplace of Samuel, and where the Tabernacle was first erected, a scene of utter desolation, as was also Bethel, where on our first day out we lunched at noon.

It was here that Jacob, being weary, "took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep," and where God came to him in the wonderful dream of the ladder, connecting heaven and earth, and promising very great things for him. No wonder that he named the place Bethel and vowed faithfulness unto his God. Had it been night instead of day possibly some of us might have tried a stone for a pillow.

As we journeyed on, the way began to be rugged, passing through sharp ravines and exceedingly rough places. Hills which were once terraced and fruitful valleys once "flowing with milk and honey" were now quite barren. No shelter is afforded us from either sun or rain, nor was it to be found in the villages of huts and hovels located on the hills for the protection of the people, where still the armed sheiks and tax-gatherers demand and collect what they please.

We met an occasional caravan making its way across plains over the great hills and through the rocky passes.

After a charming day and scenery of striking beauty and interest we rode into camp at Singil near four o'clock, finding all in readiness for us. The tents being numbered we knew just where to locate. And how delicious the tea and the sweet crackers to hungry tourists, only they know who have had similar experience.



Shiloh

Then, until the dinner hour, some were writing letters, others making notes of the way, a few resting in their tents, while yet others hied themselves away to the rocks near by and sang hymns and patriotic songs. This was an hour not to be forgotten. Dinner over, the camp-fire was lighted and all made merry. A crowd of natives visited us, which added much to the

evening's interest. We sang, and the Arab children responded. They wanted backsheesh, and we returned the compliment by passing the hat, but we were not any richer, save in amusement.

On March 8th, Tuesday, by 7 A. M., we were in the saddle,



Jacob's Well

and, being refreshed after a good night's rest, we hastened on to the historic site of Jacob's well, where we lunched and spent the noon hour. After luncheon the company divided into groups, and the beautiful story in the fourth chapter of St. John was read. The depths of our hearts were broken up as probably nowhere else, for this was the very well where Christ met the woman of Samaria, hence very sacred. To gather about the well and draw and drink of those same waters was the privilege of a lifetime.

In the afternoon we ride on toward the city of Nablous or ancient Shechem, and on the way pass between the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim. Here once were gathered the tribes of Israel to listen to Joshua, the veteran leader, while he read the laws of blessing. On Mt. Gerizim the tribes of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph and Benjamin; on Ebal those of Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulon, Dan and Naphtali each responding "Amen." A most impressive scene it must have been.

It was suggested to our party that we divide and climb the mountains and enact the ancient scene and test the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre, but being weary and anxious to get into camp again, we hastened on.

Nablous is a curious old place, but delightfully situated, being surrounded with mountains and rugged hills, flowing waters and fertile valleys.

During the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, Shechem was rebuilt and named Neopolis (new city), which appellation has passed into the Arabic Nablous, the modern name it now bears.

It is noted for the manufactory of soap, there being as many as seven factories located in the city. Judging from the appearance of the people, we concluded that it was all exported, none being used for home consumption. The only synagogue of Samaritans in the world is at Nablous—they number about one hundred and fifty people and have in their possession a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, written, according to their claim, by the son of Phineas, thirty-five hundred years ago. Like Jericho, "thieves abound there," and before night fell one of the tents was entered for plunder, but the screams of the occupants frightened them away. We met a Baptist missionary from England, who is endeavoring to sow the seed of the gospel in that field, but the opposition is one of hatred, so that the work is difficult.



Mount Tabor



"Tickling the earth with the old-fashioned one pronged plough"

March 9th. Wednesday morning we enter upon our journey clad in gossamers, mackintoshes, etc., for the wind was blowing, and already the rain was descending and for two days and more storms beat heavily upon us. We could realize better than ever before Christ's words : "The rains descended, the floods came and the winds blew."

Hail, lightning and tempest met us, our horses would turn around to protect themselves, umbrellas were turned inside out and in one or two instances blown from the stock.

Thus we ride through the hours of the day, stopping a little while near 10 A. M. to visit Samaria, which for so long was the Capital of the kingdom of Israel. The situation is quite picturesque. On the top of the hill, where was the city, is a broad plateau, and around the base a rich valley of five or six miles in extent. It has now a population of four hundred.

There are here two objects of special interest ; one the remains of a church dedicated to the memory of John the Baptist. The roof of the building is wanting, and only the walls remain. It is evidently as old as the Crusaders, and because so many forms of crosses still remain, we conclude that

it was built by the Knights of St. John. We were shown a vault where our guides tell us St. John was imprisoned and a tomb where he was buried.

The other place of interest is the ruins of Herod's palace, of which many columns remain, showing the extent of the ground for palace and theatre. But, according to the prophet Isaiah, "the glorious beauty, which was on the head of the fat valley, has become a fading flower and as the hasty fruit before the summer." And so also Micah declares, "I



A pause for lunch and photograph

will make Samaria as an heap of the field and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley and I will discover the foundations thereof." Verily God fulfils His word.

As we pass through Dothan we think of Elisha's wonderful vision, "the mountains full of chariots of fire and horses."

Neither did we forget the vale round about where Joseph's brethren took their father's flock. Here, too, we recalled the story of Joseph's misfortune, and at the same time praised God for the care He took of the boy and the men. As we rode along we talked of the cattle once scattered over the fields; of the sons of Jacob sitting under the shade of some

great tree and watching their flocks ; of the boy Joseph, in his many-colored coat, hastening across the fields to meet his brethren, and, indeed, the whole tragical story passed in review before us.

The merchants on their way to and from Egypt, Arabs and Bedouins we call them to-day, would not hesitate any more than then to do the same things. Their desire is just the same. They sell the same things now. They come from Gilead and still go down to Egypt, selling spices, balm and myrrh, and if a company of shepherds would to-day offer to sell a smart boy, just as Joseph's brothers did, they would find many a ready purchaser. Sin remains the same and the religion of



Mary's well at Nazareth

Mahomet does not improve the people. At the noon hour, because of the storm, we lunched on horseback, having baked chicken, hard bread, hard boiled eggs and one orange each. Camping for the night at Jenin will not be forgotten. Torrents of rain until the tents were flooded with water ! How cheerful was the camp-fire that evening, and how essential to comfort and

health only those know who had made the journey of the day. I shall ever remember the kind woman who furnished me a pair of her husband's dry darned socks, and the good friends who invited me to their tent after dinner to enjoy with them a charcoal fire.

Thursday, March 10th, we crossed the plain of Esdrælon, the great battlefield of Palestine. It has an extent of twenty by thirty miles, reaching to the Mediterranean on the west and to the mountains of Gilboa on the east.

From Jehu's rapid driving across the plain, as described in II. Kings, we have even to this day the phrase, "He drives like Jehu." As we cross the stream how could we but remember with very special interest Gideon's army reduced from 32,000 to 300, and hear again the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

As we gallop across the plain, Nazareth, which we were anxious to reach, finally comes in view. It was pleasant to behold this fair city, the home of Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus, on that bright sunlit afternoon. Horse and rider both seemed happy to approach the historic place nestling among the hills. From the brow of the hill southward, as we look across the plains cultivated in garden terraces to the hills and mountains beyond, the view is superbly grand.

We no longer dwell in tents, but during our stay in Nazareth lodge in a new hospice conducted by Greek priests, where everything was scrupulously neat and clean. It so happened that we were the first to occupy it, and thought the waiters were inexperienced and easily confused specially when everyone at the table wanted eggs at the same time ; we enjoyed our stay very much. Soon after our arrival we were taken to the Chapel of the Virgin, where we were shown Mary's kitchen and dining-room hewn out of the rock ; then, to the Fountain of the Virgin, and later to the carpenter shop.

Friday, March 11th. When making ready for our ride to the Sea of Galilee we were somewhat annoyed by a strike of muleteers demanding additional backsheesh. But, matters being adjusted, we left in the midst of a severe storm of rain, which increasing in force caused some to turn back. Only three of the eighteen ladies ventured to continue the journey on that day ; some made the trip later, on Monday.

On our way Mary's childhood home was sighted, also that of the prophet Jonah. The sun suddenly coming from behind the clouds, we all began singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and many joined in word and spirit. At Cana of Galilee we stopped for a half hour, passing, just before entering the village, a fountain whence came, most likely, the water which Christ used when turning the water into wine.



Down to the Sea of Galilee

During the day we passed olive orchards and saw flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle and herders as in the ancient times. In the afternoon we reached the Horns of Hattan, now thought to be the Mount of Beatitudes, where the last battle of the Crusaders was fought when they were vanquished by the Turks. The view of Mt. Hermon from this elevation is singularly beautiful. Far up to the north it stood, robed in a glorious mantle of snow; silent and in solemn grandeur, it seemed to stand sentinel over all the upper portion

“The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
Where the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.”



The Sea of Galilee

The view is taken from a point near where the River Jordan begins its course to the Dead Sea. The buildings on the left are old Roman baths. At the right is Tiberias

of that goodly land. The scene was refreshing to the eye and the picture lingers enchantingly in memory's chamber. As we looked eastward the "Deep blue sea of Galilee," so rich in historic interest, came into our view. Descending from the Mount of Beatitudes we were soon galloping over the road leading down to the sea and through the streets of Tiberias, the only town now on those shores. Here in a hospice we tarried for the night. Ruins mark the site of Capernium and Magdala, the most deserted and filthy places we visited. Though the devils were cast out of Mary Magdalene they certainly were not banished from this region. The shores of the sea are desolate, but the waters are as in the days of Christ. Over its waters we rowed and toiled and some of us fished.

After luncheon and gathering of shells at Magdala we returned to Nazareth, where, if all felt as I did, we parted from our horses with sincere regret. My steed, "David," had carried me 150 miles without a balk. He never went back on me as he had ample opportunity, while going up hills that nearly approached the perpendicular, nor tossed me over his head in going down, and whenever there was a spot half level and smooth enough for a run, a hint for the race was all he needed. May he always have plenty to eat and the kindest of treatment.

The Sabbath was a day of worship and rest with us. On Monday we were driven in carriages to Haifa where on a high sea we found our ship *Aller* awaiting us. Being safely piloted to the ship we were soon off for Joppa, to meet and welcome those from Jerusalem, who did not take the horseback trip through Samaria and Galilee.

Mingled feelings possessed me as I realized my pilgrimage a thing of the past,—now a memory and not an anticipation. Sacred history had unrolled its centuries before our eyes as we traveled and the panorama of divine manifestation among the holy places of the earth had been made vividly real to us.

For me it fixed most indelibly the truth of the Scriptures, while making real the story of the patriarchs and prophets and the life and work of Christ and his disciples.—
Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, D. D.

ASIA MINOR

Beirut, Damascus, Smyrna, Ephesus

ASIA MINOR

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Beirut

"At nine o'clock we left the harbor of Acre, and when we arose this morning, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, Beirut was smiling upon us from its position on the hill. The smile was



Beirut

short. Soon it began to rain, threatening the morning's anticipated pleasure. Mr. Clark was on deck and urged every one to go and see "the only civilized city of Turkey."

Three of us walked through the town and out to the Syrian Protestant College, whose President, Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., we met. He conducted us about personally through the chapel, museums, reading rooms, etc. The young men were bright, intelligent Syrians, [300 in number according to the catalogue]. I found them studying algebra, and one was poring over "imaginary quantities" treated in English, just as our book does it. Strange to say, they use the same general history as is used in Easton Academy. We talked with several, and had two underscore their names in the catalogue of 1897, which was presented. This is a Presbyterian Institution and is doing a wonderful work in civilizing and upbuilding, where such work is much needed.

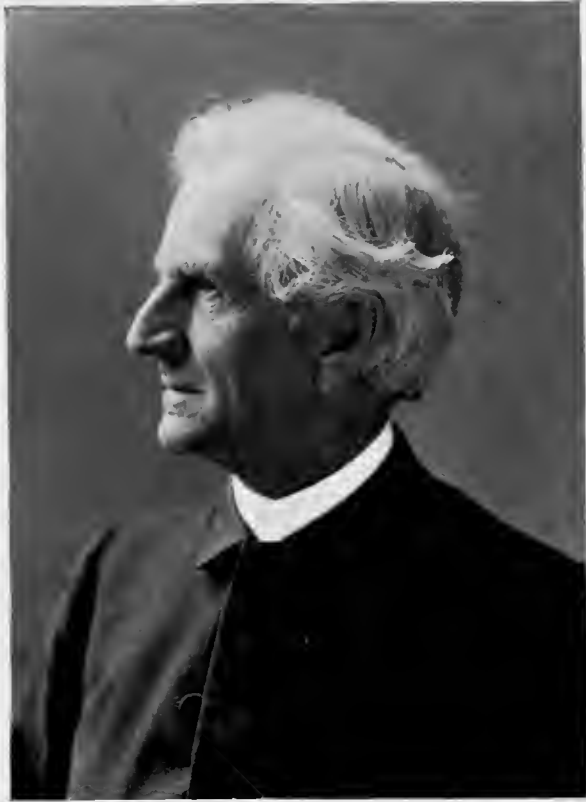
This city of 100,000 people is the centre of missionary spirit and activity.

There is a printing establishment in Beirut, which is printing Bibles in great numbers in the Arabic language and distributing the word where it is doing good. Some who visited the place were given a piece of type on which was the word for Jehovah.

The college of which I have written is under the same care as Lafayette has about the same number of students, and is situated somewhat the same, though with more beautiful views of sea and lofty mountains. The grounds, covered with trees and gardens and tennis courts, commands a beautiful prospect of the blue Mediterranean Sea and of the snow-capped Lebanon mountains. This seaport, the most important of all Syria, was founded by the Phœnicians at a very early date. The American mission has been established for fifty-two years, and the college was established in 1866."—*Parke*.

The visit to Beirut will be ever memorable to some of the Allerites for the courtesy and kindness extended to them by the faculty and students of the Syrian Protestant College. It was like meeting old friends and getting in touch with American ways and manners. Especially will the visit live in the memory of certain members of the party, because of the exceeding hospitality extended to them in the beautiful Christian home of Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. Far away from friends and kindred the frank kindness and restful hospitality was very sweet and is pleasant to remember. It is gratifying to the compiler to be able to place in the book an excellent picture of the courageous

scholar and courtly gentleman, President Daniel Bliss, D. D., under whose able administration for more than a quarter of a century the work at Beirut has gone on to success and wide influence.



Damascus

*"Fair Damascus on the fertile banks
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams."*

—Milton's Paradise Lost, Book I.

Damascus, a city of about 200,000 inhabitants to-day, stands first of all the cities of the Bible in respect to the length of its history. It is mentioned in Genesis and evidently was in existence many hundreds of years before Athens or Rome were thought of, and to-day is by far the chief city of Syria. Twice it has been the capital of great empires and at one time its dominion reached from the shores of the Atlantic to the Indian. Two great Biblical names are connected with it, namely, Elisha the Prophet and St. Paul the Apostle. The city has existed and prospered under Persian despotism, Grecian anarchy and Roman patronage and it exists and prospers still despite Turkish oppression and misrule.



On the Way to Damascus

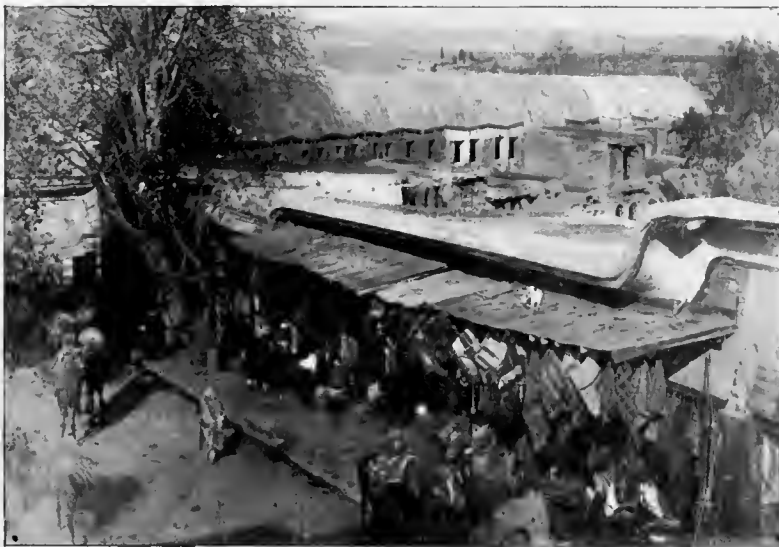
Damascus is reached by a railway 70 miles long, ascending 5000 feet in 23 miles, from Beirut over the Anti-Lebanon mountains and then down through a deep winding valley by the river Barada, the ancient Abana of Naaman's time and the secret of her present and guarantee of her future prosperity. The river Barada, the ancient Abana, rising in the heart of the Anti-Lebanon mountains out of a deep pool 300 by 50 yards, descending over a 1000 feet in 23 miles as it approaches Damascus, is divided by an ancient system of dams and aqueducts into seven streams, some lying at different levels, but spreading fan wise all over the plain for the purpose of watering the gardens and the court yards and the houses of the city.

The Pharphar may be a small stream not far from Damascus, watering the same plain. The contrast suggested to Naaman was that of the immense fertility produced by his two clear mountain streams as still illustrated to-day and the comparative uselessness of the deep, muddy Jordan.

Damascus of to day, though "fair from far," is usually a disappointment on near acquaintance. The streets with a few exceptions, are narrow, crooked, badly paved and often dirty. The houses, as seen from the streets, as a rule consist of brown mud walls, low doors and mean latticed windows.

The exteriors of the houses are, however, deceptive, for the interior is often as magnificent as the outside is mean. On entering a house one usually descends a few steps, an arrangement necessitated on account of the water—the street has risen as the years ran on, but the courtyard must keep low enough

to receive the running water. Passing along a short passage and round a sharp turning one enters most unexpectedly a beautiful courtyard. The courts of all the better houses have a large open pool in the centre, built up two or three feet from the ordinary level and covered outside with marble and supplied with running water; the whole floor is covered with

*The River Barada**General View of Damascus**Straight Street Bazaar*

colored marble or other stones, and grouped around are lemon, citron, orange and other trees. The doors and windows of the rooms open upon the court, and in the case of richer men—especially Moslems—there is an inner and often more magnificent court, perhaps even two or three beyond. Of the rooms the lower ones especially are inhabited in the summer, but in the winter they often become so damp from the moisture under the floors that those in the upper story are preferred. These



Court of a House in Damascus

upper rooms are generally very flimsy structures, being built of wood and mud bricks. The winters are usually short, and the rainfall is much less than in Palestine proper, so that the people do not suffer much inconvenience from the unsuitability of their houses to the cold.

The bazaars are famous all over the east. The "Greek" bazaar has now many shops with plate glass windows, but the great majority retain something of their primitive appearance and mode of doing business. As everywhere in the east, the trades of special kinds are grouped together, so that the "silver bazaar," "the cotton bazaar," "the shoemakers' bazaar,"

"the saddlers' bazaar," etc., are the exclusive places for obtaining those particular goods. Many of the most frequented bazaars are covered-in streets, so that the cold and wet of winter and the hottest rays of the summer sun are thus excluded. A considerable section of "straight street" is thus roofed over, and in it and the numerous covered-in side streets a purchaser can pass dry-shod in all directions till he completes his purchases.—*A. J. P. McC.*



"Then the Disciples took Paul by night and let him down by the wall in a basket"

Smyrna

"Saturday morning, March 19th, found Smyrna smiling upon us. Smyrna, the city of figs and rugs and drugs. As one enters the beautiful harbor, he notices first, Mt. Pagus and the old battered citadel on the crest. There are fine groves of cypress trees, which appropriately adorn the beautiful cemeteries. The tomb of Polycarp, with a single large cypress is pointed out. The last words of this saint will explain why he perished at the stake, 'Eighty and six years I have served Him (Christ) and he hath never wronged me, how then can I blaspheme my king who hath saved me?'"

Boats and steam launches landed us at the wharf. One-horse street cars took us a mile to the English railroad station to Ephesus.

*"Little Breeches"*

A young Jew at the depot told us that Smyrna contains 400,000 people: 100,000 Jews, 150,000 Turks and 50,000 Armenians. There did not seem to be sympathetic feeling here for the Armenians, who were said to be in the wrong. Still, it is hard to see why they should be slaughtered by the wholesale.

Our ride took us for fifty-two miles through fine, cultivated plains and meadows, flanked on each side by mountains, which were without trees but covered with bushes. The soil is watered by streams of clear running water. Groves of olives and figs dot the fields, and closely trimmed vines filled many cultivated spots. Farmers with yokes of oxen, such as we saw in Egypt, were slowly stirring up the soil; following them in solemn dignity the stately storks stalked. No one seemed to pay any attention to the long-legged birds, much less did they

*"Look pleasant, please"*

disturb them. They look much like turkeys, but their limbs are slim and long and they are guilty of the pride which is exhibited often by an American gobbler. Wild ducks floated in the lakes, and here and there a camel was seen upon the mountain side, where its owner watched his sheep or goats. Through this attractive scenery we made our way to Ayas-alouk, where to our right we see the tumbled remains of a castle, and, while

we look, the train stops and we are invited out. There is no town of any account. A few people live here apparently by selling beads and antiques. The first striking thing is the towers, which are the remains of an old Roman aqueduct. The place is all ruins. We climb a hill, turn to the right, where we see a big stone arch, and beyond it the ruins of the Church of St. John, which was formerly a mosque, and the cattle which we saw from the train. Down the hill we go, and at the rear we have a view of a beautiful entrance and ornamented stone archway. Beyond this a few hundred feet is the depression where is all that is left of the great temple eight times destroyed and seven times rebuilt. There were 240 in the party, and here and there we could hear a thoughtful bookworm say aloud, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Through some mistake of a guide we were told that the temple ruins were five miles away. Then there was gnashing of teeth, and, in the language of a Pike's Peaker, a tall and stately president of a southern college audibly muttered "Diana's Temple or bust." Unlike the famous traveler of our West, it was



Site of Ephesus

unnecessary for us to bust (by thunder). Climbing over the fences and down the slope we found ourselves among broken, fluted, marble columns, which gave every evidence of greatness and antiquity. While some looked on with horror, the vandals went to work, and some of the fallen columns were less fluted, and some of our pockets were filled with choice chips of marble. From our position here we caught a glimpse of an arm of the sea which once reached to the temple, but now appears to be several miles away. Around the mount near the bay is the modern city of Ephesus. All these hills are covered with ruins: Mt. Prion, Mt. Coressus, the hill of Ayas-alouk, ruins of Gymnasia, of Agoræ, of theatres, of temples, all of which made Ephesus famous in the olden time. The Temple of Diana was a buried ruin for centuries, and less than forty years ago a Mr. Wood dug up the ground

and uncovered the ruins. The final destruction of the temple occurred in 342 A. D., by order of Constantine. Many things of interest concerning Ephesus are found in the Bible, and Ephesus is associated with numerous names of those who made



At Ephesus

history: Paul, John, Cræsus, Xerxes, Xenophon, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Cicero, Pompey, Augustus. Connected with Ephesus is the story of the "seven sleepers," who, in a cave on Mt. Prion, slept 200 years, in the time of Diocletian, and, like Rip Van Winkle, thought it was but a night.

Returning to the city they found themselves unable to comprehend the changes they saw; chagrined they left and slept their last sleep.

Lunch was served the Allerites in a building near the station, then, at 2 P. M., we started for the city of fifty languages, arriving about four. This allowed us two hours among the bazaars. Thence we made our way back to the boat, buying figs and figs."—*Parke*.

Ephesus and the Church of St. John

A Lecture delivered on Shipboard

Ladies and Gentlemen :

I suppose Mr. Clark selected me to lecture on this subject on account of a two-fold qualification : first, I had never been to Ephesus ; and, second, I expected to leave the Aller party before they reached it. The latter qualification will at least save me from any unpleasant consequences to myself, if you do not find the reality correspond to my picture.

One other word of introduction : the subject of the lecture as given me before I came aboard was simply "Ephesus," with no reference to the Church of St. John. As my *compagnon de voyage*, whose trunk contains everything else that a man might want or imagine he might want, neglected to bring an encyclopedia, you must pardon a very brief reference to the latter part of my subject.

The historic peninsula lying between the Black and the Mediterranean Seas, known to us as Asia Minor, the most westerly projection of the Asia continent, has two rivers more prominent than the rest running westward to the Ægean Sea. The more northerly is Hermus, with Sardis at its head and Smyrna at its mouth. We think of the first when we say "as rich as Cræsus," and the second suggests to us rugs and figs. I have had some rude shocks on this trip; I saw no grapes at Malaga and no cats at Malta, and if I find no figs at Smyrna, I will be inclined to turn upon Mr. Clark and sue for damages. The southern stream is the Mæander, to whose multitudinous windings we pay tribute whenever we speak of meandering streams. Miletus was its city.

Between these two was another and a shorter stream, the Cayster. Its valley is divided from the valleys of its neighboring rivers by two mountain ranges that project out into the sea in the islands

of Samos and Chios; the former a high rocky mass, the fabled birthplace of Juno; the other fair and fertile, clothed with vines and gardens. The little valley of the Cayster, thus enclosed on either side, is divided into an upper and a lower valley by a transverse range, through which the river breaks from the high plains above to the alluvial lands and salt marshes below. The upper plain was the cradle of the continent of Asia, for the oldest mention of the name is where Homer sings of

"The Asian meadow by the streams of the Cayster."

From this narrow valley the name spread over all the peninsula to the river Halys, and then to the region beyond, as Herodotus distinguishes between "Asia within the Halys" and "Asia beyond the Halys." Later, Mount Taurus was the accepted boundary of what we now know as "Asia Minor."



Ruins of the Church of St. John

On one of those fine sites that the Greeks knew so well how to select, on the spurs of Mount Coressus and Mount Prion, on the southern side of the lower valley of the Cayster, an



Mosque at Ephesus

Athenian colony under the lead of Androclus, son of the Athenian King Codrus, was founded not far from the time when David was laying the foundations of the kingdom of Israel, or Solomon was building the temple at Jerusalem.

The preceding inhabitants of the land were the half mythical Amazons, those strong-minded ladies of antiquity, who failed to establish the supremacy of woman, because—unlike their modern sisters, they had failed to discover that the pen—not to say the tongue—is mightier than the sword. By this ungallant conquest was founded the city of Ephesus. But

Dies erit prae gelida

*Sinistra quum femina.**

A woman became its goddess.

The whole history of the city shows traces of the struggle between the Greek influences, centered in the city on the hills, and the Asiatic influences that clustered around the temple on the plain, the shrine of the goddess, whose image—like the Palladium at Troy—was believed to have fallen from heaven. Again and again the city was saved from destruction at the hands of Asiatic conquerors by placing itself under the protection of the goddess, and at length we see the Asiatic deity, the rude symbol of nature's fruitfulness, baptized with a Greek name, and enshrined in a Greek temple, while the Greeks of Ephesus boast that their city is *neocoros*, temple-sweeper, to the goddess. No divinity could be more dissimilar from the chaste huntress known to the Greeks as Artemis, and to the Romans as Diana, than the many-breasted Asiatic goddess that represented the female principle in nature. Yet the identification was made; perhaps because the moon was the symbol of both divinities; perhaps because the Amazonian defenders of the Asiatic goddess suggested the maiden companions of Artemis.

* With apologies to James Jeffrey Roche.

Ephesus was at first outstripped by the more rapid growth of its sister city Miletus ; it was afterwards surpassed in wealth and splendor by Sardis ; it was once tributary to Pergamos ; and it has for centuries been in ruins while Smyrna still survives. But for all that it has an interest, even in its ruins, unrivaled by any of its great competitors.

The patient researches of Wood have shown that the sea has not receded from Ephesus as was long supposed. It was never built by the sea, for a Greek city required an Acropolis,



A Modern Diana

and no suitable site near the sea offered. So, as they could not bring the mountains to the sea, they brought the sea to the mountains, creating a harbor very much as Glasgow has been made a seaport in modern times. The waters of the Cayster were turned into an artificial basin, which was connected with the sea by a straight canal. The ancient quays and docks have been brought to light, and the German excavations now in progress are uncovering the interior of the amphitheatre, the agora, the gymnasium, the streets, the statues and the houses of this ancient city. If you would know something of its life, I need only refer you to Wallace's account of ancient Antioch,

or Sienkiewicz's description of ancient Rome ; for all cities then were epitomes of Rome—organized by Roman genius, beautified by Greek art, and corrupted by Oriental luxury.

Its great temple had a history all its own. It was not in the city, but out on the plain a mile or more to the northeast. Its recent discovery by Wood is a monument of British pluck, energy, patience, ingenuity and scholarship. The British Museum furnished the means, and it is there—and not at Ephesus—that we must look for its more splendid remains.

The pavements of three successive temples were identified ; the first was planned by Chersiphron in the time of Cræsus, replacing a still older structure ; this was rebuilt and enlarged by Pæonius in the fifth century B. C. But in the year 356, "on the same night on which Alexander the Great was born," as ancient historians delight in telling us, this temple—the richest and the most splendid in the world—was burned to the ground by one Herostratus, who wished to make his name immortal, and did not discriminate too nicely between fame and infamy.

The Ephesians set about to rebuild it with yet greater magnificence, and such was their civic pride that when Alexander visited it before its completion, and offered to pay the whole cost from the spoils of his eastern campaigns if he might inscribe his name upon the pediment, his offer was refused.

Wood has shown that the temple rested upon a raised platform, ascended by continuous steps on all sides. The dimensions at the lowest step were four hundred and eighteen feet one inch in length, and two hundred and thirty-nine feet four and one-half inches in breadth. Upon the platform was a double colonnade all around, eight columns in width and twenty in length ; with the pair of columns supporting the roof of the pronaos, and the corresponding pair in the posticum, making a hundred exterior columns in all. They were fifty-six feet high, and were unlike all other ancient columns, in that they were sculptured in high relief to the height of a man, with figures of Amazons and warriors. From the group of figures around the base rose the fluted shaft, crowned with an Ionic capital. The sculptures are said to be the work of Scopas, and are of the finest workmanship. Within the temple were columns of *verde antique*, some of which are said to be now in St. Sophia, while

precious stones and marbles of every kind, paintings of Apelles and treasures of ancient art adorned its walls, or were stored in its vaults.

Ministering in this temple, and supported by its offerings, was a vast army of priests, lecturers, singers and servants, while merchants and artisans in the city derived great wealth from the trade of the throngs of worshipers attracted to its yearly feasts.



Ephesus "Is one with Nineveh and Tyre"

But one day there came a little Jew to Ephesus who began to preach strange doctrines, at first in the Jewish Synagogue, which no one need mind, for all knew the peculiar ideas Jews held as to other gods than their own; but later in the school of one of the philosophers or rhetoricians of the city. This might be more serious, for now the doctrines began to attract the attention of Greeks. Still what could the Jews do against the great goddess, entrenched in the superstition, self-interest and pride of the people, with the power of wealth, the glory of art and the prestige of historic association all on

*Mosque at Ephesus*

her side? Yet the future belonged to the Jew, for the power of God was with him. In these streets, now silent save for the pick and spade of the explorer, were wrought two memorable scenes of which the teachings of this Jew were the occasion.

Throughout Asia Minor, before words were reduced to written characters, there were certain

symbols in use for the conveyance of ideas to persons at a distance. Such probably were the "tokens of woe" brought by Bellerophon to the King of Lycia. After the art of writing was introduced it was natural that a superstitious significance should be attached to these ancient symbols. Such probably was the origin of the "Ephesus letters," the interpretation of which became a lucrative craft to a large company of sooth-sayers. But when St. Paul came preaching a religion of truth and not of fraud, "so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed" that those who practiced this black art brought their books, to the value of 50,000 pieces of silver, and burned them in the public square, a scene for whose counterpart we must look to the Piazza Signoria at Florence, when high born dames burned their ornaments and luxuries under the spell of the scorching eloquence of Savonarola.

The other scene grew not out of greed overcome, but arose from cupidity inflamed to opposition. What a picture that is of a mob of mercurial people; all rushing to the theatre to follow the crowd; some shouting one thing and some another; the more part knowing not why they had come together; all at length joining for hours in the shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" the tactful Roman officer at length allaying the excitement by an appeal to Roman law and the common sense of the people. Should not the silent walls of the great amphitheatre speak peace to our hearts, excited by the fleeting possessions of the passing hour?

"Hush and heed not, for all things pass."

Only truth is eternal.

Ephesus produced many orators and poets in the days of her prosperity; but their writings have perished, their very names have passed, for the most part, into oblivion. But from this city were written two little books that have become an imperishable part of the world's literature. Ephesus is now only a cemetery, and much of its dust is the dust of the dead. But here were written those words that, when our dead are committed to the dust, fill our hearts with the blessed hope that "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality."

Not far north of Ephesus, where Mt. Ida overlooks the plain of Troy, the son of Priam gave the reward of beauty to the goddess of sensual love, and plunged the ancient world into war. But here in Ephesus St. Paul places the crown of pre-eminence upon the brow of Christian love, and wherever its blessed evangel reaches the hearts of men, it brings with it peace and good will.

And the final associations with Ephesus are not with St. Paul, but with St. John, who not more truly, but perhaps more eminently, was the Apostle of love. It is said that when he could no longer walk through these streets, he was carried to



Ancient aqueduct—The home of the storks

the church in the arms of faithful disciples, and lifted to the pulpit where he could only say, "Little children, love one another." No wonder that under such holy teaching, timid maidens when confronted in the theatre with the question, "Diana or Christ," chose Christ and death, rather than Diana and earthly happiness.

When Justinian came here to build the splendid church, whose ruined portals we still can see, it was rightly named "St. John Theologos," for here the aged Apostle wrote that gospel that most fully reveals the Word made flesh; the glory as of the Only begotten of the Father. And though city and church have perished, it is not the name of Diana but the name of the beloved disciple whose echo still survives in the name of the village that marks the spot, Ayas-alouk—John Theologos."—*Rev. Peyton H. Hodge, D. D.*

The Mock Trial of W. R. Hamilton, Sometime Physician and Surgeon

Humorous incident of the voyage between Malta and Alexandria, February 23. As Mark Twain remarks, "No ship ever went to sea that hadn't a Mock Trial on Board," and we had ours of course. Dr. Hamilton, as you may see, from the indictment, was accused of various fearful and terrible things:

INDICTMENT

OTTOMAN EMPIRE,

Dampfer Aller

Royal High Court of Backsheesh.

The chief order of the Royal High Court of Backsheesh, to wit: the Grand Inquest sitting on the steamship *Aller*, within said empire, present one W. R. Hamilton, alias Doctor, alias L.L. D., alias Dèntist, alias Veterinary Surgeon, alias Grand Spokesman and Adviser, alias an Instructor to those who are personally conducted, he himself being one time personally conducted, once of Pennsylvania, an alleged spot within the realm of one "McKinley" and now commorant and assuming the office of conductor within our said empire and within the jurisdiction of this humble court, did on the twenty-third day of February, this current year, being known among Christians as the year of 1898, at and within said empire and within the jurisdiction of said court, unlawfully write and deliver or cause to be delivered to one L. B. Lewis, on said *Aller* a certain libelous, scurrilous and threatening letter, said Lewis then and there being a rival conductor in the troupe known as the Clark Contingent, and a loud, garrulous and flirtatious young man inclined to the society of the gentler sex, which letter, it is prayed, may be submitted in evidence in support of this indictment, the same being too scurrilous to spread upon the record. An authenticated copy of said letter has been submitted to said accused, all against the dignity, peace and order of said empire and contrary to the code of said realm in this case made and provided.

SECOND COUNT

And your Grand Inquest further present said W. R. Hamilton, aliased and described as aforesaid in said count, known as count first of this indictment, that said Hamilton did at various times and places, within said realm and within the jurisdiction of said court, to wit: On a steamship *Aller*, and at a time and times from and between the twenty-third day of February, 1898, and the eighteenth day of March of said year, continuously and inclusively in



"Said and aforesaid alias Hamilton"

pursuance of the threats set forth in said threatening letter referred to in said first count of this indictment, which said letter the government will produce and now offers to produce, and with the intent to carry out said threats, unlawfully threaten the life of said Lewis by firing at him from a pistol and by further striking at said Lewis with a sword or scimeter with intent to injure or maim said Lewis and deprive him of the power to further conduct said troupe and to send him prematurely and without sufficient preparation to Sheol.

THIRD COUNT

And your said inquest further present said Hamilton, alias and described as aforesaid, his place of domicile being on said *Aller* and within the jurisdiction of said Honorable Court, that said Hamilton did unlawfully have, possess and conceal sundry weapons, a more particular description of said weapons being to your jurors unknown, with intent then and there to wit: On said eighteenth day of March, 1898, to injure, maim, destroy, kill or otherwise disturb one L. B. Lewis, now on said *Aller* and within the jurisdiction of this court.

Foreman, Grand Inquest Backsheesh,

W. M. BELL

It was also necessary as part of the evidence to reproduce the alleged letter sent Mr. Lewis upon which the indictment was founded:

STEAMSHIP *Aller*, Feb. 23, 1898

MR. L. B. LEWIS:

Having but recently diagnosed the identity of your personality as the contumacious individual who aided and abetted in the racket produced in the hall-way opposite my Cabin de Luxe last evening, to the disturbance of my nocturnal rest, I herewith denounce you in conjunctivity with others as a disturber of the peace, and as an anatomical congestion of eruptive bacilli.

Should it be your misfortune to fall into my hands, as an impatient, I would delight in disrupting your epigarsis.

Fiend beware, for if opportunity offers I shall certainly amputate your amphithoral mumgoosley bob.

Yours disrespectfully,

DOCTOR W. R. HAMILTON

The make up of the court was as follows :

Judge—Hon. S. M. Cutcheon.

Clerk of Court—Jas. G. Shepherd.

Sheriff—H. R. Wilson.

Crier—W. J. McMullin.

Prosecuting Attorneys—Hon. F. D. Allen, Isaac M. Jackson.

Defense Attorneys—J. J. Russell, Col. A. F. Seltzer.

Jury—S. D. Presbrey, foreman ; Rev. Jos. Schmitt, Chas. McFeeley, J. W. Stoddard, Geo. W. Selden, G. Waldo Smith, Mrs. F. D. Allen, Miss Laura Ruddle, Mrs. A. J. P. McClure, Miss E. Rumsey, Miss Florence Presbrey and Miss Caroline Archbold.

Oath for Jury used by Clerk—By the Pyramids of Cheops, by the Sphinx and temples of Luxor, you do promise to pay no attention to the weight of evidence or the truth of witnesses but will be governed entirely in your verdict by the amount of backsheesh you may be paid.

Witnesses' oath used by Clerk—By Menese ancient king, by Seti and Rameses II, you promise not to tell the truth, the whole truth or any part of the truth.

Verdict of Jury—The jury disagree on the main charge, but in the testimony given we find him guilty of swindling the Governor of Malta at poker and recommend a considerable fine which shall be divided among the "Jury."

The oaths administered to the witnesses together with the verdict of the jury have a uniqueness and an appropriateness which are delightful. However, as one of the witnesses, placed upon a high table in the midst of the large assemblage in the dining saloon and questioned facetiously by the prosecuting and defensive attorneys, I can testify that there was more somberness and less amusement in it than might have been anticipated.



Cornered

CONSTANTINOPLE



CONSTANTINOPLE

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Constantinople

"There were very few, if any, days during the cruise on which the enthusiasm of our ship's company was aroused to a greater height than on the day of our approach to and landing in the harbor of Constantinople.

We were aroused at five o'clock on the morning of Sunday, March 20th, when our ship was at the entrance of the Dardanelles, "The Ancient Hellespont," so we would have an opportunity to view the site of ancient Troy.

Readers will remember the Dardanelles as a narrow strait connecting the *Ægean* Sea with the Sea of Marmora.

As we progressed through the Dardanelles our thoughts naturally reverted to the story of Leander swimming the Hellespont. Perhaps it may be of interest to recall briefly this ancient story.

Hero in Greek mythology was a priestess of Venus at Sestos, who was beloved by Leander, native of Abydos. It was Leander's habit to swim across the Hellespont nightly to visit his beloved Hero. During one tempestuous night, however, he was drowned, and in the morning the waves cast his body on the shore. When Hero beheld it she threw herself into the sea.

This feat of Leander having been boasted about through so many centuries, Lord Byron determined to accomplish the same feat, and on the 3d of May, 1810, swam the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos, and after he had successfully accomplished the feat, wrote a poem in a humorous vein concerning it, from which I quote one stanza :

" 'Twere hard to say who fared the best,
Sad mortals ! thus the gods still plague you.
He lost his labour, I my jest,
For he was drowned and I've the ague."

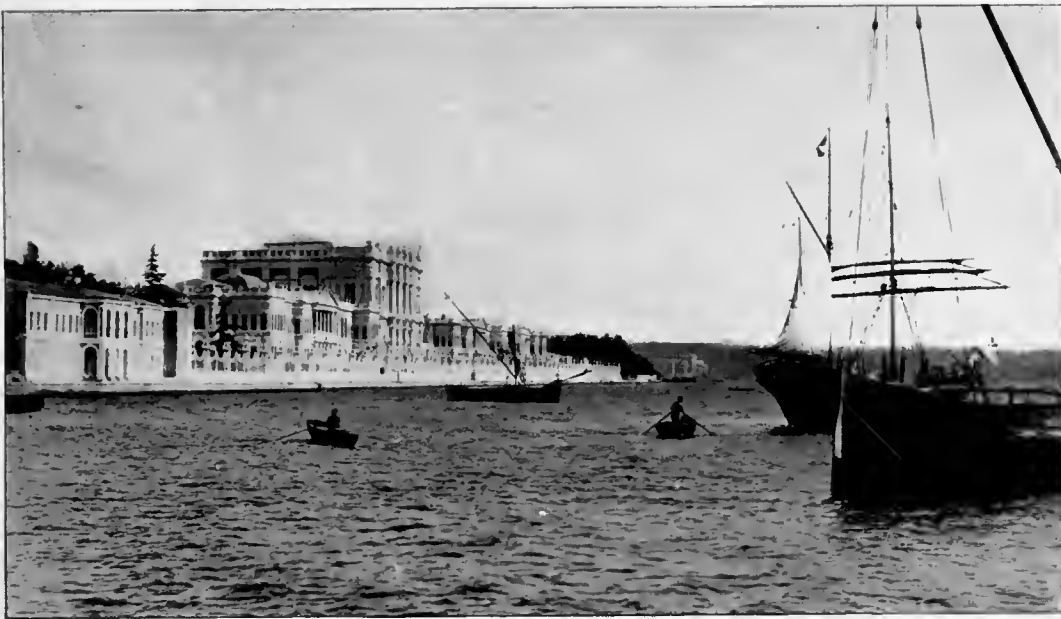
On the morning of our passage through the Dardanelles the air was so cold we could not think of the feats of Leander and Lord Byron without a chill. According to Lord Byron's notes the distance from the place where he started to his landing, including the length caused by the current, was about four English miles, although the actual breadth of the Dardanelles at this point is only about one mile.

After passing through the Dardanelles we emerged into the sea of Marmora, and were for a time out of sight of land. During this time, as it was the Sabbath day, we had our customary religious services on the ship.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon our eyes were greeted by a vision of such wonderful beauty and grandeur that we can hope to have it paralleled but few times, if ever, in life's span.

The day of our approach was a perfect one in the spring-time of the *Ægean*. As the slender and graceful minarets and gilded domes of the hundreds of mosques of Constantinople, the palaces, towers and fortresses and other imposing structures came into view the sight was one to excite the liveliest emotions.

We had been told that inside were dogs and filth. Nevertheless nothing could keep down our exultation in the presence of such overpowering splendor. Our ship passed, without stopping, through the Bosphorus, which is so narrow we could see distinctly all the structures both on the European and



On the Bosphorus in front of the old Palace

Asiatic side of Constantinople. The structures were, many of them, of most peculiar architecture, unlike anything to be seen in our own country.

Our ship made its way into the Black Sea, and when it had fairly cleared the Bosphorus, after a brief run, swung around and made its way back to the dock at Constantinople.

The name of the city was originally Byzantium, but it was merged into Constantinople A. D. 330, after its capture by Constantine the Great. He rebuilt the city and made it the capital of the Roman Empire. From the date above given until its capture by the Turks, in 1453, it was a Christian city. Since the latter date, however, it has remained in possession of the Turks undisturbed as the chief Moslem city of the world.

One cannot walk or ride along through the streets of Constantinople without noticing the great number of wolfish-looking dogs upon the streets. They are ownerless dogs, and the stranger is filled with surprise at their great numbers. I asked Professor Van Millingen, of Robert College, why so many dogs were allowed on the streets, and he answered my question in one word, "scavengers."



Interior of the Mosque of St. Sophia

The dogs are said to act as watch dogs at night and to sleep in the daytime. Sometimes in our walks we would have difficulty in getting along without treading on them, and would have to pick our way between them as they lay sound asleep curled up on the corners of the streets.

Our observation is that various groups of dogs are jealous as to any encroachments upon their bailiwicks by strange dogs. A story passed current on our ship that the penalty was as

great for killing a dog in Constantinople as for killing a man, viz. : fifteen years' imprisonment. I did not have an opportunity to verify this statement, but must confess it would not be greatly at variance with the so-called justice meted out by the Turks.

Many of the streets of Constantinople are narrow and ill paved and grotesquely irregular and crooked.

Of the public buildings we visited the most remarkable is the Church of Saint Sophia. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, in the fifth century, as a Christian Church. It is said Justinian wanted to pave its floors with plates of gold, but instead used variegated marbles, and it is related when this temple was completed the Emperor averred that it exceeded in magnificence the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and he caused a statue of Solomon, with a grieved expression on his face, to be erected facing the temple. I was much interested in a conversation with a member of a firm of eminent architects of Boston who was one of our party. He informed me that the Saint Sophia is considered the central building, historically, of the world, being the first domical building resting on pendentives (spherical triangles). It was designed by a Greek, and to a certain extent modified all succeeding church architecture. I confess I was deeply impressed by this wonderful structure, which is considered to be, without question, the finest mosque in the world. It is interesting to note that the "Saint Sophia" is not meant to be the designation of any special saint, but simply means "divine wisdom."

A very pleasing experience came to our party through meeting in the Museum in Stamboul the Rev. Dr. Albert L. Long, vice-president of Robert College, Constantinople, an old friend of the family of the writer. Dr. Long has been a resident of Constantinople for forty years, and it was a most fortunate circumstance to meet one so well informed with regard to things we most wished to know about there, and who was also one of our own people.

One of the most agreeable of our experiences at Constantinople was a sail up the Golden Horn. The Golden Horn is an arm of the sea about five miles in extent, furnishing a most



A glimpse into the Black Sea

desirable harbor for shipping. Dr. Long called our attention to the fact that originally the name of the Golden Horn was Wolf Creek, but inasmuch as this arm of the sea very much resembles a horn in shape, it in some way came to be called the "Golden Horn," probably because of the rich commerce of Constantinople.

The last hour of our stay in the harbor at Constantinople was enjoyed in listening to a lecture on board our ship by Prof. Alexander Van Millingen, of Robert College, on Constantinople and the Turks.



Mosque of Sultan Ahmed

He told us how Constantinople as a Christian city, during the middle ages, had, time after time, beaten back from its walls the tides of barbaric invasion, which if they had swept by Constantinople would certainly have menaced, if they had not destroyed, the civilization of western Europe.

I had never realized before the debt which Europe and the world owes Constantinople for its heroic resistance of barbaric invasions during the middle ages. It seems a great pity that a city which so nobly withstood for so many hundreds of years the onslaughts of barbarism, should have been compelled to yield at last to Turkish domination only about four and a half centuries ago.

It was a matter of regret to our ship's company that we did not have an opportunity to visit Robert College, Constantinople. This institution, which bears the name of a worthy citizen of our imperial New York, is doing great work in Constantinople, as is the American College at Beirut, another Turkish city, the chief support of both these institutions being derived from our country. My information is that the men who are really holding the reins of government to-day in Bulgaria are mostly graduates of Robert College.

The students of this institution gave us a grand salute as our ship steamed by en route to the Black Sea. They waved the stars and stripes at us from the windows of the college buildings, a strange sight, indeed, for the capital of Turkey."—*Archbold*.

The Address of Professor Alexander van Millingen Was an Answer to the Question—What Makes Constantinople Worthy of a Visit?

In reply to this question, the lecturer dwelt: 1. Upon the great natural beauty of the situation of the city, with the Bosphorus on the one hand, the Sea of Marmora on the other, and at a point where the continents of Europe and Asia are only half a mile apart. Here is a conformation of land and sea, which brings river, lake, hills, islands and mountains together to present one of the fairest scenes of nature that can charm the human eye anywhere in the world. As an American traveler exclaimed, when looking on this wonderful panorama of beauty, "Certainly, the Lord has done His part."

2. Another attraction of Constantinople, upon which the lecturer expatiated, is the Oriental life and scenery of the city; mosques, turbans, veiled ladies, latticed windows, flowing robes, bazaars, street-dogs, caiques, cypress-groves and a thousand other peculiarities, which put before the traveler from the West a community of human beings living in an entirely different social system from that with which he is familiar.

3. In the next place, the historical attractions of Constantinople were indicated. It stands next to Athens, Rome and Jerusalem, in its influence upon the course of human affairs. Here the Roman Empire endured for a thousand years after its western dominion had been conquered by the German tribes. Here a new form of beauty and the art, of which the Church of



Galata from Stamboul and the famous bridge of boats connecting Europe and Asia

St. Sophia is the flower and highest type, was evolved. Here Roman law was codified to become the foundation of justice in the civilized world of modern times. Here the Church elaborated her profoundest thoughts on the facts of her faith. Here the literature of ancient Greece was treasured and then transmitted to western Europe, to bring about the revival of learning. Here for more than a thousand years a stand was made against the assaults of orientalism and barbarism upon the life of Europe, similar to the stand made against the Persian by the Greek in the heroic days when Marathon and Salamis, and Plataea became names that will never die. Here, at length, the Roman empire fell and passed away, giving place to its destroyers, the Ottoman Turks.

4. The lecturer finally explained, at some length, the so-called "Eastern Question," showing that it has been occasioned by the fundamental principle upon which a Moslem people governs conquered nations of a different faith, denying to Christian subjects political equality. Such a principle leads, inevitably, to an antagonism that nothing can remove. Hence the chronic dissatisfaction of the Christian races of Turkey with

their rulers ; hence their dreams of liberation, hence their insurrections, hence the measures with which they have been repressed. But this conflict between the Turkish government and its Christian subjects has not been left to be fought out

solely between the two parties directly concerned. It has interested the European nations generally, and led them, sometimes out of sympathy with the oppressed, sometimes with the object of gaining territory, sometimes in order to thwart one another, to interfere in



the conflict, with the result, however, that Greece, Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria have been withdrawn from the Turkish rule and created, to all intents and purposes, independent states. In all this weakening of the Turkish power by external force, Russia



The Sublime Porte

Saint Sophia

Tree of the Fanissaries

has taken the leading part. Had it been certain that Russian action was purely disinterested, all Christian peoples under Turkish rule would probably, ere this, have been liberated from that domination. But the belief that Russia seeks for herself Constantinople, and the control of the territories between the Adriatic and the Persian Gulf has ranged the other nations of Europe, and, not least, England against her. Hence the definite solution of the "Eastern Question" awaits either a friendly understanding between the European powers as to disposal of the Turkish domain, or, like the Gordian knot, will be settled by the might of the sword.—*Delivered in Main Saloon of Dampfer Aller, Harbor of Constantinople.*

The Dogs of Constantinople

At one spot I counted seventeen dogs in all stages of indolence and stupor. These dogs are remarkable, not for any deeds of valor, they have never been known to jump into the Bosphorus and save a drowning man from a watery grave, nor is their sagacity or fidelity to their masters their forte; but in supreme inaction and content they surpass the rest of the canine world. Like the western desperado, whom his friends left hanging on a limb in the prairie, they are in their normal state, "unconcerned and quiet like." An exuberant Michigan friend of mine counted 31 dogs on a spot ten feet or more in diameter and he said he could have counted over a hundred, but he was in a hurry. These dogs have a code of canonical laws by which Constantinople is districted and each one has his department of inaction, and transgressions are punished according to police dog regulations.



Street Dogs Galore

We saw a flock of sheep congesting the street, but the dogs in front of the sheep, unlike Mark Twain's dogs in his description, seemed to realize in a measure that they would be unhappy should they remain curled up asleep.—*A. J. P. McC.*

Constantinople Art Treasures

One cannot help feeling deeply gratified at seeing the use which is being made of the Porcelain Kiosk in the Old Seraglio grounds in Constantinople. That this building, which was the first structure erected by the conqueror after the capture of the city, should be not only preserved itself as an architectural gem, but should also serve as the conservatory of ancient art, is highly significant. The brazen head of one of the serpents of the twisted column, which once supported the tripod of the priestess of Delphi, and, standing in the Hippodrome, attracted the attention of the victorious monarch on his conquering advance to the great church of St. Sophia, and was shattered by a stroke from his ponderous battle-ax, is there in the same room with the Cylinder of Nabonidus and other cuneiform records of Sennacherib's victorious campaign against King Hezekiah, and along with objects from Schliemann's excavations of ancient Troy. In the adjoining apartment is the Jerusalem Stele, a stone from the Temple Court at Jerusalem prohibiting the entrance of a foreigner (that is a Gentile) within the sacred enclosure on pain of death, a stone upon which there can be but little doubt our Lord has frequently looked. Just alongside of this precious object of biblical antiquity is the stone bearing the recently discovered Siloam inscription, with its confirmation of history in regard to the construction of the Siloam aqueduct tunnel. Outside, upon the marble corridor, stands also the colossal Meikart of Gaza, which attracts the attention of the Assyriologist by the striking resemblance which it bears to the legendary Chaldean hero Gizdubar, as he is represented upon the oldest cylinder seals. Thus the collection of objects here preserved establishes the connection from the time of the erection of the building back through the ages to the earliest historic period.

Facing this building, and about two hundred feet distant, stands the new museum building with its broad marble steps and massive columns quite in the best modern style of public buildings, with an inscription over the portico in ancient Cufic characters signifying Museum of Antiquities. This beautiful new building, almost completed, has been erected mainly by private funds furnished by His Imperial Majesty, the present Sultan, to the enterprising and accomplished director, Hamdi Bey.

If any one is curious to know the origin of this unexpected zeal manifested by the ruler of this land in regard to objects of antiquity, let him procure his ticket at the modest cost of one shilling and enter that new building, and he will find that that additional structure contains inestimable treasures which might well excite the envy of the richest museums of the world. The



Street in front of Mosque

two large rooms upon the ground floor are stocked with the Sidon Sarcophagi, all of which are valuable and interesting, but two of which are so surpassingly beautiful as to richly deserve a special palace to enclose them.

The central object of attraction is the so-called Alexander Sarcophagus. The director, Hamdi Bey, has, I believe, never claimed for it that it is the actual tomb of Alexander the Great, but, inasmuch as it bears the undoubted portrait of Alexander the Great, easily recognizable by every one who has ever held

in his hand one of the best coins or medallions of the Macedonian conqueror, this magnificent tomb, worthy of him or any other monarch who ever lived, has received by general popular consent the name of the "Alexander tomb."

It is a rectangular, temple-shaped, marble structure, more than three meters high, and covered with an imitation tile roof, ornamented with exquisitely cut volutes, heads of goats and of lions, with a Greek border of peculiar pattern and a vine leaf the perfection of elegance and accuracy of detail. Never have I seen the work of elaborate ornamentation carried out with such micrometric fidelity and harmony of idea. The material being of the purest and finest-grained marble has admitted of such a fineness and delicacy of finish that the unwary finger passed over them may be cut as with a knife by the sharp marble edge.

The subjects treated in high relief on two sides are a battle scene and a lion hunt. The battle scene is a hand-to-hand combat between Persians and Greeks. The former are distinguished by their dress, their weapons and their physiognomy, the latter are in the classic half clothing which characterizes the figures upon the frieze of the Parthenon.

In looking upon this scene one is immediately led to the conviction that the most, if not all, of the Greek faces and some, at least, of the Persian are portraits. Individuality is stamped upon each one of them. No two are alike. Even the war horses have an individuality. No two are alike, but each one bears that peculiar individual trait of equine physiognomy which enables the true lover of horses to pick out his favorite animal from among hundreds of companions.

At the extreme left is Alexander mounted upon a superb charger. He is represented as faithfully as though photographed from life, with his lion-skin helmet and with that peculiar look of his, the look of a prematurely old young man. At the extreme right, but facing toward the centre, is an elderly man, probably about fifteen years the senior of Alexander, but sitting on his fiery steed with an easy grace which betokens the expert cavalry general. He has a remarkable face, which would attract attention and study in any portrait gallery in the world. Who is he? is the question on everyone's lips on looking at him. Can it be Parmenio?

At the centre, or halfway between these two, is a third personage, who, from his central position, gilded helmet, and the Persian suppliant for mercy kneeling before him, it is thought by some, has been intended to represent the one for whom the tomb was designed. His face is younger, and of less character than Alexander's. Horsemen and footmen, spearmen and archers fill up the space. A corpse lies in the foreground with a ghastly spear-wound in the side. In looking at the scene one thinks no longer about the marble, or even about the skill of the artist; he thinks only of the scene before him, who they are and what they are doing. Persians and Macedonians somehow become more real to him than they ever were before; he has actually seen them fighting. He has witnessed the Battle of Arbela.

In the hunting scene upon the other side the most striking figure probably is that of the noble war horse into whose neck and breast the furious lion has fastened his teeth and claws. The expression of pain and terror shown by the majestic steed as he rears and plunges with the hope of shaking off his enemy is pitiful to behold, while the spear-thrust by the royal looking rider into the heart of the lion is a marvel of dexterous grace and anatomical precision.

It must not be forgotten that this work is *colored*. We have here more colored marble than has been preserved to us in any other monument of antiquity. The genuine "Purple of Tyre" is here in all its various shades, and the effect is truly wonderful. The experiment has here been tried, and has succeeded, of making the cold marble appear warm with life. Everything here represented is lifelike and real. The beholder gazes upon it in rapt and silent admiration, and turns away too full of the subject to look with much interest at anything else. —*Prof. Albert L. Long, D. D., Vice-President of Robert College.*

The Bosphorus and Robert College

To get a general view of this panorama, we clambered to the highest point of the sun deck, and scarcely dared to move during the sail of seventeen miles or more up to and into the Black Sea, every point of which right and left attracted and interested our body of tourists. The name Bosphorus is old, like Oxford meaning what the two words indicate, a wading

place for cattle. There is a classical illusion, which says that Io transformed into a cow swam across here, thus giving it a right to the name.

Among the attractions lining the banks, apart from forts and castles and cannon were the buildings of Robert College, an American Institution, but with few American students. Our arrival must have been previously announced, for the windows of the main building were occupied by patriotic students and others armed with towels, sheets, table cloths, etc., which kept waving as long as we were in sight. It no doubt was to them a sight worth seeing from their height, for flags, handkerchiefs, caps were waving much more wildly than the waves of the Bosphorus. It was impressive, and tears came to my eyes as I thought of these young men far away from their own good government and land which their *alma mater* represents, striving to secure an education for the betterment of the part of the world wherein they live and into which their influence may reach. In some respects, this is a location, a situation, the most fortunate in the world for such an institution, a spot that commands a great proportion of the Bosphorus, while the city is the key to the eastern world. A city that in the hands of an aggressive European or American power would make the possessor wealthy and almost supreme in power.—*A. J. P. McC.*



Members of the Harem



ATHENS



GREECE

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An Historic Sketch of Athens

Substance of an Address delivered before the Allerites assembled on the Acropolis

Ladies and Gentlemen:

According to Thucydides, Attica consisted originally of twelve scattered towns. To this period, undoubtedly, belong the remains of the prehistoric palace and walls on the Acropolis, which correspond closely to the palace and walls of Tiryns, and which are generally identified with the "goodly house of Erechtheus," mentioned by Homer. The legendary hero, Theseus, combined these scattered settlements into one political organism, and with him Athenian history really begins. After the reign of a long line of semi-mythical kings we have recorded a long struggle between nobles and commons, which finally resulted in the legislation of Solon and the establishment of a sort of democracy based upon wealth. This took place in 594 B. C. But hardly was the democracy established when it was subverted



Acropolis

by Peisistratus, who maintained his power over forty years and was the first great builder. To him we owe not only the collection and collaboration of the Homeric poems, the establishment of the great Panathenaic festival, and the foundation of the Dionysiac celebrations—the origin of our modern theatre—but it was he who began the temple of Olympian Zeus, who built the first great public fountain of Athens, the Enneakrounos and supplied it with an aqueduct which can still be traced along the south side of the Acropolis and through the King's garden; and who completed the old temple of Athena, recently discovered by Dr. Dörpfeld between the Parthenon and the Erechtheum.

Peisistratus died in 514, and was succeeded by his sons, Hippias and Hipparchus. Their reign lasted only four years, for, in 510, Hipparchus was killed by Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the liberators of Athens and founders of true democracy. Hippias was driven into exile and retired to the court of the King of Persia, where he constantly endeavored to incite that monarch to invade Greece.

ORDER FOR THE DAY

Piræus (Athens) Tuesday March 22nd.

4.30 p. m. Dinner (second sitting 5.30)
 5.15 arrive Piræus. 5.30 to 6.30 land, walk two blocks to R'y-Station, take train every half hour to Athens (5 miles). We supply 12 guides. Spend the evening in and about Athens; return to ship any time before midnight. Those who prefer can stay on board and rest as we visit all sights in Athens to morrow

Wednesday

7 a. m. Breakfast (second sitting 7.30)
 7.30 to 9 a. m. Land and take train to Athens. Trains leave every half hour. Walk up to the Acropolis. Lecture at 10 a. m. by Prof. Chase of the American College, Athens, at Acropolis.

Walk to Mars Hill, Stadium, and have hot lunch at Athens 12 to 3 p. m. (name of Hotel or Restaurant will be announced later.)

After lunch visit the Museum, etc., and return to the ship by 5.30 p. m

F. C. Clark.

Then came the Persian wars, with the great battles of Marathon and Salamis, the capture and sack of Athens, and, finally, the utter defeat of the Persian hosts on the plain of Plataea and in the waters of the Ægean, near Mycale, in Asia Minor. These victories were the real foundation of Athenian greatness. They were the inspiration of all her later achievements. With them begins a period of fifty years such as no other city can boast of, the period of Æschylus and Sophocles, of Pheidias and of Polycleitus, of Herodotus and Thucydides.

At first, it must be admitted, the outlook was not encouraging. On their return to their homes in 479 B. C. the Athenians found a city in ruins, its temples burned and overthrown, its walls destroyed. Themistocles was the leading spirit of the times. It was under his influence that the wall of Athens was



Temple of Athena

extended to the limits which it occupied throughout the classical period, extending about the city in a great circle, including the Hill of the Muses, the Pnyx, the Hill of the Nymphs, crossing the Sacred Way near the point where the road to Eleusis now leaves

the Piræus road, and so in a wide circle through the King's garden to the Ilissus and the Hill of the Muses again. A few years later the Piræus was also fortified and connected with Athens by the famous "long walls," one of which now forms the roadbed of the Piræus Railroad. At the same time that these great building operations were being carried out, the power of Athens was confirmed by the formation of the Delian Confederation, under Aristides, a confederation that made Athens the head of all the islands of the Ægean and brought her in the revenues necessary to her public undertakings.

But if Themistocles and Aristides made Athens the most powerful city of Greece, it was their successors, Cimon, son of Miltiades, and above all, Pericles, who made her the most beautiful. To Cimon we owe the plan for a new temple of Athena

to replace the old temple of Peisistratus, which had been only hastily repaired after its destruction by the Persians. For this temple Cimon found the Acropolis too narrow and too uneven; for the rock of the Acropolis was not originally flat, as it now appears to be, but sloped gradually down from a point east of the Parthenon, its appearance resembling the roof of a house more than anything else. For his new temple Cimon laid a deep foundation on the south slope of the rock, using the old Pelasgic wall, which had formed the fortification of the Acropolis in pre-Persian times, as a retaining wall, and strengthening it by the great wall which now forms the southern boundary of the Acropolis. The ground on all sides of the temple was leveled up with alternate layers of stone chips and earth, and especially with hundreds of statues and votive offerings which had been left in fragments by the Persians. It is to this fortunate chance that we owe almost the entire contents of the Acropolis Museum; the archaic sculpture and terra cottas there collected are the relics of the Persian invasion, buried for centuries under the surface of the Acropolis, and only brought to light in the general excavation of 1856 and the succeeding years.

The plan of the Parthenon, then, was due to Cimon; but it was carried out in its present form by Pericles, who, in one office or another, usually as general of the Athenians, exercised a commanding influence over the development of Athens for over thirty years (from about 460 to 429). Pericles apparently found the ground plan of the temple, as built by Cimon, too narrow, for he widened the original foundation by several feet, at the same time moving the axis of the building slightly to the north. This widening was probably due to the introduction of the plan for the gold and ivory statue which was to stand in the central hall. Of course such a building required years for its completion. In fact, it was probably not entirely finished until about 434, although the formal dedication took place in 438, when Athena Parthenos was first exhibited to the people. No expense was spared to make the temple the finest offering to a patron goddess the world had ever seen. The entire building was of Pentelic marble, from the quarries which we can see even to-day on the slopes of Pentelicon. Not only were the pediments filled with groups of figures representing the birth

of Athena from the head of Zeus and her contest with Poseidon for the land of Attica, but the metopes, which were usually left plain in Greek temples or only partly sculptured, were all filled with reliefs calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the Athenians, the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, the capture of Troy, the contest of the Athenians and Amazons ; while around the cella wall ran the great frieze of the Panathenaic procession, culminating over the door in the assembly of the gods and the ceremonies connected with the delivery of the sacred robe which was worn every four years by Athenian maidens and laid on the knees of the old statue of the goddess.



Theatre of Herod

But the plan of Pericles did not stop at one temple. At the same time that the Parthenon was in course of construction, the little temple of Athena Nike was built on the great bastion that formed the western end of Cimon's wall ; and on the hill of Colonus Agoraios, overlooking the market place, rose the Temple of Hephæstus, which we have come to know falsely as the Theseum. Other temples were built or remodelled in other parts of Attica, at Sunium and at Eleusis, the Acropolis was filled with a multitude of statues, dedicated both by private individuals and by the State ; and finally, in the years between 437 and 432, was built the great Propylæa, as a fitting entrance to the most glorious sanctuary of the Greek world.

It was probably during the period of Pericles' leadership that the other great building of the Acropolis, the Erechtheum, was planned and begun, although it was not finished until after

408. The cause of this was the war between Athens and Sparta, which, at first favorable to the Athenians, ended in the crushing defeat of Ægospotami in 404, the destruction of the long walls, and the placing of a Spartan garrison on the Acropolis. To be sure, this foreign domination was soon overthrown. In the very next year, Thrasybulus, the second savior of Athens, came over the passes of Parnes from Thebes, captured the border post of Phyle, and drove out the Spartan garrison. The Athenian fleet regained its power, and in 393, after a series of successful campaigns in the Ægean, Conon was able to return in triumph to Athens and to rebuild the long walls. But the power of Athens was broken. The victories of Conon were won with the aid of Pharnabazus, a satrap of the great king, and of Evagoras, King of Cyprus, and his policy of relying on foreign aid now became the leading principle of Athenian politics.



Theatre of Dionysos

But if the fourth century B. C. is a time of political degradation, in the realms of the mind it is almost more distinguished than its predecessor. In this century Plato and Aristotle founded their schools—the one in the Academy, on the banks of the Cephissus, the other in the Lyceum, on the slopes of Lycabettus, near the spot where the American school now stands. The age of the great tragedians was over, but the younger branch of comedy received its fullest development in the fourth century. In sculpture, although the age of Pheidias and Polycleitus is passed, the fourth century gives us Scopas and Praxiteles and Lysippus; while in the field of oratory we have only to recall the great name of Demosthenes to be convinced of the mental attainments of the age of Alexander the Great.

Naturally, such a period of weakness in the State, although accompanied by great mental progress, was not favorable to large building operations. Most of the public monuments of this time are private undertakings, like the monument of Lysicrates and the monument of Thrasyllus, meant to commemorate private victories in musical and dramatic contests. Fine grave monuments, also, were in fashion, as one sees at the Street of the Tombs, outside the Dipylon, and in the collection in the National Museum. Yet, under Lycurgus, the Athenians found means to build their first permanent stadion, and first gave their theatre a marble covering.

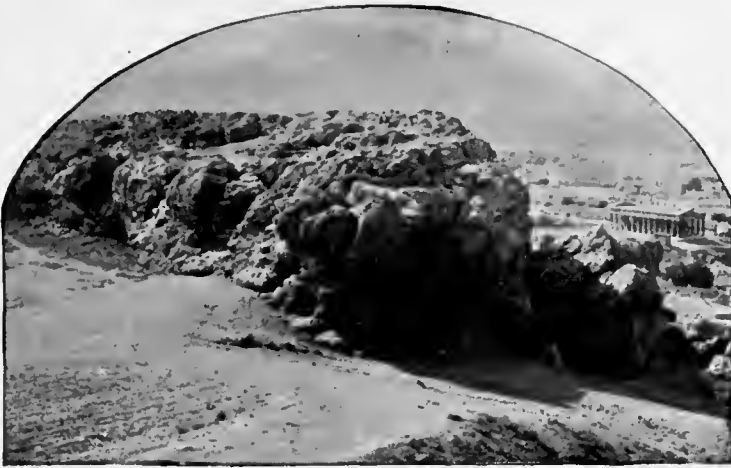


*On Mars Hill
Just where the Captain and party are,
St. Paul stood*

After the death of Alexander in 323, the politics of Athens sank to the lowest level; any support from outside was gladly welcomed, and the latest benefactor was the most popular. It was the kings of Pergamon, especially, who adorned Athens at this period—Attalus I., with the groups of gods and giants, Amazons and Athenians, Greeks and Persians, Gauls and Greeks, of which so many

copies exist. Eumenes II. built the long stoa to the west of the theatre, and Attalus II. adorned the market with another even larger stoa.

With the capture of Corinth by the Romans in 146, the whole of Greece fell under the sway of Rome, and a new, and, on the whole, happier era began for Athens; for the Romans loved and respected her as the home of their own higher culture, and their rule was never so severe in Greece as in most of the provinces. To this period we owe many of the extant buildings—the Temple of Roma and Augustus, east of the Parthenon, the Tower of the Winds, built by Andronicus of Cyrrhus, the gate of the oil market near it, built by Augustus, and the pedestal of Agrippa, erected by the Athenians themselves. The last additions to her glories Athens received under the Emperor Hadrian, who finally completed the Temple of Zeus, almost seven hundred years after its inception under Peisistratus, and built his gate to divide the new quarter he had established from old Athens. The great gymnasium in the

*Mars Hill*

market is another of the buildings of Hadrian, while his contemporary, Herodes Atticus, who owned all the country about Marathon and Pentelicon, covered the stadion with marble, as his modern successor, Mr. Averoff, has so lately proposed to do, and built the theatre which bears his name, in honor of his wife Regilla.

Thus we have the completed picture of Athens as she stood in the days of her greatest splendor—the second century A. D.—the Acropolis crowded with statues and offerings and crowned by the Parthenon, her gods the apparent rulers of the civilized world, her streets crowded with the youth of every land, who gathered about her philosophers and scholars. And yet this was only the last flare of the fire before its extinction. Only a little more than a century after the death of Hadrian, the Goths appeared before Athens and were with difficulty repulsed; and in 395 the Ostrogoths, under Alaric, captured the city.

Another influence, too, was at work to destroy the prestige of Athens. About the middle of the first century, in 58 A. D., a Jew had appeared in Athens and proclaimed an “unknown god,” and then he had gone away and no one had thought any more about him. Yet the seed he sowed had been working, and in 325 the Emperor of Rome declared himself a convert to the new faith of Christianity. In spite of all this, the philosophers continued their teachings in Athens, and it was not until 529 that the Emperor Justinian formally closed the philosophic schools. The Parthenon was converted into a Christian church, at first of the Sacred Wisdom, then of the Holy Virgin.

In fact, the whole later history of Athens is summed up in the history of the Parthenon. In 1204, after the capture of Constantinople by the Venetians in the fourth crusade, Athens became subject to Frankish dukes, and the Parthenon church was transferred from the Eastern to the Western church. In 1456 Athens was captured by the Turks, and a few years later the Parthenon was changed into a Mohammedan mosque. Finally, in 1687, a Venetian army under Morosini, in an attempt to capture Athens, dropped a bomb through the roof of a building upon a lot of powder which the Turks had stored inside, and, after a life of over 2000 years, the pride and glory of the age of



The King's Palace

Pericles were shattered into a thousand pieces. The siege was successful. The Turks evacuated the Acropolis, but Morosini was unable to hold his conquest, and in a few months Greece groaned again under the Turkish yoke—a yoke that was not lifted until the war of 1821 and the establishment of the Greek Kingdom.

The subsequent events of the history of Greece are well known. In 1832 Otho of Bavaria became the first King of Greece, to be driven out after a reign of thirty years, in 1862. In the next year William of Sonderburg-Glücksburg was elected king, and as George I. he has reigned ever since. The events of last spring are too recent to need repetition—the utter weakness and absolute worthlessness of the government were only too plainly shown. But the weakness and worthlessness of the Greek people were not shown and cannot be shown.

They are like all southern peoples, quick, impulsive, and utterly unpractical. What they need is a strong and honest government—a government that will lay the greatest stress on internal improvement and education along practical lines; that will try, in fact, to rule the country according to nineteenth century ideas, and will not rely on a reputation made over 2000 years ago.—*Prof. Geo. A. Chase of the American College at Athens.*

Athens—More Familiarly

"In Athens we saw good strong faces and forms. No fezzes, no veiled women, no men in petticoats. The appearance of the streets and of the inhabitants was European. The signs of the shops were Greek and interesting. As in all the cities we have visited, soldiers were much in evidence. Here and there we would find one dressed in the inconvenient and

costly "fustenella" which requires forty yards of cotton cloth starched stiff and gathered at the waist and having the appearance (when clean) of an immense immaculate umbrella. Very few asked for backsheesh, but drivers and others needed watching when giving change and making agreements.



Greek Soldier

I found a man of Piræus who said he was one of about three Englishmen in the place. There were several men who could speak some English "knocking around," as he said, and these acted as guides. Ours was Dimitri, who gave me his card, and said he had been in the war with the Turks.

They said the Turks lost about 50,000 men, and the Greeks 6000, and that the Turks were not taking any of their territory.

There is a fine road from Athens to Piræus, and I longed for a bicycle. We reached the ship, and as the ship left the harbor, taking the highest point on the upper deck, I watched the fading views of historic Athens; the Parthenon and the Acropolis, backed by lofty Lycabettus were far in the distance; the Piræus and the Bay of Salamis notable for the naval battle.

I suppose I saw the slope where Xerxes sat and saw defeat for the Persians. Far away the blue outline of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes were just visible as "darkness brooded over the deep" and I descended."—*Parke*.



A Funeral in Athens

ROME



ROME

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"Pantheon—The Parliament Temple of all the Gods"

The Pantheon

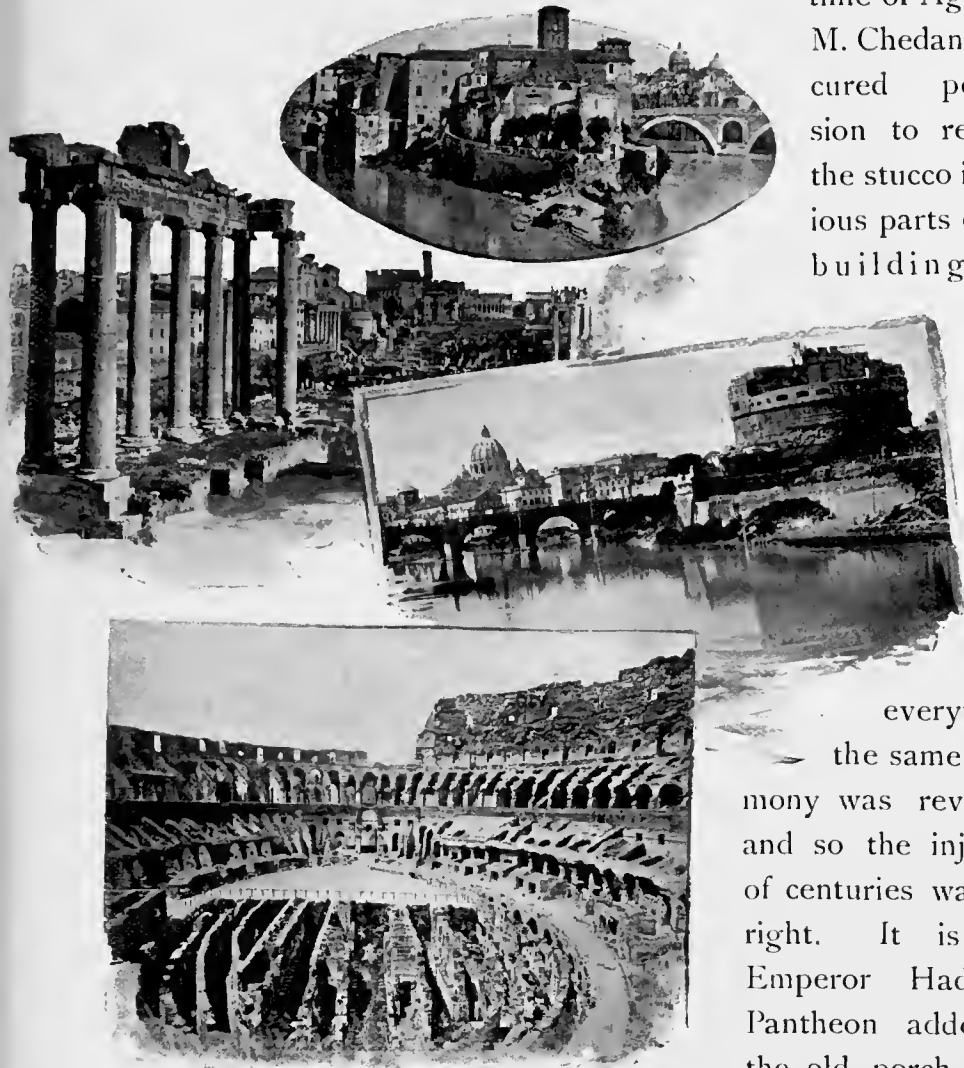
The Pantheon, with its splendid dome, the admiration of the world, Michael Angelo's model of St. Peter, Raphael's most beloved building, for one thing we now know, is not the Pantheon of Agrippa, as stated in the inscription, which has remained on the pediment of the portico for over nineteen centuries.

It was not "Marcus Agrippa," the son of Lucius, who, "in his third consulship," that is, twenty-seven years B. C., built this massive pile, but the Emperor Hadrian. Architecturally, most readers know, the building has been a problem. Why a circular building with a dome should have a square portico with smooth columns violating the pure conception of the Romans in the Augustinian age, that is, having Corinthian capitals of marble on unfluted shafts of Egyptian granite; why in the account of the building in the times of the early writers, that is, in the time of Agrippa and later, no mention of a dome should have been made or of a building of a circular character, and yet that this inscription should indicate an age when great domes and vaulted roofs were absolutely unknown; these have been the puzzling problems. The solution of the difficulty can be indicated in a word. In 1892, M. Chedanna, a student of the French Academy, in the department of architecture, selected the Pantheon as his special object of study and

made careful measurements and examination. At the base of the dome, nearly opposite the door he discovered a leak and asked the authorities to repair it. In making the repairs, the first which had been made for a hundred years or more, they found bricks bearing the well-known stamp of the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, about a century and a half later than the

time of Agrippa.

M. Chedanne secured permission to remove the stucco in various parts of the building and



Tiber, Forum, St. Peter's Dome, Castle of St. Angelus, Colosseum

everywhere the same testimony was revealed, and so the injustice of centuries was set right. It is the Emperor Hadrian's Pantheon added to the old porch of a former temple of

Agrippa destroyed by fire.

The Pantheon, as its name indicates, was erected in honor of all the gods of pagan Rome. It is now a Roman Catholic Church, "St. Mary of the Rotunda," and under the great altar there are said to lie twenty-eight wagon-loads of bones of saints taken from the catacombs. Here also was buried the great and incomparable Raphael and many other famous artists together with the King, Victor Emmanuel II, of Italy.

Says John Denny, in his fascinating book "Rome of To-day and Yesterday," "The old romantic charm of the Pantheon is still there. Whether on a bright day under a favoring sky one sees its interior all flooded with light, the perfect blue of heaven visible through the great aperture of the roof, the magnificent marble pavement and all the polished columns in their beautiful succession and the imposing curve of the dome perfectly revealed, or whether by rare good luck, entering it by night, there are no details only the majesty of the grand outline of the stars across the open space above or in the imposing dignity of its immense mass seen from without, simple and most solemn of all buildings of the world; it is the grand type of that magnificent empire, which stands foremost also in all the world."

The Allerites will always remember the Pantheon in connection with that curious and almost phenomenal storm of hail, which kept us in front of the building for many minutes confined in our carriages.



*"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
When Rome falls—the world."*

The Colosseum

The Colosseum, with its stupendous dimensions, offers many points of interest and study. The thought of it, the pictures of it have haunted the imaginations of readers and students and travelers for centuries. No one can tell in advance what it is to see that great curve of masonry, a third of a mile long in its completeness, standing up in the air, at its

highest point, still to-day 150 feet. As we all know this immense amphitheatre was constructed simply as a place wherein the wholesale destruction of human and animal life should take place for the amusement of the spectators. To witness these scenes of murder and butchery, repeated from hour to hour, all day long, daily, for months together, eighty thousand spectators, from the highest to the lowest class, were bidden, and these gladiatorial shows lasted for three hundred years; lasted fifty years after the Christian religion had been officially established at Rome. Says Denny, "Nothing that was ever built is such a monument of tyranny on the one side and subservience on the other. For the fatal service of the amphitheatre there were always held ready in Rome at least ten thousand men, furnished with weapons and extremely skilled in the use of them; athletic, well fed, well lodged. Many of them had been once soldiers themselves, and in other days had met the Roman legions on battlefields and sometimes even defeated them. Now prisoners, they were absolutely certain of death. Strange effect of fear, frightful abjectness of man! They did not forgive; they were not resigned, but they made no defence. More than that, they yielded to the ceremonial of the arena, acquitting themselves of death as of a duty. They made the circuit of the amphitheatre; they uttered the famous Ave. And then they let themselves be slaughtered.

It is hard to-day to recall the facts as we look upon this old monument of a more cruel civilization, but we can conceive of the Colosseum, as it once was, in its entire circuit, with its ring of tall masts rising high above its topmost wall and carrying gay-colored awnings over the ranks of seats; with statues in the arches of the second and third stories, a hundred and sixty of them, with the central arena strewn with sand or vermillion; with the marble seats and chairs, rank upon rank, to the topmost height, and perhaps an upper story of wood burned away at some later time. It is thought that there were fifty tiers of seats in the three ranks, sloping from a great height down to the arena, and this gave space for the magnificent feature of the building, the stately ring of corridors double on the ground floor and on the first story above it and single on the second story, which made an unbroken circuit within the great outer wall. Much of the space under the arena is laid

bare to-day, and shows great stone dens for the wild beasts, with indications of lifts and of trap doors, by which, perhaps, a hundred wild beasts were let loose at once upon the arena. There may also be seen great drains and water channels and sewer arrangements running round the oval and under the walls, and in front of the dens water channels, through which a little stream even to-day makes its way, as if still some thirsty beast might lean over to drink of it."



Interior of the Colosseum

The story of the Colosseum everybody knows : its long use as an amphitheatre, continuing fifty years after Rome had officially adopted the Christian religion ; then a silence of centuries ; presently its occupation as a fortress by one great Roman family and another. In 1312 its temporary use as an arena for bull-fights ; then the beginning of its destruction for building material in 1362, when the legate of the Pope offered its stone for sale, and the marble was plundered by any one who wished to use it for lime ; then its continuous devastation for two centuries, until three great palaces, the Farnese, the Barberini and the Cancellaria, and two or three churches and a quay on the river had been built with it ; then papal attempts to utilize

the great ruin for industrial purposes, the fitting up in it of a woolen factory and various shops, and, lastly, its consecration to the memory of the Christian martyrs who perished in it, and at the present day its careful preservation as one of the grandest ruins of ancient Rome.

No other structure stands out so magnificently as this wild ruin. Where it has suffered change it seems to have been to an advantage, because it has open vistas through the triple archways and between the radiating walls which show the radiant blue of the sky and the Roman landscape beyond. Doubtless the Romans preferred it as they had it, and it gave them a thrill of delight to hear the sounds which issued from the great buildings as they trooped across the hills by thousands in the early morning for their day's pleasure (not only the citizens in their fine white togas, but also "the dark clad ones" on the way to their high gallery) to hear the heavy roar, the sharp cry, the prolonged howl from the dens beneath the arena, where the animals for the day were kept ready presently to spring through the trap doors. But to-day there is not a place in the world more peaceful and more still than the huge amphitheatre.

Far too many visitors only look up at the Colosseum and go their way, the eye is fatigued by the confused ruinous vaultings, the rows of seats, the wreckage of broken columns and arches; but from a higher point looking down there is harmony, the noble plan of the building is seen, the broad, fine corridors, the clear oval ring concentric with the walls, the regular archways, even the curious substructures of the arena all look well from above.

The Appian Way

One of the famous drives every visitor feels compelled to take is that along the Appian Way, at least for a certain distance outside the walls of Rome. This great road originally one hundred and thirty miles in length, extending from Rome to Capua, is fifteen feet wide and is laid with diamond shaped lava blocks over which the Roman chariot wheels rolled and the Roman legions marched while as yet all Europe beyond the Alps was but a wilderness.

For ten centuries or more this old "queen of roads" had lain buried and overgrown by vegetation until in 1850 Pope

Pius IX disinterred it for twelve miles at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars. The accuracy with which the irregular blocks of lava are fitted to each other is marvelous and tells the story of the stupendous labor and faultless skill which the Romans of the best epoch lavished upon their public works. Modern roadmakers might well take pattern of that ancient process, for, says Vitruvius, writing in the time of Augustus, "Parallel trenches were excavated," marking the width of the road and then between them the loose earth was thrown up until solid ground was reached and upon this were laid four distinct strata : one of stones, "as large as a man could take in his hand ;" next, a rubble of small, rough stones, mixed with lime and rammed down very hard with wooden beetles, to make a layer



Appian Aqueduct

nine inches deep ; upon this, a rubble made of broken bricks and fragments of pottery for a depth of six inches ; lastly, the great paving-stones, carefully fitted, so that the surface should be level as a floor. The nature of the ground in some regions modified the method of procedure ; on rocky soil the lower stratum of rough stones could be omitted ; in passing through marshy ground there was an elaborate system of pile driving. Crossing a valley, the road would be carried on a huge viaduct, like an aqueduct, either of solid masonry or built in arches. To keep the road as nearly straight as possible there was no hesitation in attacking the solid rock, in cutting fifty feet deep or more, and even tunnels in some cases were hewn out.

The Forum

The word Forum meant a market place. In the settling of ancient Rome the people living on the surrounding hills used to meet on the level ground between the hills to buy and

sell and bargain and consult on matters of common interest, and thus they began to call the place the Forum. By and by all that concerned the town began always to take place in the Forum. The sacrifices in the temples, the business of every kind in the courts, the arrival of foreign envoys or couriers bringing news of the war; some exciting harangue from the rostra, some hot war blazing up between two public men in which the listeners at once took sides, some sudden tumult or wave of public excitement or popular frenzy of some kind, sweeping the people with it and producing as in the case of Cæsar, Cassius and Mark Antony the most unexpected and often dramatic action.



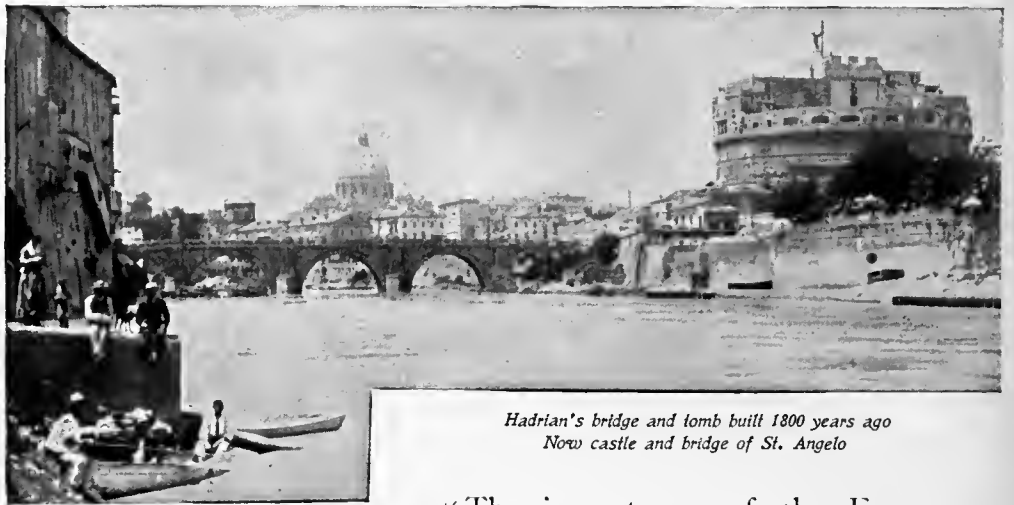
The Forum

Here were celebrated victories with trains of captives; here were stately ceremonials; here were funeral processions and here were always idle crowds eager for amusement. By and by there came to be erected here rude shrines and altars and temples. Later there came to be great crowds of statues erected as marks of public honor, sometimes by the State, sometimes by individuals themselves, eager for immortality. These at times were cleared away by the decree of the Senate, as it was always found essential to keep a central space, so that men might have room to meet each other freely and to loiter and talk as they pleased.

The space of ground occupied for all this, neither the great builders nor the great destroyers could really change. It

lay conveniently low in the valley between the Capitoline and the Palantine Hill, an irregular parallelogram not quite an eighth of a mile in length, but varying in width from a hundred to two hundred feet.

There is only one ruin of the earliest forum left, its massive walls having successfully defied time, the barbarians and the builders of the sixteenth century. This is the old record office of the republic, the Tabularium which is dated seventy-eight years before Christ by means of an inscription found in its interior.



*Hadrian's bridge and tomb built 1800 years ago
Now castle and bridge of St. Angelo*

"The importance of the Forum began with the Republic and continued all through the history of Rome making that little space of ground the most memorable political centre of the entire world. Its historic interest is entirely independent of the buildings. It matters not that of all the constructions of those grand historic times scarcely a trace is left; that the Senate house and the Rostra, the quaint archaic statues, the famous ruminal fig tree, the old shops and the new, that even the temples of the time of Camillus and Fabius and Metellus and of the Gracchi and the Scipios have disappeared, and that only ruinous heaps are left of the Forum of Cicero and Cæsar and that a few tall columns of a massive arch, still standing, belonging to a later age and a degenerate period, remain.

The Forum itself belongs to the Republic, and the imagination disregards all visible traces of the empire and peoples the space with the grand historic figures of a time when Rome, having little architectural splendor to boast of, might have said with Cornelius, "These are my jewels."

To the ruins of the great Rostra of Cæsar a very tragic interest clings, for this was the last finished work of the great Cæsar in Rome and dates from 44, the year of his death. Here it is believed Anthony stood to appeal to the Roman



St. Peter's

people for vengeance on Cæsar's murderers, while the dead Cæsar lay at his feet.

"At first sight," says Denny, "it seems impossible to tell what all this debris represents, but on a closer examination of the wreck the confusion is dispelled and the white Rostra reappears to the imagination the most regal platform for an orator

that the world ever saw, 80 feet long and 11 feet in height, with its massive projecting cornice carved in the pure Greek taste of the time. Below it in double rows the famous old bronze peaks of the ships, above it a low open balustrade protecting the sides and part of the front and interrupted in the centre for a space, so that the figure of the orator could be seen from head to foot. Finally, behind him who spoke, the grand silent figures in bronze and marble, the statesmen and heroes



Interior of St. Peter's

of an earlier day. Overhead was the blue Roman sky, the background was all temples, and around and beneath all, way across the Forum was the eager, listening, responsive crowd. Surely, whatever fire of eloquence a man had within him must have blazed high when he stood the central figure of such a scene."

It is said that in Julius Cæsar's time the valley of the Forum began to be much overcrowded and that the space available for public business had been much contracted. Cæsar, therefore, gave an agent, who was none other than the great Cicero, a hundred million sesterces, about five million dollars,

to buy up these buildings, so that when he came home he could pull down the old rookeries. In three years he built the new Forum and the splendid Temple of Venus, and placed his own statue on his own favorite charger in gilt bronze, like that of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline hill.

To trace the changes in the Forum through its early history, through the republic and the empire would be a difficult task, but those who have made the matter a study can, on the spot, point out the ruins of the various builders, for each extension was named after its builder and planner. For instance we have the Forum of Augustus forty years in building, the Forum of Cæsar, the Forum of Nero, although its actual builder was the Emperor Domitian, the Forum of Trajan with its columns still remaining, and the arch and Forum of Vespasian containing the temple of peace and the so-called Forum Boarium or the Cattle Market, the place where the barbarians, after they had conquered Rome and broken down and destroyed the statuary and the noble surroundings, actually quartered their cattle and horses and fed them, and covered with debris the historic statuary and architecture. Some famous pieces of statuary have been unearthed and placed in the Vatican gallery and in the Capitoline Museum. It is ten thousand pities that for centuries many of the precious fragments of marble were burned in lime kilns.

The Vatican

That great mass of buildings on the low hill on the west banks of the Tiber called the Vatican takes its name from Vates, a soothsayer, and refers to a time when the ancient peoples of Rome made St. Peter's hill a kind of sacred spot a thousand years and more before St. Peter was born. Here were Agrippa's gardens and here Nero began the earliest Christian martyrdom, because the oppressed and the afflicted community of believers had erected here a little chapel from which grew in the long development of ages the noble and imposing Basilica, St. Peter's, the grandest of modern church buildings in the world. To give a history of the Vatican and an account of its various buildings and art treasures would be to write a book recalling the growth of Roman Christianity and too, the development of art under Michael Angelo and the divine Raphael.



Interior of "St. Paul's outside the Walls"

Rome More Familiarly

After our visit to Pompeii in the rain we were hurried, a damp, tired, sleepy collection of human beings, to the depot, and once more boarded the train for the Eternal City. This was about 11.30 P. M. Into the cars were pushed iron logs of hot water. It may seem primitive, but it was very acceptable. We passed through beautiful scenery, no doubt, but were unable to appreciate it in the darkness. The thing to do was to sleep. For seven long hours we endeavored to sleep horizontal, vertical, twisted, tortuous, serpentine. However, we reached Rome in good time for breakfast, and then began our sight seeing.

First the Pantheon, in the midst of a hail storm, clattering both outside and in, for there is a large circular opening in the immense dome. The Colosseum, where Professor Renoud lectured in spots historic and gave us his views in quarter sections, defending Nero and laying the blame upon his lieutenants; the Forum, with all its marvelous history, containing the

Rostra where Anthony and Cicero made their orations and where the body of Cæsar lay. This interested me particularly, and I was proud to stand where Cicero stood, to gesticulate as he may have done and to pick some flowers and a stone by which to remember the classical spot.

St. Peter's, the Appian Way, the Capitoline Hill, where we passed a cage of eagles and one containing two wolves, reminding the visitor of the Roman eagle at the head of Cæsar's legions and of the early difficulties Romulus and Remus had in gaining a livelihood.



Cloisters of "St. Paul's outside the Walls"

We passed between the equestrian statues of Castor and Pollux, the divine twins, to the area between the museum, which, with the town hall, had taken the place of the arches and temples of Jupiter and Juno. Not far away is the Tarpean rock, whence evil doers were cast to destruction. The cackling of geese saved Rome, and here is where the melodious birds did their cackling. Then to the Church of St. John's Lateran, where popes used to be crowned ; then to the Santa Scala, or the holy steps.

I was greatly interested in the steps, which were full of men, women and children, ascending on their knees the steps that Christ and Luther trod and which were said to have been brought from Jerusalem. The steps themselves, however, are covered with wooden slabs, but here and there are circular holes showing the marble beneath, which spots the faithful reverently kissed as they ascended. On each step a prayer is

repeated, and completing the whole a soul gets indulgence for a thousand years. I basely ascended the outside stair, and through the iron railing looked at what the Latin inscription said was the most sacred place in all the world, the private chapel of the popes, erected in 1278 and containing, it is said, a painting by St. Luke.

In the baptistry of the Lateran and where Constantine is said to have been baptized, we witnessed a baptism in which the priest entered upon record the required data, anointed the



More "Cloister Galleries"

baby's head with oil, poured on sacred water and went through the rather lengthy formula in Latin so rapidly that I did not understand what he said. The baby specially concerned seemed to my inexperienced eye to be two weeks old, altogether too youthful to appreciate the solemnity of this

occasion ; still, under the pressure brought to bear, he was well behaved, and his language beyond criticism.

We listened here to the musical doors, which I, at a short distance, mistook for an organ, and were shown mosaic ceilings and cedar from Lebanon. The doors are said to have been brought from the baths of Caracalla which we next visited. These baths cover 34 acres and were large enough to accommodate 1600 bathers at one time. They provided both cold and hot water and steam. The ruins are huge and the indications of past grandeur are numerous. The mosaics from the pavement of this are in the Museum of St. John's Lateran.

Next we visited a portion of the great sewer of Rome, the Cloaca Maxima, used for 2000 years and still in use. On the walls we were shown by the keeper the figures indicating the height of the water as it backed up from the Tiber. Underneath the church of the Capuchins we entered the cemetery in which there is a suit of four rooms, decorated with the bones of thousands of monks who have been buried here since the sixteenth century. Some one has estimated that there are 1200 square feet covered by these bones in fantastic shapes. The decorations are entirely of bones. It was the most ghastly,

ghostly sepulchral scene I had ever witnessed. One skull is usually too much for a timid maid, but here bones are in baskets hanging from the walls, bones are in frescoes, in mosaics, in arches, in piles like cord wood around the room and hundreds of skulls grin like fiends upon those who enter.

Ulna, femur, scapula, ribs, teeth, digits, skulls in weird fantastic combinations decorate this unique bone-yard of imperial Rome.



"Under canopies of bones upon bone couches"

Leaving this ghostly cellar we were taken to the Pincian Gardens on the Pincian Hills. We reached this elevation at a most propitious time, when the drives were filled with fine teams and carriages and the bon ton of the capital. Here I was able to gratify a wish to see Rome from above and see the seven hills of which we have as school boys read. It is not possible to distinguish all definitely, as rubbish and the dust of ages have filled the depressions between the hills, and, perhaps, the hills are not as high as our imagination has pictured them. Around and around the garden we drove, passing the strange water-clock, which seemed to be keeping Easton time and was



More of the Cappuccini Cemetery

incorrect in its indications. To the north of "Monte Pinch" was the Borghesian villa and library, which we had not time to visit. We had not been blessed with a guide, and our driver was unable to speak English. Here is where my Latin was once more of

value. Not only were we able to go where we wanted, but I wormed out of him some family history. To make him smile it was only necessary to praise his horse: "*Equo bono, valido pulchro grandissimo*" was sure to put him in a good humor.

We were pleased with the type of mankind we found in Rome. They seemed more congenial, more good natured and cleanly than the Italians we had seen at Naples and those we afterwards saw at Genoa.—*Parke.*

Concert Programm

Dampfer „ALLER“

Donnerstag, den 24. März 1898

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|-----------|
| 1 | „El Capitain“, Marsch | Sousa |
| 2 | Fest-Ouverture | Schneider |
| 3 | „Wintergartensterne“, Walzer | Kersten |
| 4 | „Cavalleria rusticana“ | Mascagni |
| 5 | „Ein musikalischer Moment“ Potp. | Wedemeyer |
| 6 | „Plantation Echoes“ | Ross |
| 7 | „National-Airs of America“ | Moses |

LOGS

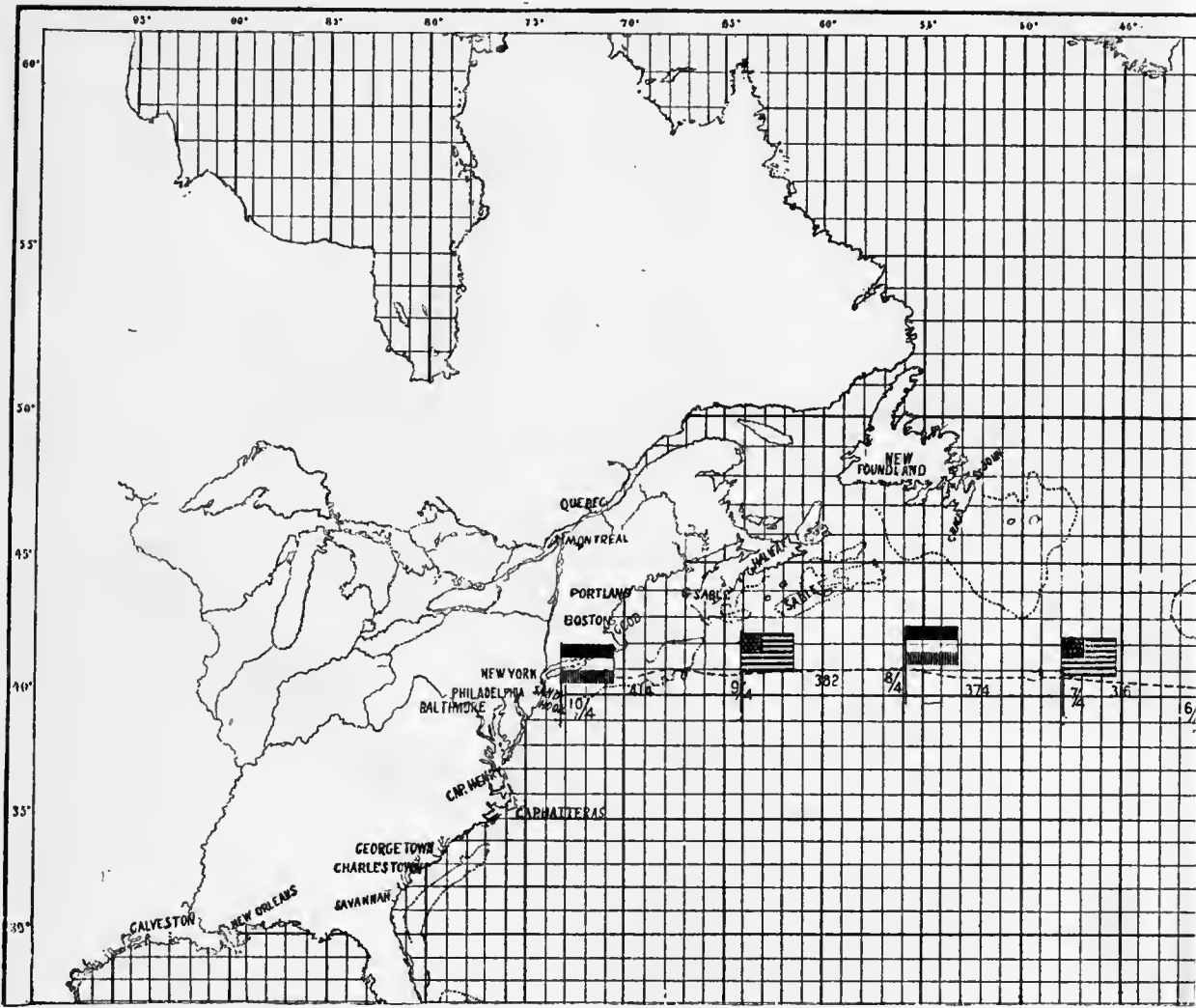
Nautical, Edible, Social

Address upon the Presentation of Watch and Purses to
Captain and Officers

downt upon the Holy City ; upon the valley of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea glimmering in the sunshine, lying 4000

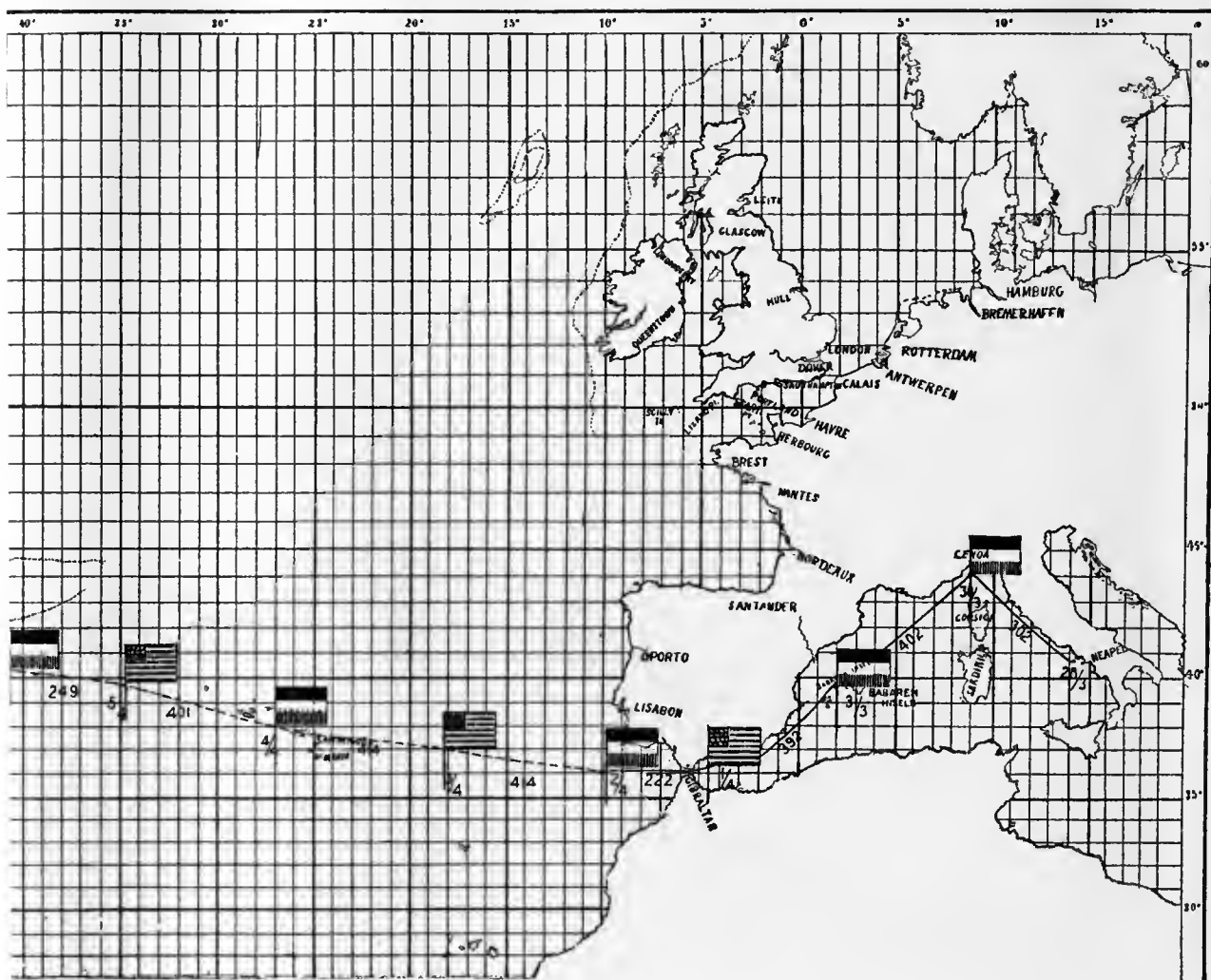


Address upon the Presentation of Watch and Purses to
Captain and Officers



SAILING CHART USED BY
Alternate German and American Flags were

down upon the Holy City; upon the valley of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea glimmering in the sunshine, lying 4000



ALLER ON HOMEWARD VOYAGE

pinned on the Chart at the end of each day's run

Address upon the Presentation of Watch and Purses to
Captain and Officers

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Clark-Aller Cruise :

Some seven weeks ago we came together from widely separated parts of our own great country and from some of the Canadian provinces, and placed ourselves under the care of Captain Nierich, when on shipboard, and under the guardianship of Mr. Clark, when on land.

Since that time we have crossed the Atlantic and traversed the entire length and breadth of the Mediterranean Sea, and visited nearly all of the interesting places on its classic shores. To-morrow we expect to arrive in Naples, and many of us will leave the ship for further European travel, and the cruise will



To "Carrier Pigeons" into view
One Cruiser thus was won't to do

practically be ended ; and yet it will not be ended, as its memories will continue with us as long as any of us shall live. We will often stand on the ship's deck as we approach the Azore Islands, and will see the land rising up out of the ocean before us, until it reaches an altitude of 7600 feet, covered with a white crown of snow. We will often pass into the straits between Pico and Fayall and see, on either hand, land covered with a garment of green, with olive, orange and almond trees and numerous villages with white churches, presenting a beautiful pastoral scene that delights the eye of a beholder.

We will often stand upon the Mount of Olives and look down upon the Holy City ; upon the valley of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea glimmering in the sunshine, lying 4000

feet below us ; upon the fair Judean Hills ; upon the Plains of Sharon ; upon the little town of Bethlehem, where Christ was born, and of Bethany, where He loved to go at night after the toils of the day were over ; upon the Mosque of Omar, with its domes and minarets, standing where Solomon's Temple once stood ; upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where Christ was laid in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa ; upon the valley of Jehosophat ; the Brook Kedron ; the Pools of Salome, the Garden of Gethsemane with its ancient olive trees ; upon the mountains of Moab, and upon every place made sacred by the birth, the life, the death and the resurrection of the world's Redeemer.



Fog on "foto," face and film

And then that golden day, that day borrowed from the treasury of heaven, when we were called by the bugle's blast at 5 o'clock in the morning to see the ship enter the classic Hellespont, now known as the Dardanelles, where Xerxes crossed on a bridge of boats from Asia to Europe, and where Alexander crossed from Europe to Asia, and across which Leander nightly swam to visit his beloved Hero, and where the great conquerors of Europe and Asia passed up to the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn. We will often pass through that classic sea, pass by the Golden Horn, through the Straits of Bosphorus into that inland ocean, the great Black Sea, back to the wharf

in Constantinople and see more than ten thousand faces looking out from under turbans and red fez caps upon the strangers from a foreign land.

We will often, while yet upon the Sea of Marmora, see the great city rising from out the water and disclosing, one after another, its thousand minarets, its domes, its mosques, its magnificent buildings of Saracenic architecture, until the whole magnificent view is spread out before us. Books will be written, newspaper articles will be printed, numerous lectures will be given, and, practically, this cruise will never end.

We have left the land of the minaret, the camel, the donkey, the veiled women and the continuous cry for "backsheesh," and to-morrow will reach a land more or less familiar to all of us, and where we will exchange the Orient for the Occident and take a place again among a Christian community.

All these weeks we have been under the watchful care of Captain Nierich and his officers, who have stood upon the bridge and guided the course of the great ship with remarkable skill and ceaseless vigilance. It was to be expected that a great company, like the North German Lloyd, would have capable and efficient officers in charge of their ships, but it was more than we could expect, that they should all be such kind and courteous gentlemen, and do so much in every way to make the ship a real home for the passengers. In substantial recognition of not only the skill and unceasing care, but the courtesy of all of the officers, the members of the Clark *Aller* cruise have procured a beautiful watch, which they have instructed me to present to Commander Nierich, and a purse to each of the officers of the ship and also the purser, to be used by them to purchase a souvenir of the cruise to be engraved in the same manner as the captain's watch.

In addition to the world with which we are all familiar and are well acquainted, there is another world on this ship, a world of fire, of heat, of hissing steam and of revolving wheels, every turn of which brings us nearer our destined port. I am also instructed to give to the Chief Engineer a purse with a like inscription and to be used for the same purpose. And now, it only remains for me to convey to Captain Nierich and his officers the assurance that we will always hold him and them in grateful remembrance, and wish them all the richest blessings which earth can bestow.—*Geo. Waldo Smith, Esq.*

Resolutions

The following resolutions and expressions of appreciation were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the members of "Clark's *Aller* Cruise" assembled in the main saloon of the North German Lloyd steamship *Aller*, Thursday evening, March 24, 1898:

Resolved, That the quiet and efficient manner in which discipline and order have been maintained on the ship *Aller*; the courtesy and ability of the officers and stewards and their success in making the ship a real home to us during this cruise to the Orient has found spontaneous expression and universal recognition by every member of our company.

Resolved, That the character, conduct and work of Captain Nierich and his staff of officers compels our admiration and esteem for them as men as well as seamen. Not for one moment has the most timid had occasion to give the slightest consideration to the management of the vessel, but all have been free to enjoy the pleasures of the trip undisturbed by accident, failure or mistake in conduct or management.

The bravery and humanity of the officers of this vessel on a late occasion have found well-merited recognition elsewhere, but it is our privilege to further recognize their qualities as seamen and gentlemen and to express to them present and absent our appreciation of their qualities and our thanks for their attention and kindness.

(Signed)

G. WALDO SMITH, *Chairman*,

ALFRED J. P. MCCLURE, *Secretary*.

ON BOARD S. S. *Aller*, NEAR NAPLES, March 24, 1898.

MR. FRANK C. CLARK:

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the *Aller* Cruise party held in the forward cabin this morning, there was such a spontaneous, unanimous and hearty appreciation expressed of the uniform, kindly and courteous treatment we had all received at your hands since you took charge of us in New York on February 5th last, that a resolution was passed appointing a committee of two to convey to you in these few words our sentiment of appreciation, of regard and esteem for you which we will all carry with us, as we separate at Naples to-morrow.

It is not our desire to come to you with any stereotyped phrases or platitudes, for we have come to know you as a practical business man, but we *do* desire to express to you in this way our genuine and hearty appreciation of the ability and promptness with which you have carried out the details of this cruise, of your anxiety for our comfort, welfare and safety, and the very generous manner in which we have been entertained—in which you have so well acted the part of host.

The magnitude of the undertaking which you have so successfully and satisfactorily carried out is patent to us all, and we congratulate you most earnestly in having conceived and carried out to the letter thus far the largest,

most extensive, most comprehensive and satisfactory cruise ever undertaken so far as we are aware, and we feel that you are entitled to the confidence and the consideration of the traveling public, to whom it will always be our pleasure to recommend you.

Trusting that no single incident may occur that would in any way mar the pleasure of the return trip to New York, and not forgetting to recognize and to express our gratitude to a benign and kindly Providence that has so smiled on us during this entire trip, we wish you every success in your further undertakings, and assure you that it will be many a long day before there shall fade from our memory the pleasant recollections and the delightful associations and experience of the "*Aller Cruise*."

(Signed)

G. WALDO SMITH,

GEO. D. SELDEN,

Committee.

Obituaries

On Monday, the 7th of February, only two days out from New York, there occurred a sad event that served to remind us that the king of terrors holds sway on the ocean as well as on land. Mr. Rudolph, whose picture is among the list of our passengers, a fine, genial-looking man, died from acute meningitis. He was taken with a severe chill soon after coming on board the vessel, and soon thereafter lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he was never aroused. He, with his wife, was booked for the full trip round the Mediterranean to Egypt and the Holy Land. Mr. Rudolph was a business man of excellent standing in Philadelphia, was a Knight Templar, a past commander of that order, and a member of several other associations and societies. Funeral services were held according to the usages of the Knights Templar order, and were conducted by Sir Knight Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, D. D., of Jackson, Ohio. Dr. Hutchinson, in the course of his address, remarked "that though Mr. Rudolph had started with his wife for the Holy Land, militant and present, he had been quickly transported, we all hoped and believed, to that Holy Land triumphant." Mr. Rudolph was identified with the Baptist Church in Philadelphia, and his friends speak of him in this connection with appreciation. The body was embalmed and taken with us to Gibraltar, our first stop. From there his sorrowing wife returned by the next ship with the body to New York and Philadelphia and home. As a Knight, as a member of our party, everything was done in the kindest possible manner for Mrs. Rudolph in her affliction.

"The announcement of the death of C. P. Skinner, Esq., in Westfield, N. Y., came to Ottawa, a sad yet not an unexpected message. It was a message that gave tidings that a pure and good man whose business affairs were successfully conducted within the limitations of the Christian's conscience and ideals, a gentleman "sans peur et sans reproche," had passed from the business life of Ottawa forevermore. He died as he lived, unobtrusively, calmly, courageously, "in the faith." He leaves to his social and his business world the legacy of the inspiration of one man's "unsullied fame."—*Ottawa Republican-Times*.

Dr. Charles S. Robinson died in New York, February, 1899. He was, perhaps, one of the most distinguished of our passengers, having written a number of successful books and being the compiler and publisher of the most popular Presbyterian hymn-books. His several books and booklets on Egypt are the best in a popular vein that have been written on that subject. At the time of his death he was at work on a new book on Egypt. Most of the passengers will remember his quick, keen wit and his inveterate punning. Other deaths are noted in the list of names by a * I would have been glad to print notices if they had been sent me.

The Voices from the Engine Room

"Mill, forge an' try pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows
Oh, for a man to weld it then in one trip-hammer strain
Till even first-class passingers could tell the meanin' plain."



"Vilhelm"

I am sure I voice the experience of many another Allerite when I recall the weird impression made by the thump and beat of the screw and the rhythm of the engine. How many times as we turned in and laid an ear upon a restful pillow in our bunk, before many moments the plunge and thrust, the mighty sobbing, roaring strain of those iron giants laboring down below,

speeding our course with untiring power, framed for us a sentence distinct and clear. "Give me more room, clickety boom," were the words of the wrestling giant to me, and if the sea was high or my spirits low, that last word without rhyme or reason subtly changed to "doom" and the phrase assumed a new meaning. At any rate, it was a real experience, and has a flavor belonging distinctly to the cruise. Those giants seemed like real friends of life and heart as we peeped at them through the passage-way windows and watched their throbbing power.

Later these marvelous lines of Kipling's came to my attention and fit so well upon the weird impression that I am sure many of the same mind will enjoy their reproduction.

"That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's kin—the chap
Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.
I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the last, says he :
'Mister McAndrews, Don't you think steam spoils romance at sea ?'
Damned ijjit ! I'd been down that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches from my nose.
Romance ! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books : but why don't poets tell ?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam !
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass ; the feed pump sobs an' heaves :
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa ! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed.
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed,
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made ;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust block says :
'Not unto us the praise or man—not unto us the praise !'
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine :
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline !' "

—Kipling's *McAndrews Hymn*, in "*The Seven Seas*."

The Captain's Dinner

MENU

Dampfer „ALLER“, den 9. April 1898

MITTAGESSEN

Falsche Schildkröten-Suppe, Fleischbrühe
 Cromesquis
 Rehbraten, Sauce venaison
 Tournedos, Stangenspargel
 Punsch à la romaine
 Poulardenbraten
 Birnen Rothe Beeten
 Plum-Pudding
 Illuminirtes Apricosen-Eis
 Mandel Aufsatz
 Frucht Nachtsch
 Caffee mélange

DINNER

Mock-turtle-soup Consommé
 Cromesquis
 Loin of roe-venison, sauce venaison
 Tournedos, asparagus
 Punch à la romaine
 Roast-poulardes
 Pears Red Beets
 Plum-pudding
 Transparent apricot-ice-cream
 Almond table-piece
 Fruit Dessert
 Coffee mélange



Concert Programme

LAST EVENING ON VESSEL

An entertainment for the benefit of the Seamen's Fund. Given Saturday evening, April 9, 1898, on board the good ship "Ailer," by the remaining pilgrims of Clark's Aller-Cruise.

- 1 Quartette, "Where Would I be"
- 2 Original Poem Mr. Chas. C. Craft
- 3 Vocal Solo, "Life's Lullaby," Miss A. Mitchell
- 4 Piano Solo, "Il Penseroso," Miss G. Penfield
- 5 Reading Poem, "Reincarnation,"
 Dr. A. J. Keckeler
- 6 Vocal Solo, "When the Swallows Homeward
 Fly," Darkey Song, College Songs,
 Rev. J. L. Egbert
- 7 Reading, "The Old Schoolmaster's Advice,"
 Mrs. Chas. A. McFeely
- 8 Vocal Solo, "Song of All Nations,"
 Miss Carolyn Archbold
- 9 Recitation, "Jes Befo' Christmas" and "Tom,"
 Miss Warner
- 10 Vocal Solo, "All Through the Night,"
 Mr. Fred. W. Smith
- 11 Chorus, "John Brown's Body,"
 Carrie, Bancker, Dorothy, Gertrude, Jay,
 Junior, Minnie, Olive, Rodney, etc.
- 12 Mississippi Boatmen's Song, "Ho Bob Riddley
 Ho," Mr. Egbert
- 13 Mr. Gibson announced collection to be \$25
- 14 "Swanee River," By the Company

Dampfer „ALLER“

Sonabend, den 9. April 1898

- 1 „Die römischen Spiele," Marsch, Carré
- 2 Fest-Ouverture, Latann
- 3 „Immer und nimmer," Walzer Waldteufel
- 4 „Die Post im Walde," Lied Schäfer
- 5 Potpourri of „German Student's
 Songs," Kohlmann
- 6 „Erinnerung an Naumburg" Petersen

Craft's Retrospective Rhymes

Read on the return round of the *Dampfer Aller* upon
the occasion of the Seamen's Orphan Fund Entertainment.

My friends and fellow-passengers, all of the *Aller* Cruise,
My motive is to please you, not your patience to abuse,
For many weeks we've traveled, o'er seas, on shore, to Rome,
And now at last, the vessel's prow is headed straight for home.
'Tis fitting then, in retrospect, the past to overlook,
And call to mind the varied scenes, since passing Sandy Hook.
In rain and fog we left New York, the outer bar was crossed ;
We felt emotions loud and deep, as the *Aller* reared and tossed,
But fleeting were our feelings, and we passed our victuals aft,
And gained our sea legs sturdily like weather-beaten Craft.

And then the Azores, emerald gems, that rose up out of seas,
Which glinted with a deep blue-green ; and sights of fields and trees ;
Light dotted huts of white on green, the windows gleaming bright,
Till Pica's brow, mist-wreathed arose, and crowned the gem-set sight.
Next Gibraltar's frowning heights, a lion rampart lay,
It seemed a mighty barrier to stop our onward way.
But *Dampfer Aller's* little tug, though not a tug of war,
Made light of thoughts so somber, and landed us on shore.
Through winding ways in tunnelled rock we upward climbed to view
The Spanish main, but not her might, for that is cut in two.
Away again our vessel speeds to Afric's sunny climes,
And when we waken in the bay, " Algiers," the bugle chimes.
A succotash of sights and sounds and eastern tinted scenes ;
Arabs, copts and Nubians mixed, as corn is mixed with beans,
A misty morning next we have, a landing in the bay,
But Naples' sights are not on view, Vesuve is hid away.
Away again to Malta, where the Mardi-gras so gay,
And Momus, god of Laughter, with festive rule held sway.
Cairo next, Kaleidoscope, old Cheops, ancient tomb,
With the Nilometer gardens where the Moslem flowers bloom.

Ye ancient Sphinx and camels, ye donkey drivers cry,
As though the Mouski, Turks and Jews solicit you to buy.
Arabesques and Scarab-esques, Mosaics laid in pearl,
Minarets and Hanker-cheffs, and presents for your girl.
The moon lit scenes of Luxor, a dream of ancient fame.
The Nile trip with its lunches, most as ancient as the same.
The dromedary camel, with a howdah like a trunk,
And just about as rigid as a steerage passage-bunk.
And now away to Joppa, the city by the sea,
Where Simon's house, the Tanner, of Bible fame, should be.
Jerusalem the Golden, where milk and honey flows,
And muddy smelly streets are viewed with clothes-pins on the nose.
The waters of Siloam's pool and Jordan's muddy slope,
The waters of the sea that's dead and tastes as strong as soap.

The cradle of our Saviour's birth, the Holy, Holy Land,
 God grant our visit's not in vain as *Aller's* Pilgrim band.
 Smyrna, Beirut and Ephesus are now but fleeting dreams,
 Past Bosphorus shores and Golden Horn the *Aller* quickly steams.
 As evening's lengthening sunbeams fantastic shadows mock,
 Our vessel led by a little tug is landed at the dock.
 Constantinople, even its letters are a mob ;
 As school boy how we trembled when we undertook the job.
 But now the spell is real enough, with Turks and turbaned things,
 " Far away Moses " now becomes a tier of turquoise rings,
 And Saint Sophia's bloody hand, like the writing on the wall,
 May only be the symbol of Mohammed nation's fall.
 Next Athens' might and Acropolis' height were stormed, but not by sword,
 While even Turkish bayonets were brought by us on board.
 Then Naples with its showers ; Pompeii we missed again,
 And left Vesuvius' sunny slopes quite moistly wet with rain.
 Rome, the eternal city, how bright its memory still,
 Of walking on its terraces, the view from Pincian hill.
 The Vatican with its glories, which many did not see—
 Quite like Campo Santo's sights which yet are still to be.
 As we left Genoa's rock-bound coast the finest days were ours,
 A day from Heaven's treasury whilst passing Azores' flowers.
 But then the sun-lit storm arose, with white-capped waves in sight,
 And prankish Neptune's mighty seas rose up to crow's nest height
 In the last sad hours that slowly passed, the tables e'en were racked,
 Like cork on giant waves we tossed, while the cylinder heads were
 packed.
 But so it goes, and here we are, with HOSPITAL intent ;
 The wonder is our pocketbooks contain a single cent.
 But for seaman's wife and sailor's child, an orphaned kid is he,
 Let's open up our little bag, and give most heartily.
 But now it's time to say good night, Farewell to the *Aller* Cruise.
 Full time to end this lengthy tale, turn in and take a snooze.

—Chas. C. Craft.



O'er seas, with these, on knees

Nearing Home, and the Last Experiences

Tuesday, April 5th.—We have had beautiful weather since leaving sunny Italy, and have made good time, but to-day, on arising, we found a gale in our faces, and the waves, poetically, mountain high. They are the highest I have ever experienced, dashing sometimes over the captain's bridge and drenching the daring spectators of the ocean's fury.

Another man took a sea-bath in the ladies' saloon. Seven bucketfuls and a half went down his coat-collar, likewise ; unlike the first victim he did not swear, but sadly smiled and wiped away his tears—salty ones, I suppose.

At noon to-day we had made 401 miles, which is only 13 miles behind the record of the preceding day. We are satisfied, and hope that the waves may subside and that



Campo Santo—Genoa



the noble vessel
may keep her
pledge.

Arrangements
were made to-

day to give an entertainment Thursday evening in aid of the Seamen's Fund.

Wednesday, April 6th.—The past night has been a hard one. It was almost impossible to sleep. I rose early and investigated. The screw stopped, and while we merely floated I assumed to go up on the captain's bridge. Asking the gallant fourth officer why he had slowed up, he said "that the passengers might get some sleep and the officers some rest."

I called to mind the fact that they were not usually so thoughtfully inclined at six o'clock in the morning. I became suspicious. About this time I noticed a big wave, hairy with spray, making for the bridge. I made a sickly attempt to dodge, but got the full benefit, and retired, a saltier and wiser passenger.

Before breakfast I had obtained five different and distinct reasons for the stopping of the engines. Perhaps the most authoritative one was the one assigned by the captain, which was that they had stopped two hours to put new packing in the cylinder.

When the ship is under good headway among these magnificent waves, there is great pitching; the 455 feet go up and down like a chip. The timbers creak and the wheel revolves with a velocity and an irregularity that makes the hull shiver and the people shudder. It seems as if something must



The Three Graces

break when subjected to such tremendous force. But our vessel is staunch and strong, and I have seen not more than two or three that felt discouraged and alarmed.

When the engine stops the ship rolls. For breakfast this morning we had rolls of colossal proportion. It was positively dangerous in the dining-room. The shelves were on all the tables, but the dishes could not be controlled. The dishes on our table started a hurdle-race and aimed for poor Junior McClure, who was at the end of the table. The rest of us headed off as many stray articles as we could while we struggled to remain on our feet, but the poor boy was the centre of a fine collection of knives, forks, steak, saucers, oatmeal, plates, butter, milk and scrambled eggs. There was enough crockery gathered lovingly around him to set up housekeeping.

A dignified lord not far from us had a pitcher of syrup upset in his lap. It is not hard to imagine with what external sweetness he left the room. As one passes from a room engaged in

such emotion, there is a wonderful amount of affection displayed for inanimate objects. Without a blush a woman will hug an unresponsive post for several consecutive seconds, then with a dainty half-grown scream will make for the nearest securely-anchored object, carefully avoiding unanchored men, who have enough to do to navigate in the same way.

After the cylinder was packed we started off at a moderate pace, and at noon were brought face to face with the fact that



*"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one ;
Two hungry, sea-sick passengers—
Between them one poor bun."*

we had lost 150 miles, having made only 249 miles in the 24 hours. Nobody complains, for we are willing to go slowly and avoid the risk of breaking a shaft here in this unfrequented tract of ocean.

Rain and wind and spray in the afternoon drove every one from the decks. The water, as it whizzed past the door, made us feel that it was safer within. Our song service was held as usual, but was brief.

April 7th.—We had a rough and rather restless night. The winds are still severe and the waves are billowy and the *Aller* "pitchy." The sun came out about seven o'clock, and the barometer is rising. During the night an immense wave struck

over the whole ship, damaging the bridge and breaking a life-boat almost loose. The force of water in motion must be tremendous, for the iron railing was bent, and the wooden banister, six or eight inches wide, was broken in two or three places. During the afternoon the sea became calm again, and the deck was frequented by the ladies.

Friday, April 8th.—This is Good Friday, and we were religiously awakened by the band playing hymns. Many are sick, even those who escaped before. Old times are being revived. One told of a Senator from the West who threw up everything except his immortal soul and his commission as Senator. The weather seems to be good, but at twelve to-day we had made only 376 miles, which lessens our chances for landing on Sunday. It is remarkable how interesting these noonday figures of the captain are as we return. On the way over I scarcely deigned to notice them. We have passed about six vessels on our way back, all at a distance. Two of these were warships, as the officers reported. Some on board are making themselves believe that they were connected with the Spanish war.

Saturday, April 9th.—During the past night there was a storm and fierce head wind, and our run at twelve was 382 miles, leaving over 400 miles yet to do. We still hope to reach New York in time to land on Sunday. We are having beautiful weather, and the sea is smooth. We have no pitch or rolls now. This evening we had our final dinner, and the effort was successful and appreciated.

The captain made a short speech, and G. Waldo Smith, Esq., one in reply, and Rev. Mr. McClure proposed three rousing American cheers for the *Aller* and her captain. There was illuminated apricot ice cream, and a parade by the waiters preceded, with lights turned out, the band playing one of Sousa's marches and the passengers clapping their hands.

To-night the much-announced entertainment took place, and a respectable sum will be turned over to the Seamen's Fund.



"And so the dreamy days went by"

Conductors and Officers

MANAGER : MR. FRANK C. CLARK.

CONDUCTORS :

MR. L. LEWIS, MR. J. R. STEWART,
MR. LEON L. COLIVER, MR. ALFRED SCHWITZGUEBEL,
MR. HERMAN HORNSTEIN,

COMMANDER : R. NIERICH.

Chief Officer : M. MALCHOW. Third Officer : P. KÖNIG.
Second Officer : L. AMMON. Fourth Officer : E. ZANDER.

Physician : DR. R. EHEBALD.

Chief Engineer : A. KRETH. Third Engineer : C. KAPITZKY.
Second Engineer : O. LAEGEL. Fourth Engineer : M. WINKLER.
Third Engineer : C. WESEMANN. Fourth Engineer : C. SCHÜTTE.
Fourth Engineer : B. SEEHUSEN.

Pursers : { A. DREYER.
G. STEDE.

Chief Steward : F. VOLLERS. Second Steward : E. WOHLFAHRT.
Second Steward : J. STÜMPER.
Head Chef : C. MÜLLER. Second Chef : A. SCHULZ.
Second Chef : C. VANSELOW. Second Chef : H. SUNKEL.

Transcript of the *Aller's* Nautical Log

Departure from New York, February 5th, at noon.

Feb. 6th,	331	miles.	
" 7th,	370	"	
" 8th,	338	"	
" 9th,	351	"	
" 10th,	354	"	
" 11th,	345	"	from 1.20 p. m. until the 12th Feb., 10.30 a. m., between Azores.
" 12th,	231	"	
" 13th,	351	"	
" 14th,	346	"	
" 15th,	248	"	7 00 a. m., arrived at Gibraltar.
	<hr/> 3266	"	3266 miles.

Departure from Gibraltar, February 15th, at 1.30 p. m.

Arrived at Malaga, February 15th, at 5.30 p. m. ; distance, 59 "

Departure from Malaga, February 17th, at 2.55 a. m.

Feb. 17th,	130	miles.	
" 18th,	234	"	6.45 a. m., arrived at Algiers.
	<hr/> 364	"	364 "

Departure from Algiers, February 18th, at 6.40 p. m.

Feb. 19th,	244	miles.	
" 20th,	323	"	7.20 a. m., arrived at Naples.
	<hr/> 567	"	567 "

Departure from Naples, February 21st, at 4.08 a. m.

Feb. 21st, 115 miles.

“ 22nd, 215 “ 6.34 a. m., arrived at Valetta (Malta).

330 “

330 miles.

Departure from Valetta, February 22nd, at 8.25 p. m.

Feb. 23d, 343 miles.

“ 24th, 376 “

“ 25th, 200 “ 5.20 a. m., arrived at Alexandria.

819 “

819 “

Departure from Alexandria, March 1st, at 3.47 p. m.

Mar. 2nd, 270 miles, 9.45 a. m., arrived at Jaffa,

270 “

Departure from Jaffa, March 2nd, at 6 p. m.

Mar. 3rd, 141 miles, 6.15 a. m., arrived at Port Said,

141 “

Departure from Port Said, March 3rd, at 4.27 p. m.

Mar. 4th, 156 miles, 6.27 a. m., arrived at Alexandria,

156 “

Departure from Alexandria, March 8th, at 4 p. m.

Mar. 9th, 270 miles, 8.40 a. m., arrived at Jaffa,

270 “

Rough sea ; impossible to anchor on Jaffa road ; kept the ship in sight of Jaffa until 4.10 p. m. We dropped anchor near Jaffa ; impossible to disembark passengers.

Departure from Jaffa, March 10th, at 7.45 a. m. Kept the ship in sight of Jaffa till noon ; weather getting rougher ; set off for Port Said.

Mar. 11th, 154 miles, 6.25 a. m., arrived at Port Said,

154 “

Departure from Port Said, March 11th, at 6.22 p. m.

Mar. 12th, 132 miles, 6.25 a. m., arrived at Jaffa,

132 “

Departure from Jaffa, March 12th, at 10.35 a. m.

Arrived at Haifa, March 12th, at 2.45 p. m.,

55 “

Departure from Haifa March 12th, at 5 p. m.

Arrived at Beirut, March 13th, at 6 50 a. m.,

70 “

Departure from Beirut, March 14th, at 5.50 a. m.

Arrived at Haifa, March 14th, at 11.27 a. m.,

70 “

Departure from Haifa, March 15th, at 6.35 a. m.

Arrived at Jaffa, March 15th, at 12.15 a. m.,

55 “

6778 “

We are told by signals from shore, “Landing impossible ;” kept in sight of Jaffa till 3.06 p. m. Dropped anchor and took passengers on board the next morning.

Departure from Jaffa, March 16th, at 1.00 p. m.,

Arrived at Haifa, “ 16th, at 4.50 p. m.

55 miles.

Departure from Haifa, “ 16th, at 9.15 p. m.,

Arrived at Beirut, “ 17th, at 6.20 a. m.

70 “

Departure from Beirut, “ 17th, at 3.00 p. m.

Mar. 18th, 342 miles.

“ 19th, 322 “ Arrived at Smyrna, 7.47 a. m.

664 miles.

664 “

Departure from Smyrna, March 19th, 6.50 p. m.

Mar. 20th, 287 miles, 3.19 p. m. Passed Constantinople,

287 “

Went up and back the Bosphorus,

32 “

Arrived at Constantinople pier, 6.00 p. m.
 Departure from Constantinople March 21st, at 6.00 p. m.
 Arrived Piræus, " 22d, at 5.30 p. m., 364 miles.
 Departure from Piræus, " 23d, at 6.00 p. m.
 Mar. 24th, 302 miles.
 " 25th, 371 " Arrived 9.45 a. m. at Naples.

 673 673 "
 Departure from Naples, March 28th, at 6.20 p. m.
 Arrived at Genoa, " 29th, at 2.40 p. m., 345 "
 Departure from Genoa, March 30th, at 10.24 a. m.
 Mar. 31st, 418 miles.
 Apr. 1st, 425 " Arrived 2.45 p. m. at Gibraltar,

 843 miles. 843 "
 Departure from Gibraltar, March 30th, at 10.18 p. m.
 April 2d, 222
 " 3d, 414
 " 4th, 414
 " 5th, 401
 " 6th, 249
 " 7th, 316
 " 8th, 374
 " 9th, 382
 " 10th, 414
 Sandy Hook, 31
 Hoboken Pier 22

 3239 3239 "

 6572 "
 6778 "

 13.350 "

THE LAST LOG BULLETIN OF THE ALLER CRUISE POSTED

Norddeutscher Lloyd.

Dampfer Aller Cpt. R. Nierich
 Sonnabend den 9^{ten} April 1898
 40° 50 N Breite und 64° 4 N Länge.
 Zurückgelegte Distanz: 382 Seemeilen.
 Distanz bis heute 2772 Seemeilen.
 7 Tage 13.5 Stunden in See.
 Rest bis Sandy Hook 450

THE EDIBLE LOG

Transcript of the Pursers' Record

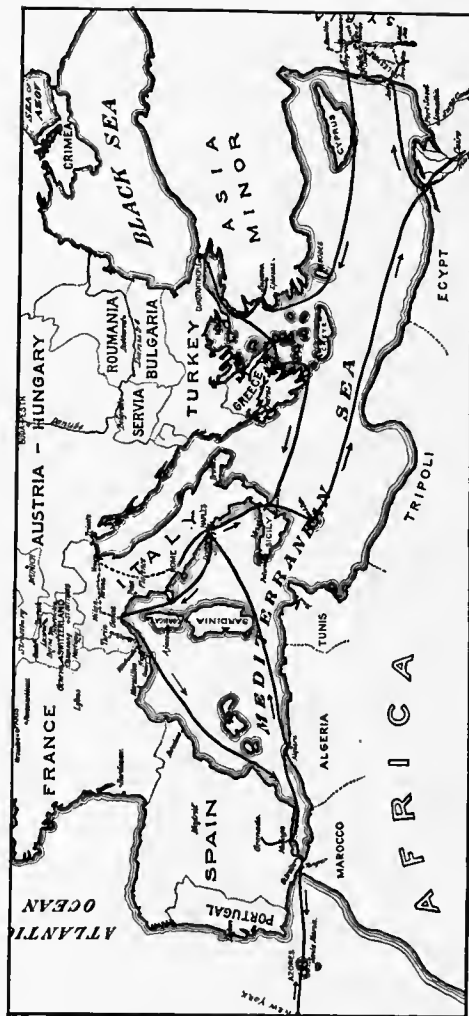
A FEW ITEMS OF PROVISIONING FOR THE *Aller* CRUISE

Fresh Beef,	24,426 lbs.	Toilet Soap,	3,030 pieces.
Veal,	2,393 "	Hard Soap,	6 "
Mutton,	6,446 "	Rubbing Wood Brushes,	
Calf's Head,	58 pieces.		187 "
Calf Sweetbreads	624 "	Brooms,	187 "
Liver,	292 lbs.	Olives,	692 glasses.
Salted Beef,	3,515 "	American Oatmeal,	390 lbs.
Pork,	3,225 "	Rice,	629 ½-lbs.
Kidneys,	80 pieces.	Rice,	1,215 lbs.
Calf Tongue,	100 "	Julien,	124 packages.
Ox Tongue,	95 "	Celery,	75 "
Brains,	100 "	Sago,	48 lbs.
Pressed Beef,	942 lbs.	Meal,	18 bbls.
Mutton,	679 "	Rye,	28 "
Bacon,	1,513 "	Wheat,	163 "
Smoked Pork,	1,193 "	Buckwheat,	129 lbs.
Hams, German,	228 pieces.	Baking Powder,	310 "
Hams, English,	116 "	Fresh Turtles,	55 "
Dried Beef,	397 lbs.	Lobsters,	460 "
Corn Beef,	13 "	Preserved Lobsters,	255 tins.
Corned Canned Beef,	666 cans.	Preserved Salmon,	226 "
Spring Lamb,	225 pieces.	Crabs, Deviled,	22 boxes.
Fresh Sausage,	85 lbs.	Fresh Fish,	5,905 lbs.
Venison,	110 "	Salted Mackerel,	106 "
Herring,	3 barrels.	Smoked Mackerel,	45 "
Herring Boxes,	24 doz. boxes.	Salt Cod,	36 "
Fine Herrings,	196 tins.	Clip Fish,	720 "
Sardels,	101 "	Raisins, Sultana,	33 ¾-lbs.
Sardines,	575 "	Smyrna Raisins,	170 lbs.
Anchovies,	98 "	Corinth Raisins,	46 "
Anchovies Essence,	17 glasses.	Sacad,	10 ½-lbs.
Canned Oysters,	108 tins.	Oranges and Man-	
Fresh Oysters,	12,000 pieces.	darines,	35,150 dozens.
Clams, 100 tins,	1,516 "	Lemons,	9,167 "
Eels in Jelly,	102 tins.	Prunelles,	186 lbs.
Laurel Leaves,	3 3/10 lbs.	Apricots,	164 "
Black Pepper,	23 6/10 "	Figs,	433 "
White Pepper,	11 6/10 "	Hazel Nuts,	199 "
Oil, Sweet,	542 glasses.	Sweet Mandles,	144 "
Oil,	2,627 "	Dates,	46 "
Vinegar,	35 barrels.	Dried Peaches,	204 "
Astragen Essence,	16 glasses.	Cream Cheese,	584 "
Wine and Tap,	61 ¼-bbls.	Edam Cheese,	471 "
Red Wine,		Swiss Cheese,	573 "
Straws,	7 packages.	Chester Cheese,	202 "
Yellow Soap,	449 lbs.	Crown Cheese,	274 "

Rocquefort Cheese,	458 lbs.	Meal,	14 doz.
Vanilla,	101 bottles.	Cheyenne pepper,	3 doz. cases.
Mace,	1 7/10 lbs.	Olive Oil,	571 bottles.
Pulverized Sugar,	415 lbs.	Pudding Powder,	233 cans.
Granulated Sugar,	3,550 "	Beans,	1,236 pounds.
Lump Sugar,	1,380 "	White Cabbage,	259 "
Coffee,	1,395 "	Green Cabbage,	105 "
Coffee,	1,361 1/2-lbs.	Sour Cabbage,	1,980 "
Tea,	57 lbs.	Green Herbs,	2,214 "
Tea,	196 1/2-lbs.	White Beans,	2,190 "
Chickory,	178 1/4-lbs.	Maccaroni,	152 "
Chocolate,	299 lbs.	Smoked Herrings,	88 boxes.
Cocoa,	42 "	Salmon,	33 1/2-boxes.
Bottles of Milk,	286	Smoked Eels,	18 "
4 Barrels of Milk,	902 tins.	Star Smoked Eels,	18 "
2 Barrels of Milk,	914 "	Ducks,	921 pieces.
Potatoes, Sweet,	54 bushels.	Hens,	380 "
Potatoes,	1,686 "	Chickens,	5,130 "
Butter, 1st grade,	3,367 lbs.	Capons,	1,073 "
Butter, 2d grade,	151 "	Geese,	505 "
Salt,	24 bbls	Turkey,	2,780 "
Eggs,	38,759 doz.	Pigeons,	800 "
Plums,	573 lbs.	Pheasants,	96 "
Prunes,	589 "	Fish,	570 "
Apples,	384 1/2-bushel.	Grouse,	580 "
Apples, 2nd,	284 bushels.	Guinea Hens,	70 "
Raisins,	13 boxes.	Herbs,	583 pounds.
Pineapples,	240	Pearl Beans,	294 "
Glasses of Assorted		String Beans,	394 "
Fruit,	58	Carrots,	297 "
Jellies,	93 glasses.	Asparagus,	293 tins.
Candy Syrup,	68 bottles.	Asparagus,	382 "
Raspberry,	252 "	Parsnips,	221 bushels.
Pickles,	166 "	Cabbage,	105 heads.
Challotter,	28 "	Beets,	50 bushels.
Mixed Pickles,	268 "	Artichokes,	157 pounds.
Pickletus,	65 "	Mushrooms,	147 cans.
Olives,	216 bottles.	Truffles,	142 "
Capers,	38 "	Murrells,	62 "
Tomatoes,	278 cans.	Lima Beans,	69 "
Tomato Puree,	96 "	Succotash,	62 "
Corn,	20 1/2 boxes.	Pears,	303 "
Catsup,	25 "	Cranberries,	145 "
Ox-tail Soup,	117 "	Strawberries,	185 "
Ox Tongues,	581 "	Cherries,	326 "
Ducks,	52 doz.	Apricots,	306 "
Kieken,	50 "	Noodles,	50 "
Little Birds,	46 "	Egg Food,	51 1/2-lbs.
Prairie Chicken,	50 "	Oat Meal,	69 cases.
Cinnamon,	250 "	Gelatin,	25 1/2 barrels.
Sulz,	3,055 "	Brandy,	61 1/4 doz.
Ginger,	10 "		etc., etc.

THE ROUTE

*Lost not to sight,
But clear right here
And to the memory dear.*



New York, Sandy Hook, Azores, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, The Alhambra, Algiers, Naples, Pompeii, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Luxor, Karnak, Thebes, The Pyramids, Gizeh, Bedrashan, Memphis, Sakkarah, Jaffa, Port Said, Suez Canal, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, The Jordan, The Dead Sea, Nablous, Nazareth, Tiberias, The Sea of Galilee, Caifa, Mount Carmel, Beirut, Damascus, Smyrna, Ephesus, Constantinople, Pireaus, Athens, Straits of Messina, Mt. Etna, Scylla and Charybdis, Naples, Desirius, Rome, Genoa, Gibraltar, Home.



The Value of Travel

I feel like recommending a sea voyage to busy men and women—especially to those who are becoming somewhat advanced in years. I would like to write myself down as a lover of the sea. I believe the lives of many people might be prolonged if they would take an occasional sea voyage. It is a grand thing to breathe the ozone, and witness day after day the vast expanse of the sea.

Speaking of traveling in a general way, I never have been able to understand why (if he was correctly reported) such a wise man and such a genuine philosopher as Ralph Waldo Emerson should have been led to say that "traveling is the fool's paradise." I make bold to say "traveling is not the fool's paradise," but a recreation to be taken by wise men and wise women, as opportunity may offer.

A.

The Infatuation of It

Life, O ! life of the free'st kind ;
For the love of the life most unconfined,
A tramp, a gypsy, a wanderer free,
From land to land, by rail, o'er sea.

For no far end, nor search nor learn,
Only to live ; no longer to burn
With consuming fire to get and to keep,
Torturing the day and murdering sleep.

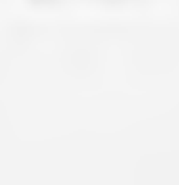
Away, go cruising. cast off all chains,
Banished is care and vanished are pains—
Sweet art of travel for sweet art's sake,
A joy, a dream ! let me never awake.





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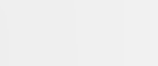
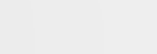
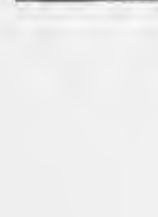
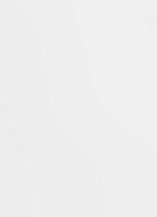
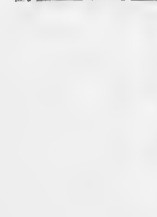


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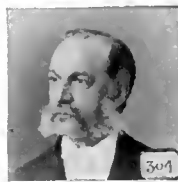
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I owe my cousin, Prof. Park, Mr. Archbold, Mr. Spencer and Miss A. special thanks for clever, amusing and informing contributions unpaged in this index. Matter unattributed and unquoted is the compiler's.

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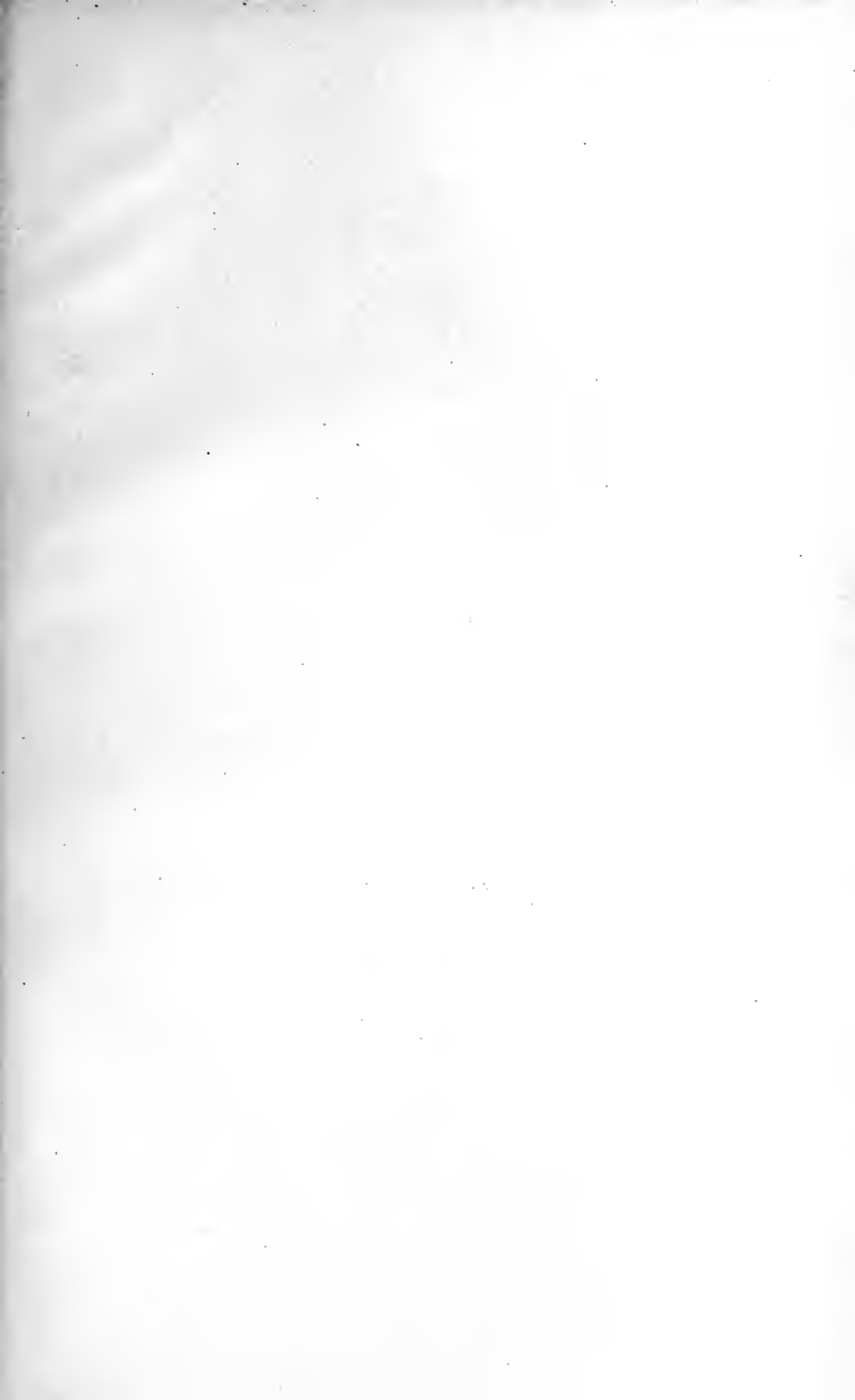
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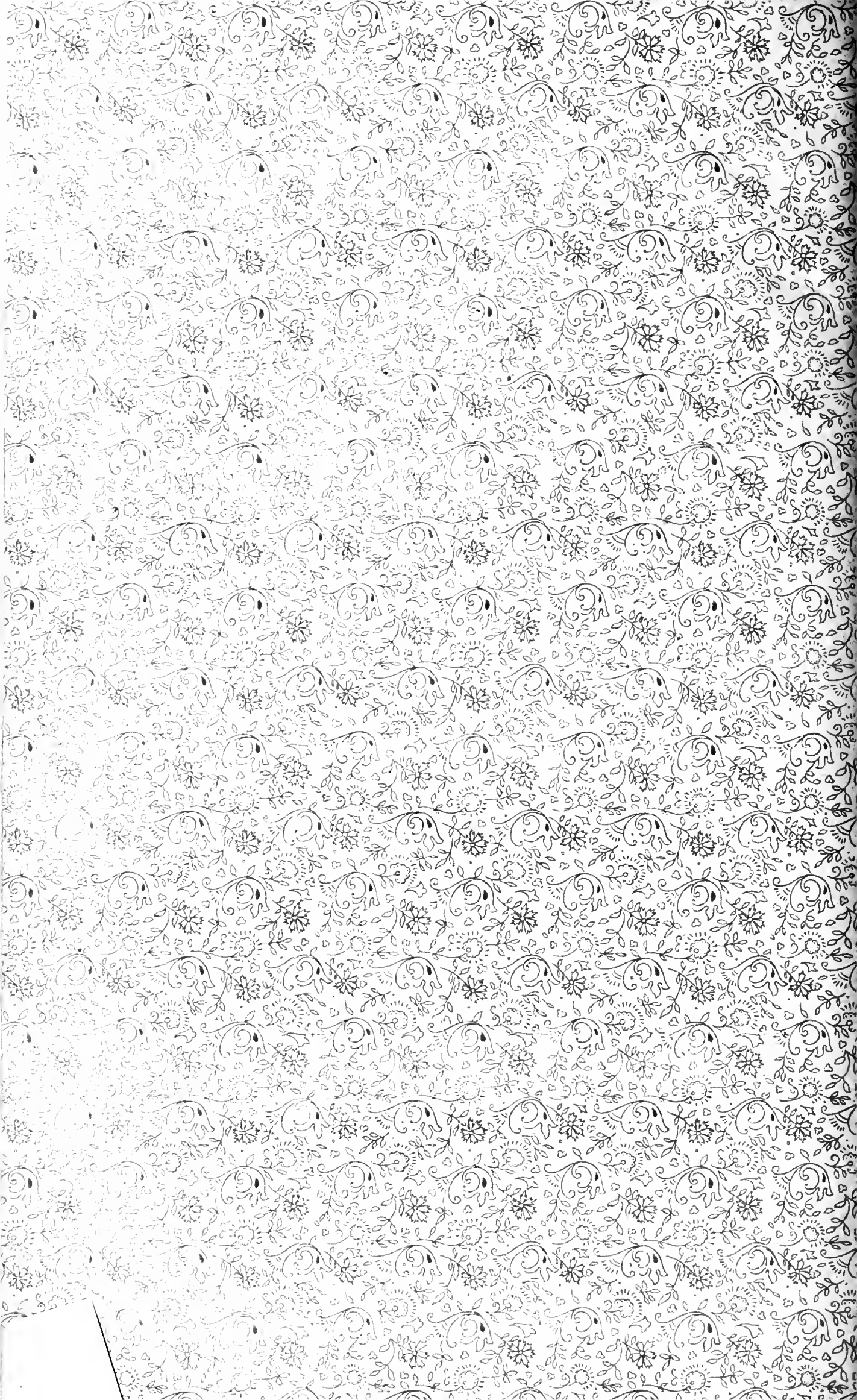
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